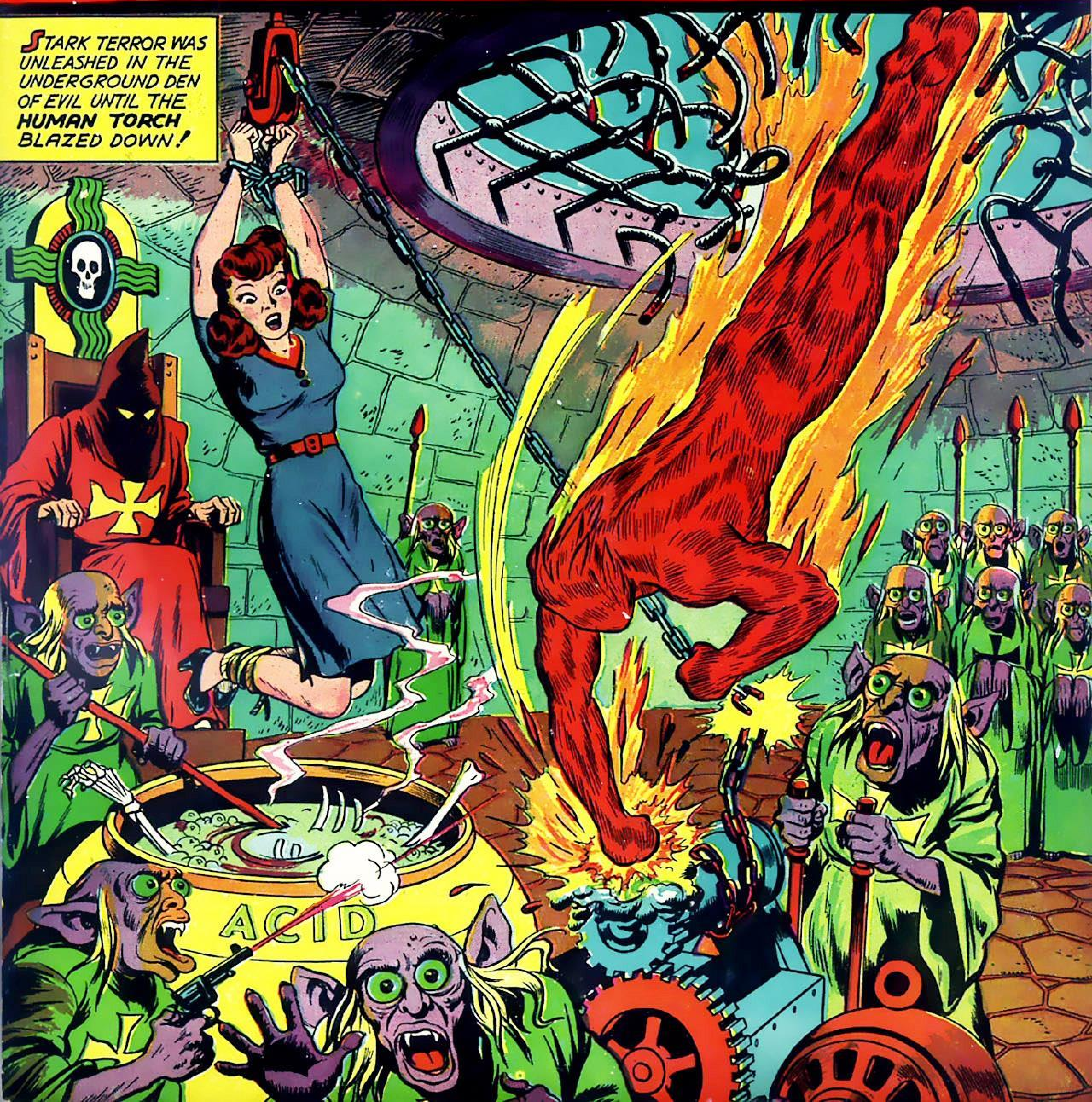
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

FEBRUARY · 1942

No. 28

10¢


STARK TERROR WAS UNLEASHED IN THE UNDERGROUND DEN OF EVIL UNTIL THE **HUMAN TORCH** BLAZED DOWN!
ACID

Still on top!

EACH MONTH MORE AMERICAN READERS ARE PROCLAIMING CAPTAIN AMERICA THE KING OF THE Comics!

AND STORIES LIKE THESE ARE THE REASONS WHY

SYMPHONY OF TERROR!

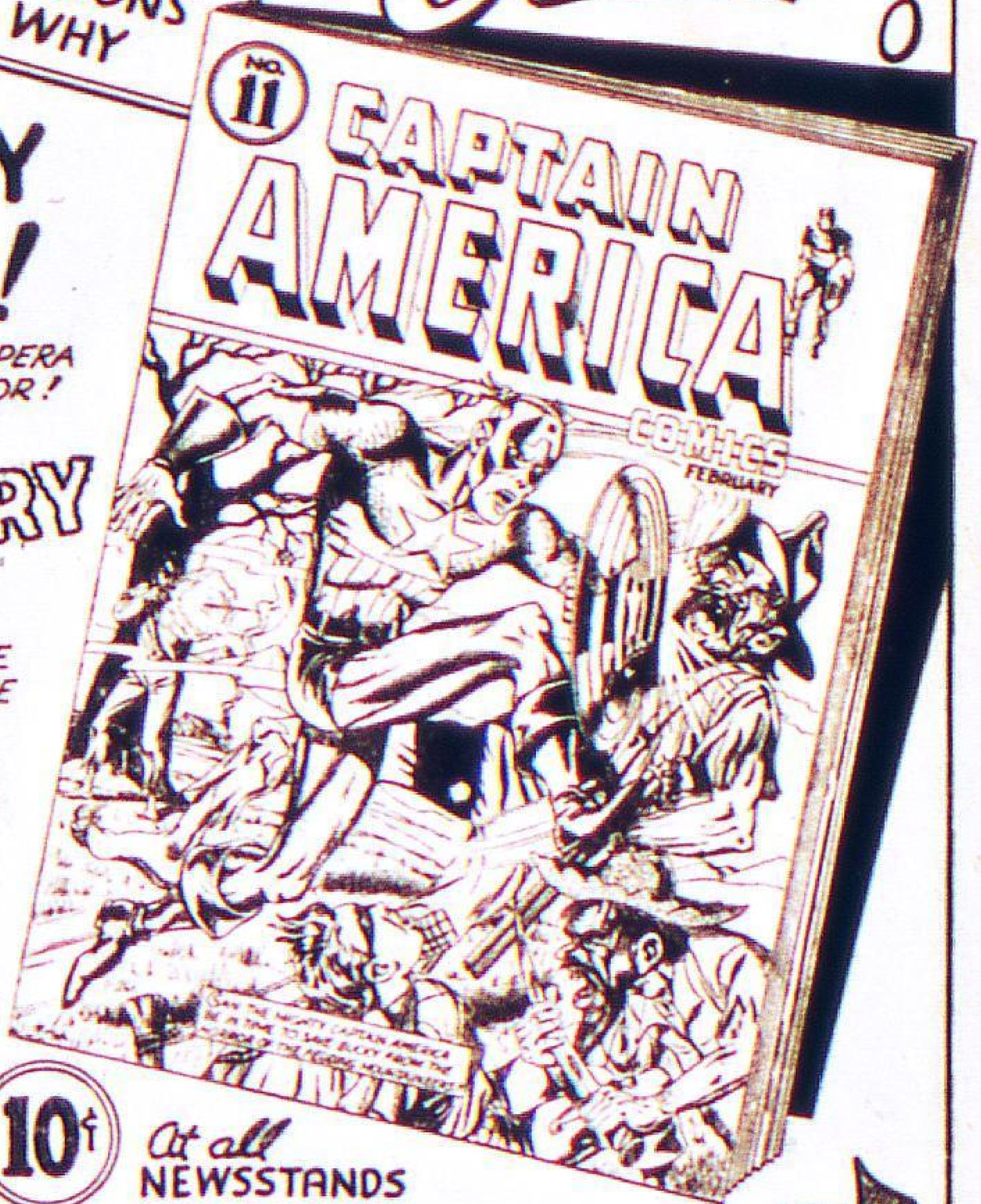
A MAD KILLER TURNS AN OPERA HOUSE INTO A DEN OF TERROR!

SQUAD OF MYSTERY

IMAGINE CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SURPRISE TO FIND A NAZI DIVISION IN THE ARMY OF UNCLE SAM!

THE FEUD MURDERS!

FOLLOW CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AS THEY PLUNGE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS BACK-WOODS TO UNCOVER THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE EVER TO MEET THEIR STARTLED GAZE!

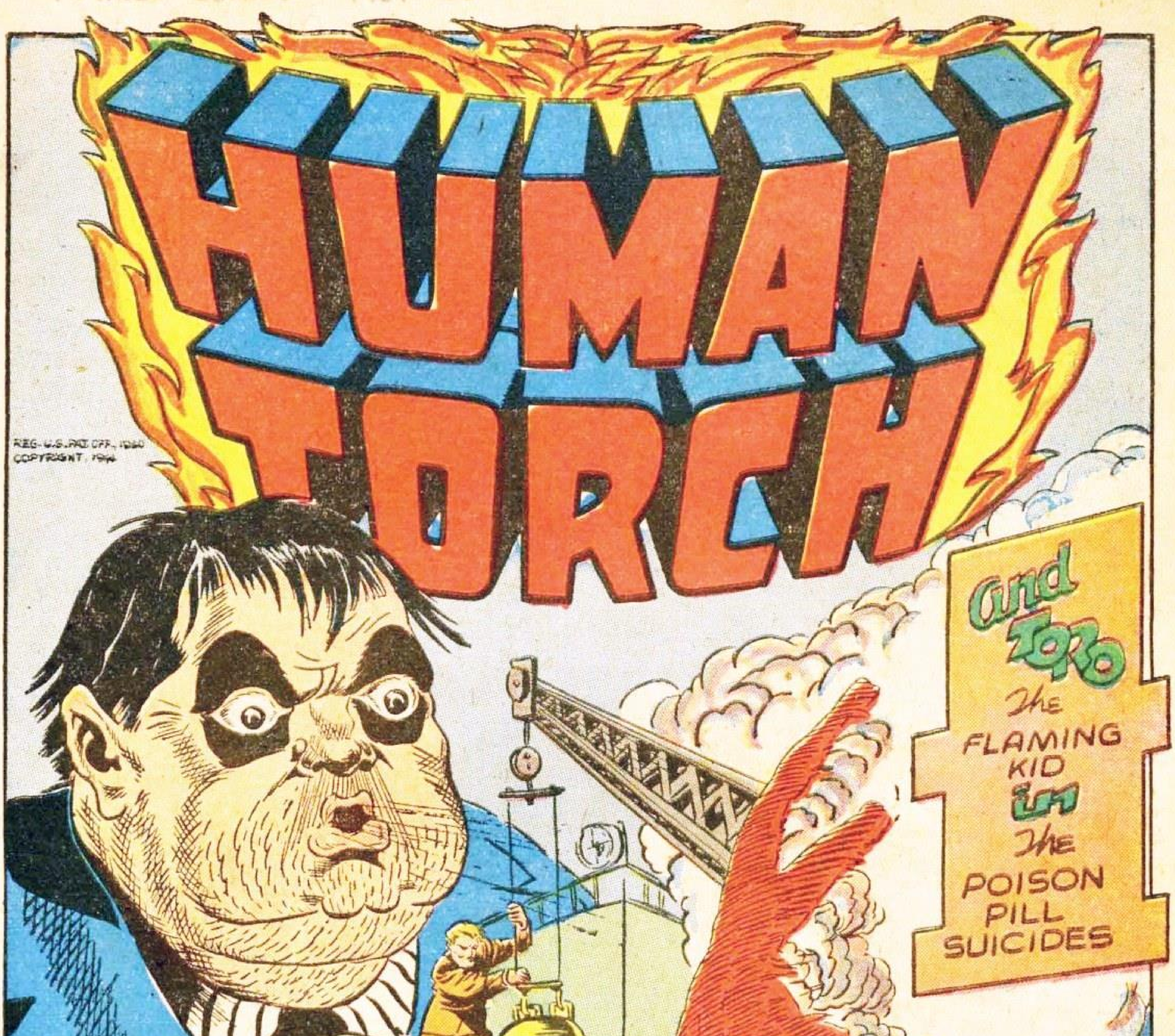


10¢ At all NEWSSTANDS

GET YOUR COPY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA NO. 11 TO-DAY

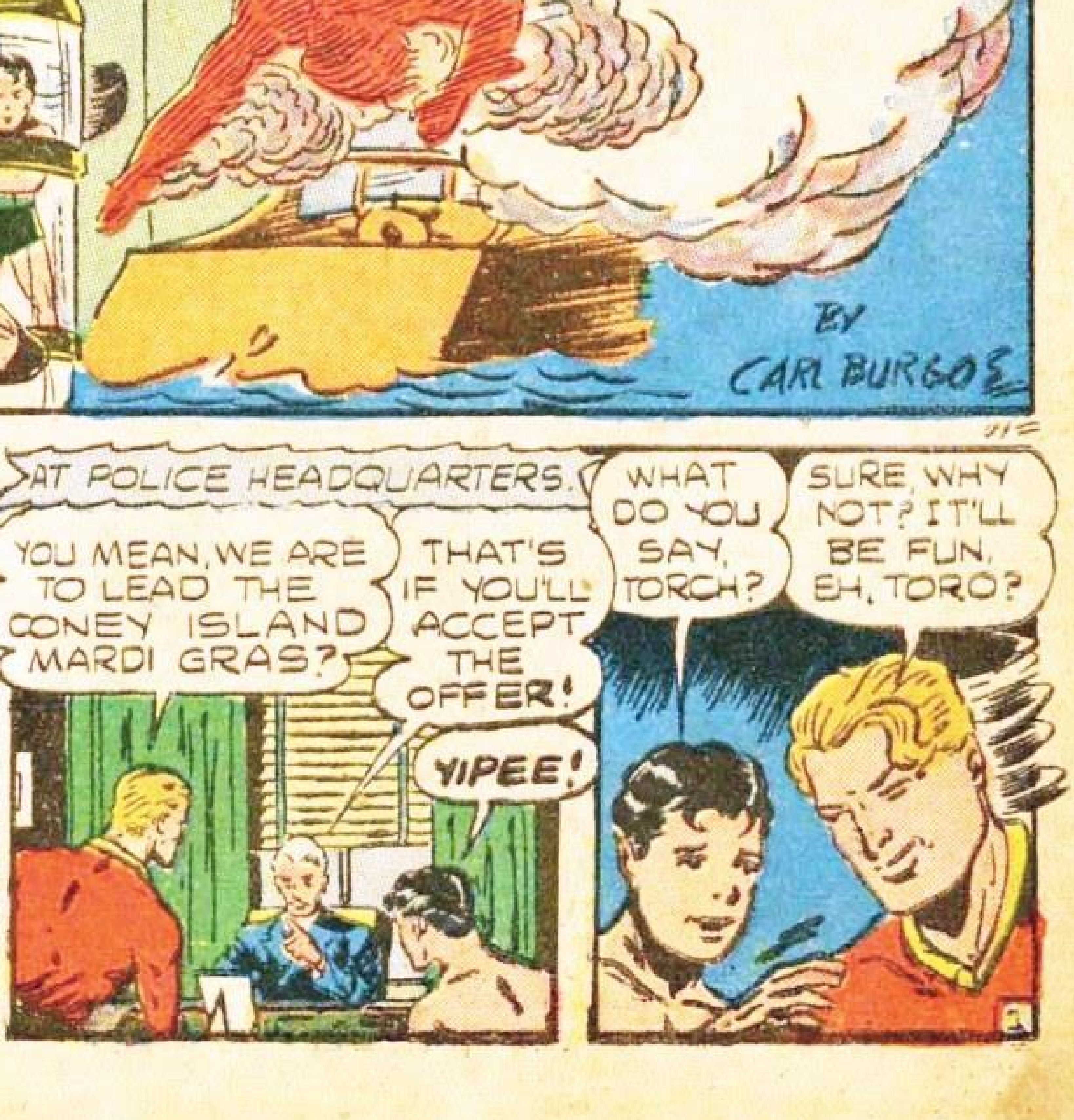
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn. by Timely Comics, Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn. Contents copyright 1941 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 28 February, 1942. Single copies 10c. Yearly subscription $1.00 in U. S. A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Art and Editorial by Funnies, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

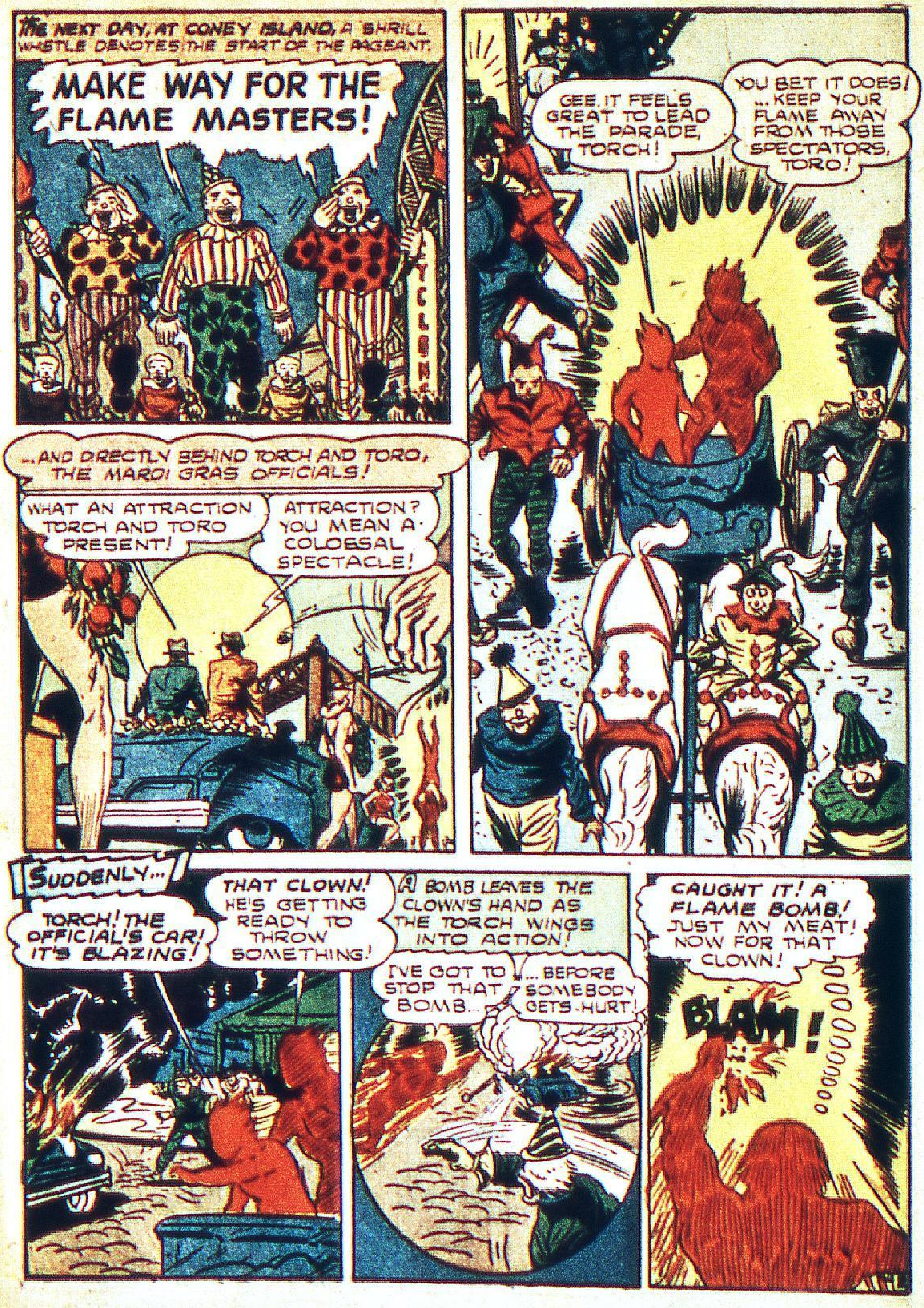
Marvel Comics No. 28

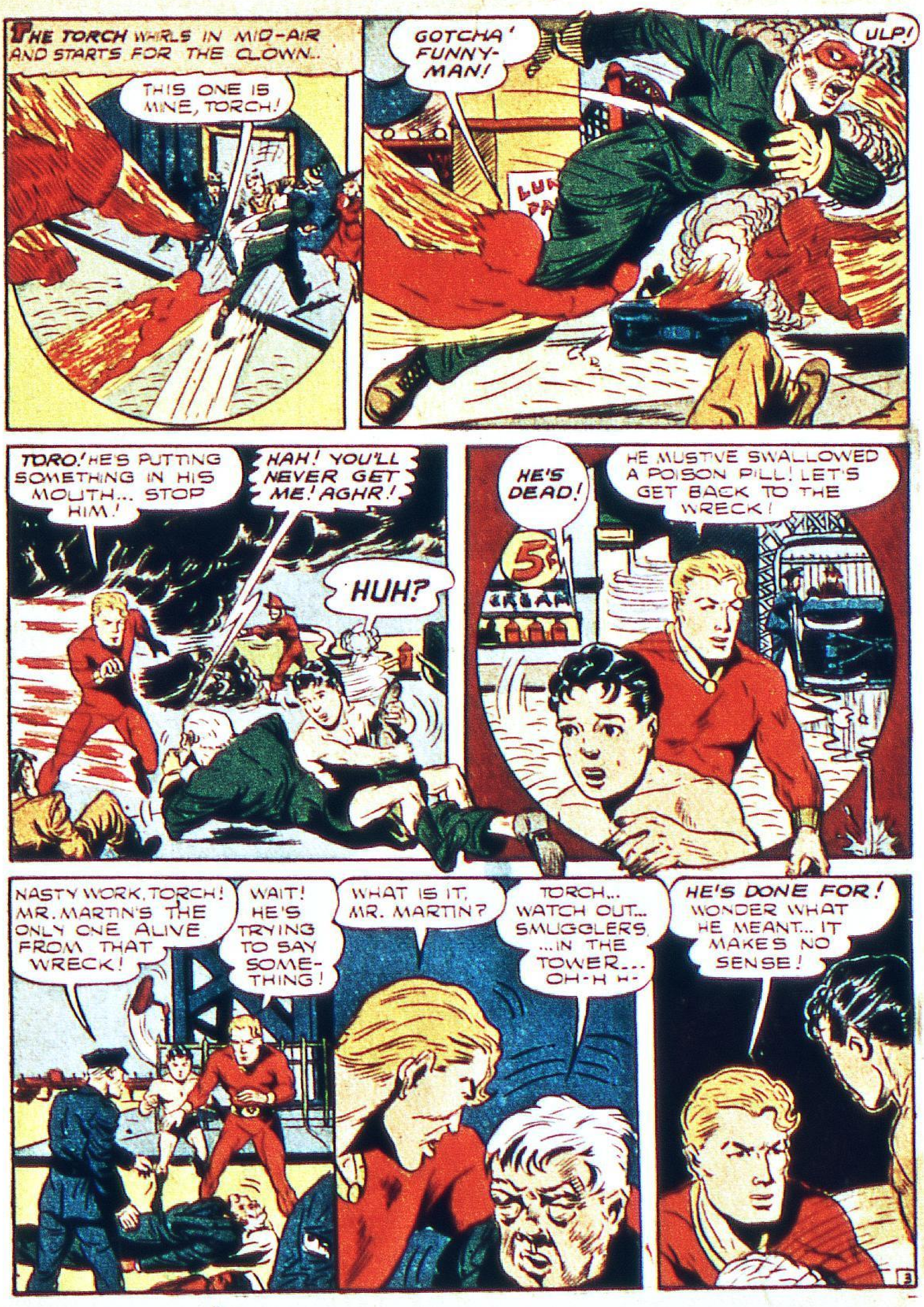

HUMAN TORCH
and TORO The FLAMING KID in The POISON PILL SUICIDES
BY CARL BURGOS

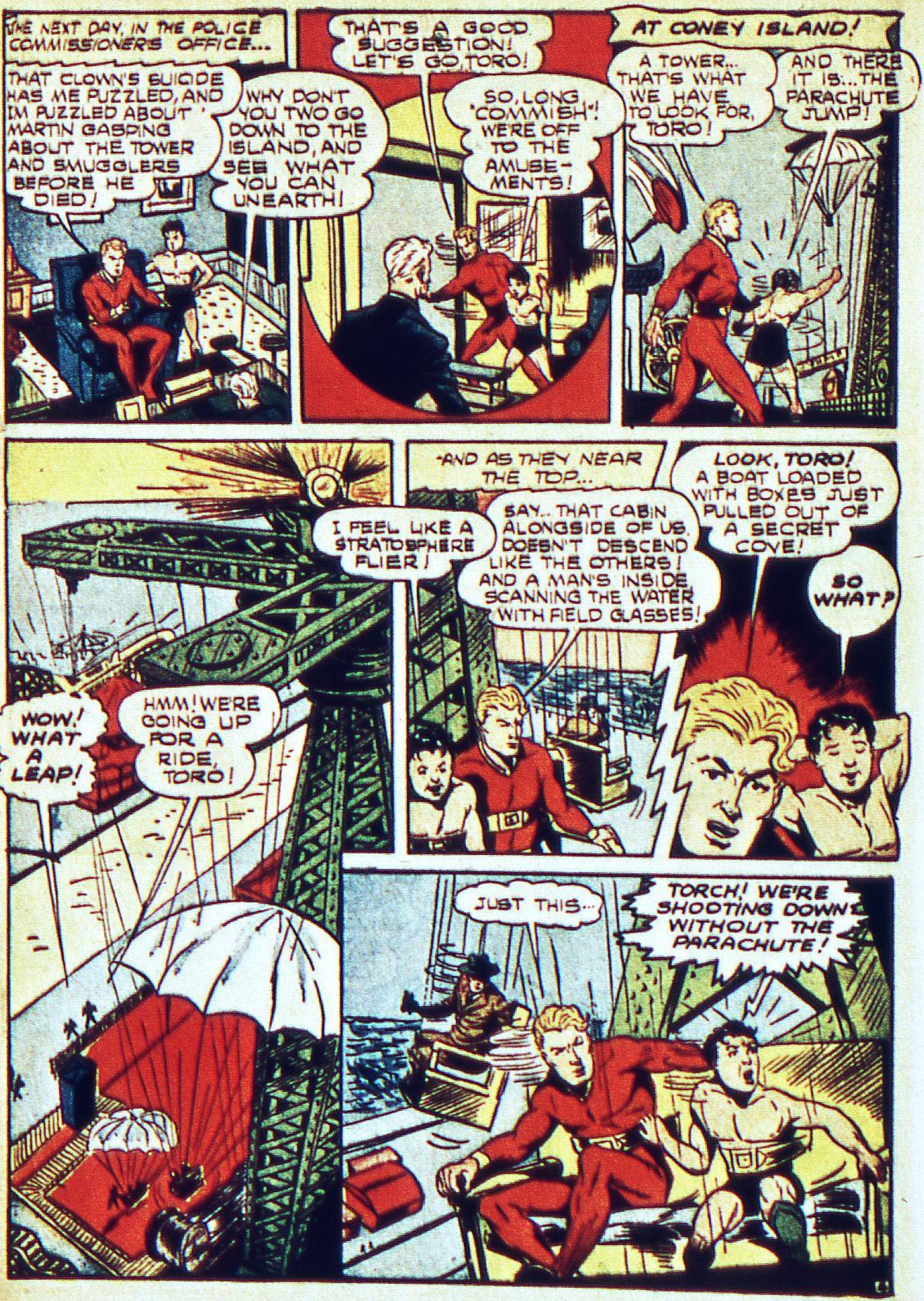
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1944

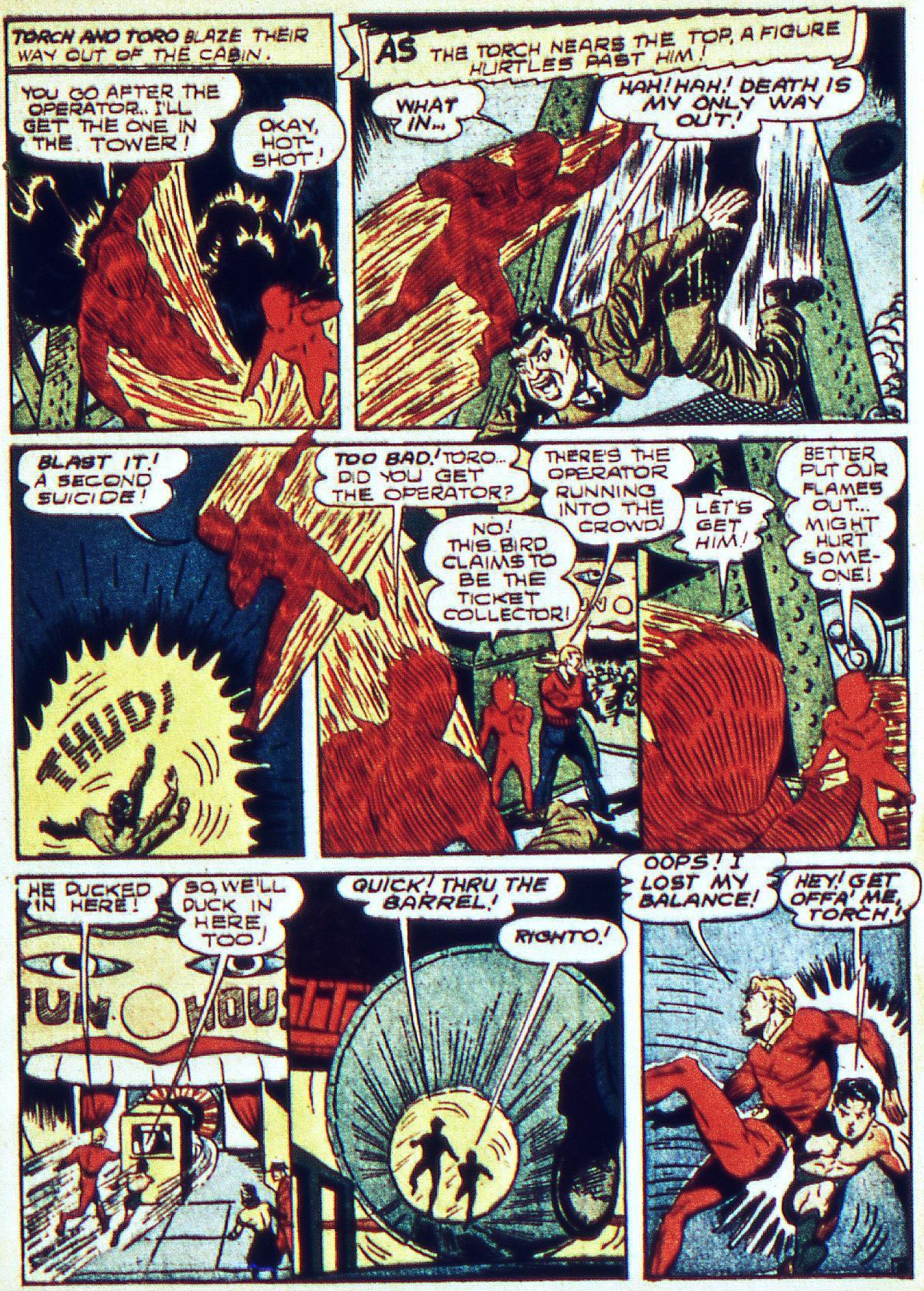
THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH MERRY LAUGHTER, AND THE GROUNDS TEEMED WITH COSTUMED REVELERS, FOR IT WAS MARDI GRAS TIME IN CONEY ISLAND.. **BUT, DEATH** INTERRUPTED THE FESTIVITIES AND BROUGHT TO LIGHT THE CORRUPTED GAME OF **IZAN**, WHOSE HENCHMEN PREFERRED SUICIDE TO THE GRUESOME DEATH HE DEALT OUT TO THOSE WHO FAILED HIM! **THE FLAME MASTERS** KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING BEHIND THOSE SUICIDES... **BUT WHAT??**

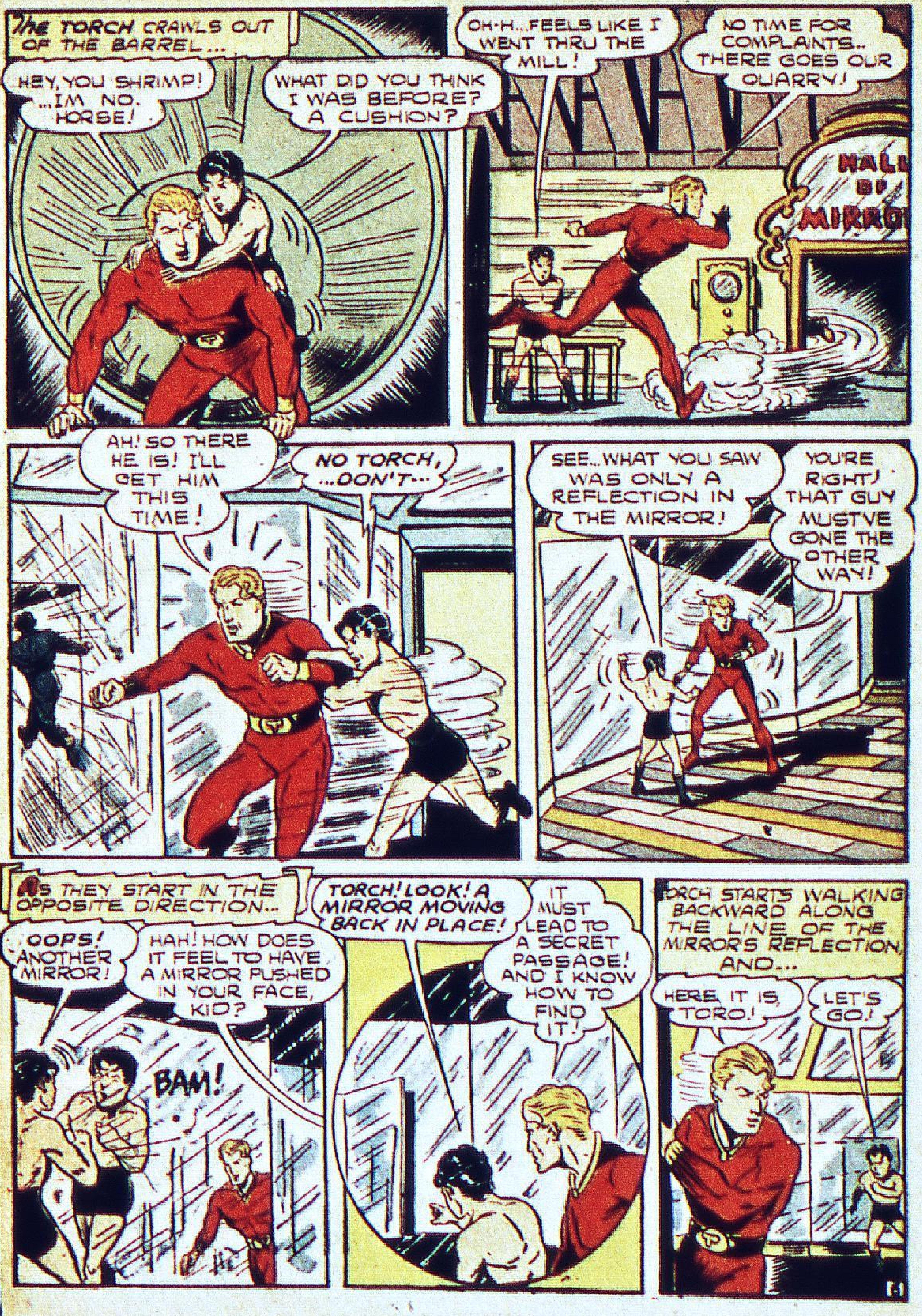

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
YOU MEAN, WE ARE TO LEAD THE CONEY ISLAND MARDI GRAS?
THAT'S IF YOU'LL ACCEPT THE OFFER!
YIPEE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, TORCH?
SURE, WHY NOT? IT'LL BE FUN, EH, TORO?
2

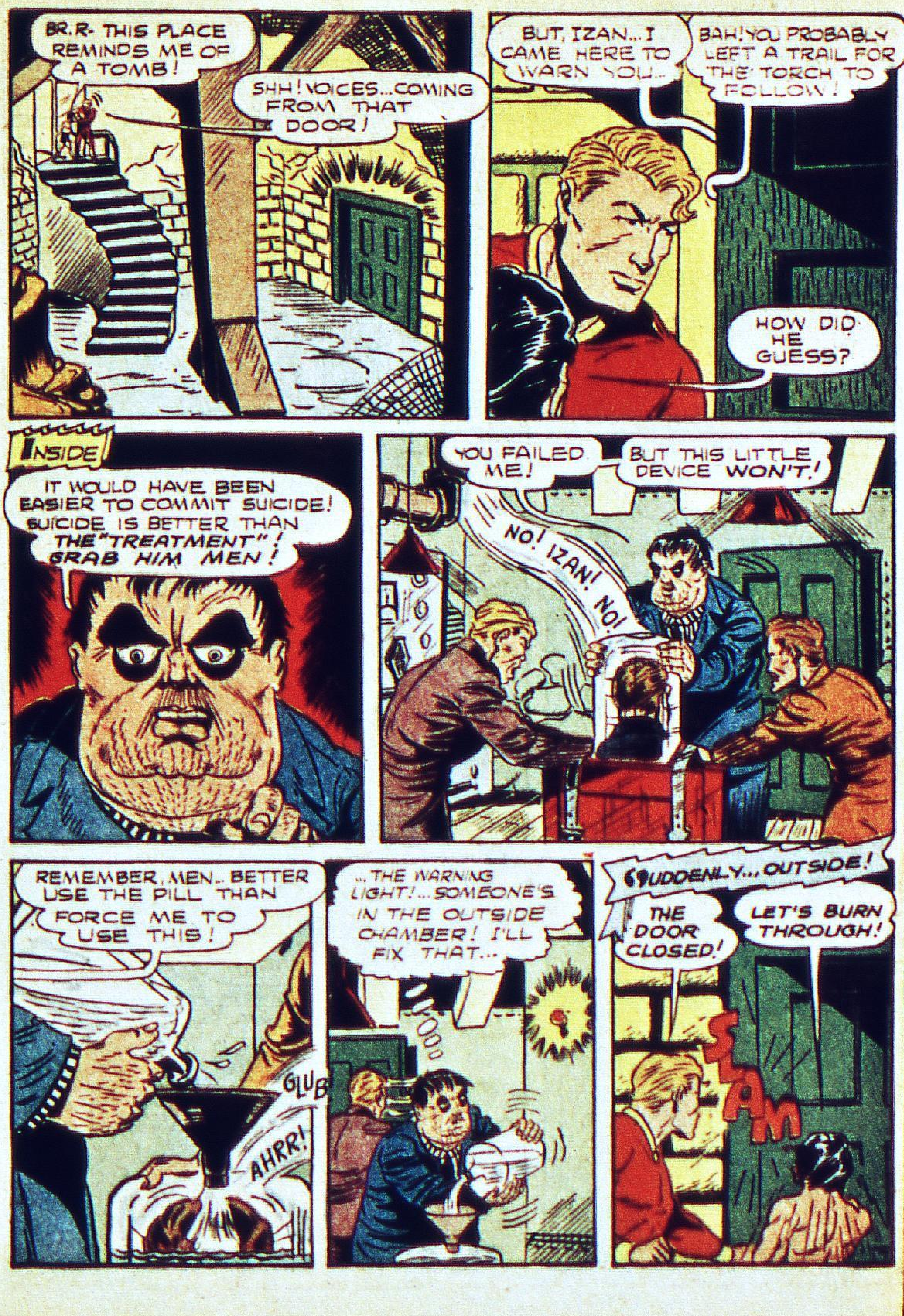

THE NEXT DAY, AT CONEY ISLAND, A SHRILL WHISTLE DENOTES THE START OF THE PAGEANT.
MAKE WAY FOR THE FLAME MASTERS!
GEE, IT FEELS GREAT TO LEAD THE PARADE, TORCH!
YOU BET IT DOES! ...KEEP YOUR FLAME AWAY FROM THOSE SPECTATORS, TORO!
...AND DIRECTLY BEHIND TORCH AND TORO, THE MARDI GRAS OFFICIALS!
WHAT AN ATTRACTION TORCH AND TORO PRESENT!
ATTRACTION? YOU MEAN A COLOSSAL SPECTACLE!
SUDDENLY...
TORCH! THE OFFICIAL'S CAR! IT'S BLAZING!
THAT CLOWN! HE'S GETTING READY TO THROW SOMETHING!
A BOMB LEAVES THE CLOWN'S HAND AS THE TORCH WINGS INTO ACTION!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT BOMB...
... BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT!
CAUGHT IT! A FLAME BOMB! JUST MY MEAT! NOW FOR THAT CLOWN!
BLAM!

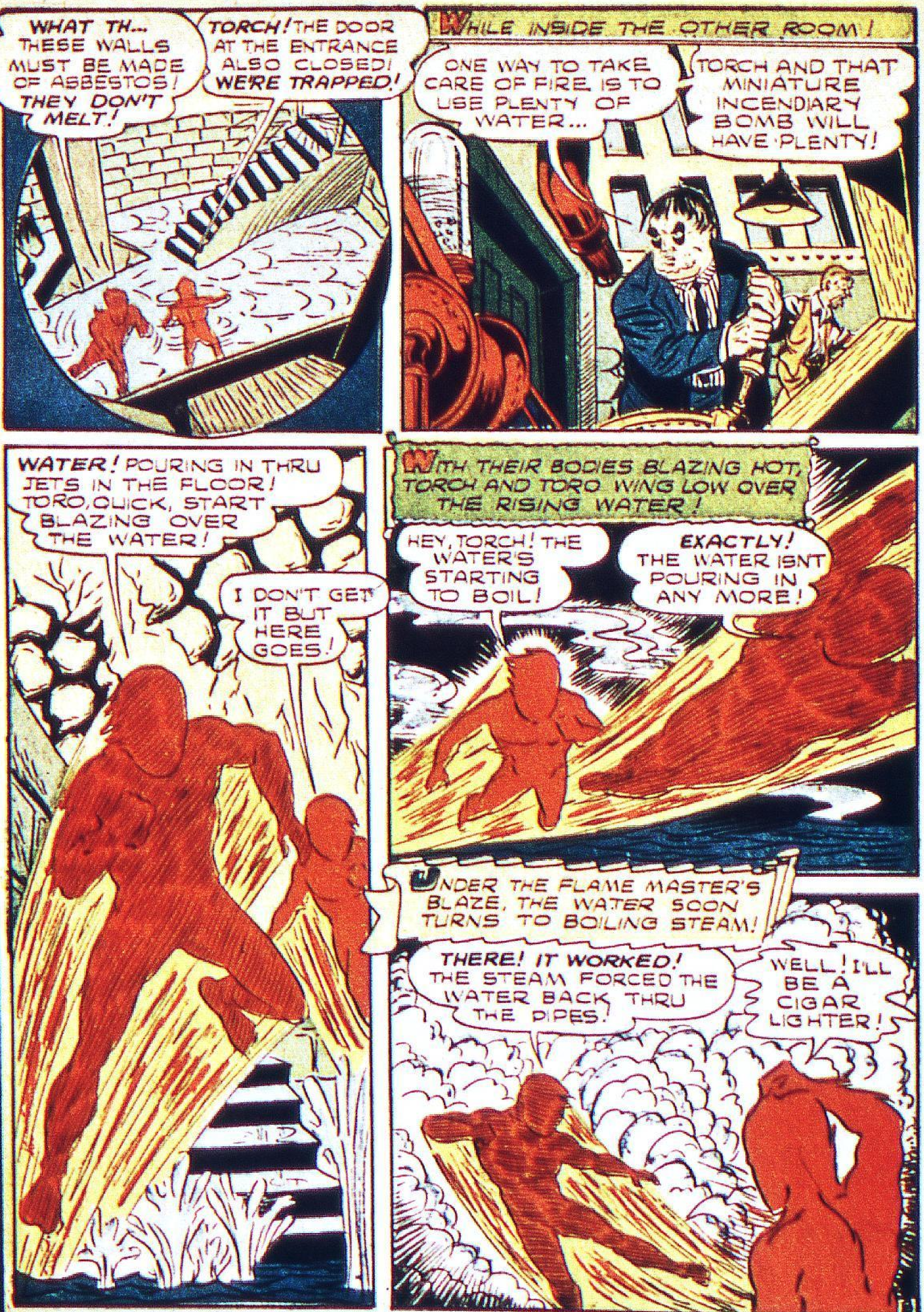

THE TORCH WHIRLS IN MID-AIR AND STARTS FOR THE CLOWN..
THIS ONE IS MINE, TORCH!
GOTCHA' FUNNY-MAN!
ULP!
TORO! HE'S PUTTING SOMETHING IN HIS MOUTH... STOP HIM!
HAH! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! AGHR!
HUH?
HE'S DEAD!
HE MUST'VE SWALLOWED A POISON PILL! LET'S GET BACK TO THE WRECK!
5¢
CREAM
NASTY WORK, TORCH! MR. MARTIN'S THE ONLY ONE ALIVE FROM THAT WRECK!
WAIT! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT, MR. MARTIN?
TORCH... WATCH OUT... SMUGGLERS ...IN THE TOWER... OH-H H-
HE'S DONE FOR! WONDER WHAT HE MEANT... IT MAKES NO SENSE!
3

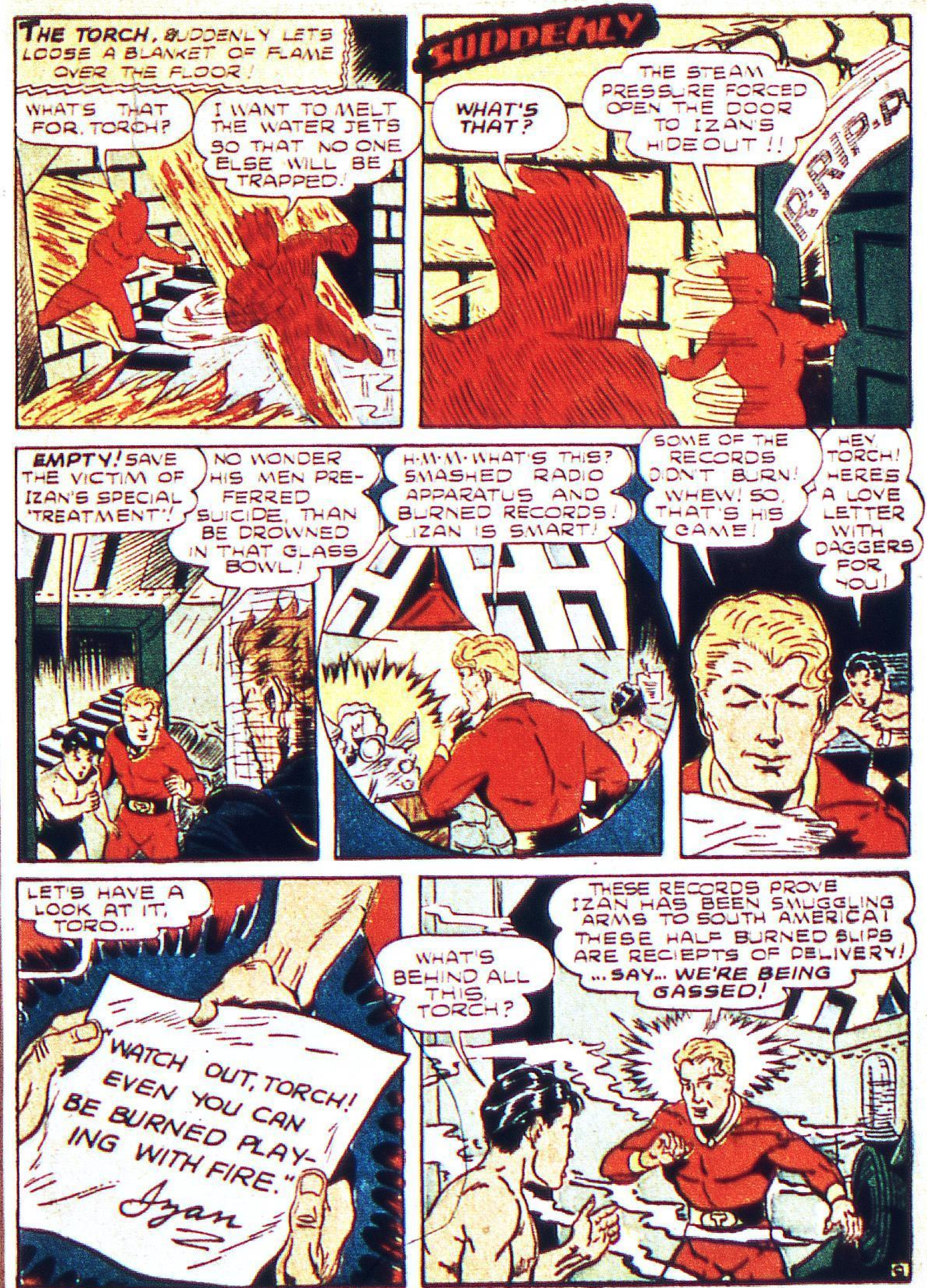

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS OFFICE...
THAT CLOWN'S SUICIDE HAS ME PUZZLED, AND I'M PUZZLED ABOUT MARTIN GASPING ABOUT THE TOWER AND SMUGGLERS BEFORE HE DIED!
WHY DON'T YOU TWO GO DOWN TO THE ISLAND, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN UNEARTH!
THAT'S A GOOD SUGGESTION! LET'S GO, TORO!
SO, LONG "COMMISH"! WE'RE OFF TO THE AMUSEMENTS!
AT CONEY ISLAND!
A TOWER... THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO LOOK FOR, TORO!
AND THERE IT IS... THE PARACHUTE JUMP!
I FEEL LIKE A STRATOSPHERE FLIER!
WOW! WHAT A LEAP!
HMM! WE'RE GOING UP FOR A RIDE, TORO!
AND AS THEY NEAR THE TOP...
SAY.. THAT CABIN ALONGSIDE OF US, DOESN'T DESCEND LIKE THE OTHERS! AND A MAN'S INSIDE SCANNING THE WATER WITH FIELD GLASSES!
LOOK, TORO! A BOAT LOADED WITH BOXES JUST PULLED OUT OF A SECRET COVE!
SO WHAT?
JUST THIS...
TORCH! WE'RE SHOOTING DOWN WITHOUT THE PARACHUTE!

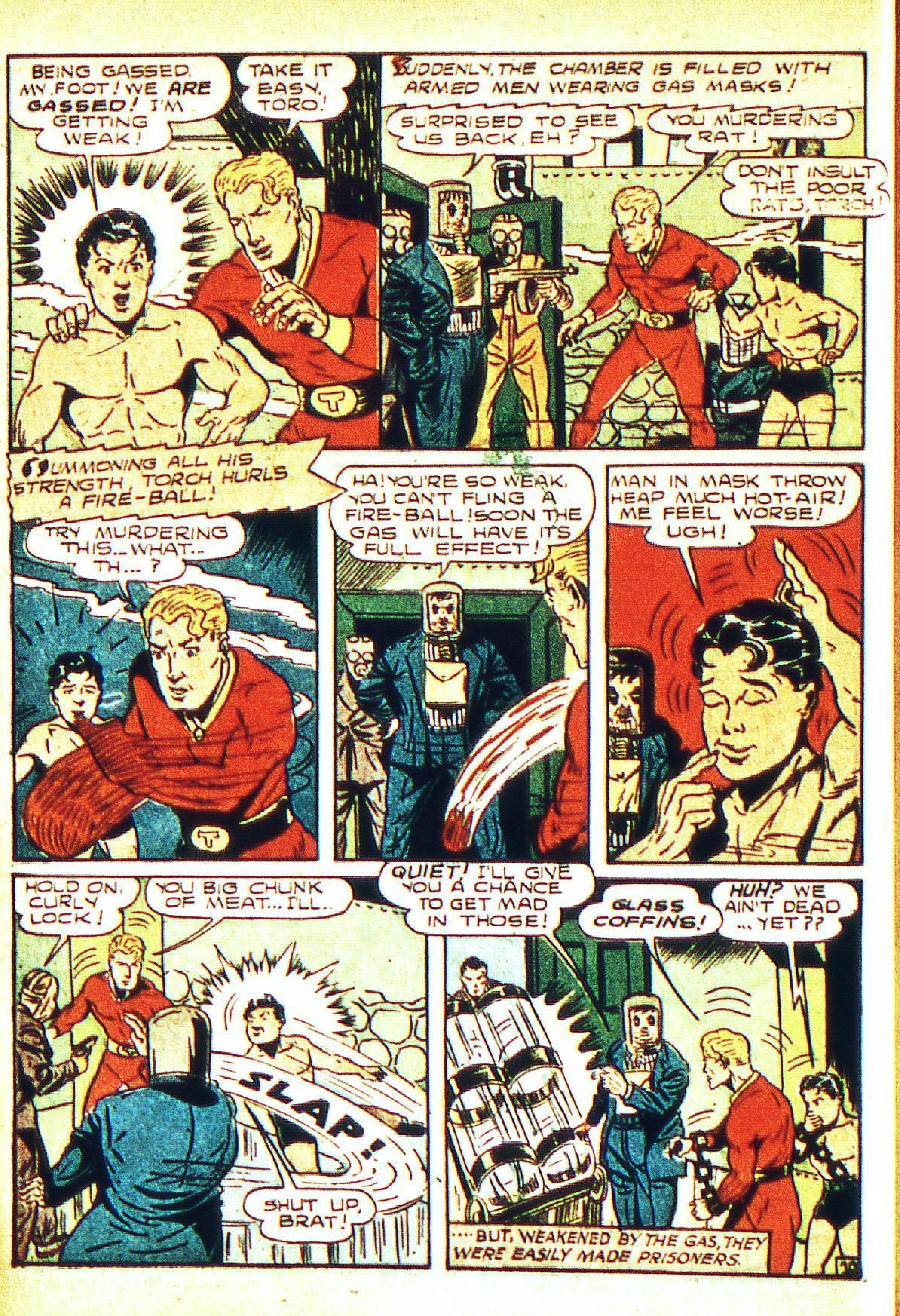

TORCH AND TORO BLAZE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CABIN.
YOU GO AFTER THE OPERATOR.. I'LL GET THE ONE IN THE TOWER!
OKAY, HOT-SHOT!
AS THE TORCH NEARS THE TOP, A FIGURE HURTLES PAST HIM!
WHAT IN...
HAH! HAH! DEATH IS MY ONLY WAY OUT!
BLAST IT! A SECOND SUICIDE!
THUD!
TOO BAD! TORO... DID YOU GET THE OPERATOR?
NO! THIS BIRD CLAIMS TO BE THE TICKET COLLECTOR!
THERE'S THE OPERATOR RUNNING INTO THE CROWD!
LET'S GET HIM!
BETTER PUT OUR FLAMES OUT... MIGHT HURT SOME-ONE!
HE DUCKED IN HERE!
SO, WE'LL DUCK IN HERE TOO!
FUN HOUS
QUICK! THRU THE BARREL!
RIGHTO!
OOPS! I LOST MY BALANCE!
HEY! GET OFFA' ME, TORCH!

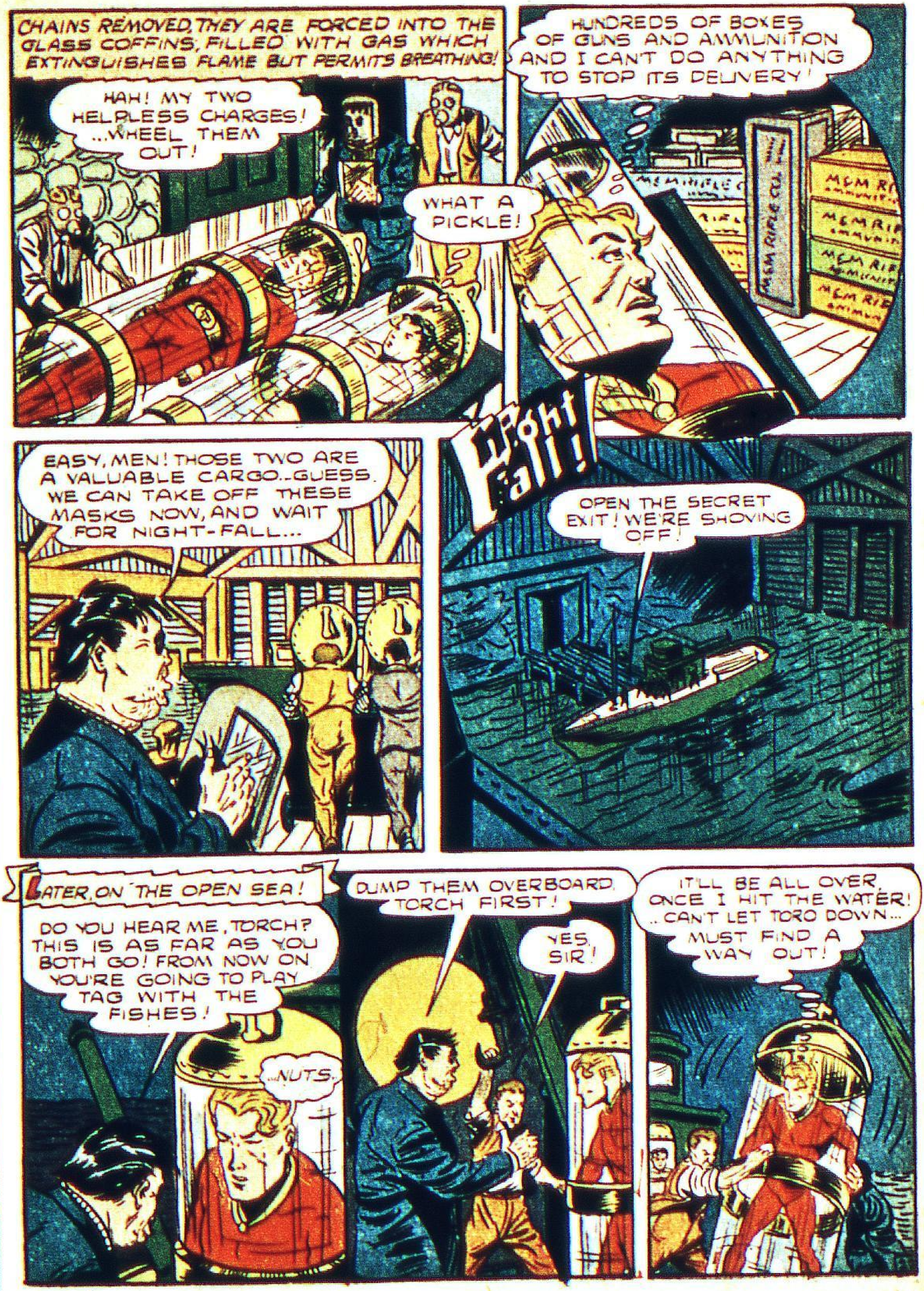

The TORCH CRAWLS OUT OF THE BARREL...
HEY, YOU SHRIMP! ...IM NO. HORSE!
WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS BEFORE? A CUSHION?
OH-H...FEELS LIKE I WENT THRU THE MILL!
NO TIME FOR COMPLAINTS.. THERE GOES OUR QUARRY!
HALL OF MIRRO
AH! SO THERE HE IS! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!
NO TORCH, ...DON'T--
SEE...WHAT YOU SAW WAS ONLY A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT GUY MUST'VE GONE THE OTHER WAY!
AS THEY START IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...
OOPS! ANOTHER MIRROR!
HAH! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE A MIRROR PUSHED IN YOUR FACE, KID?
BAM!
TORCH! LOOK! A MIRROR MOVING BACK IN PLACE!
IT MUST LEAD TO A SECRET PASSAGE! AND I KNOW HOW TO FIND IT!
ORCH STARTS WALKING BACKWARD ALONG THE LINE OF THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION, AND...
HERE IT IS, TORO!
LET'S GO!
6

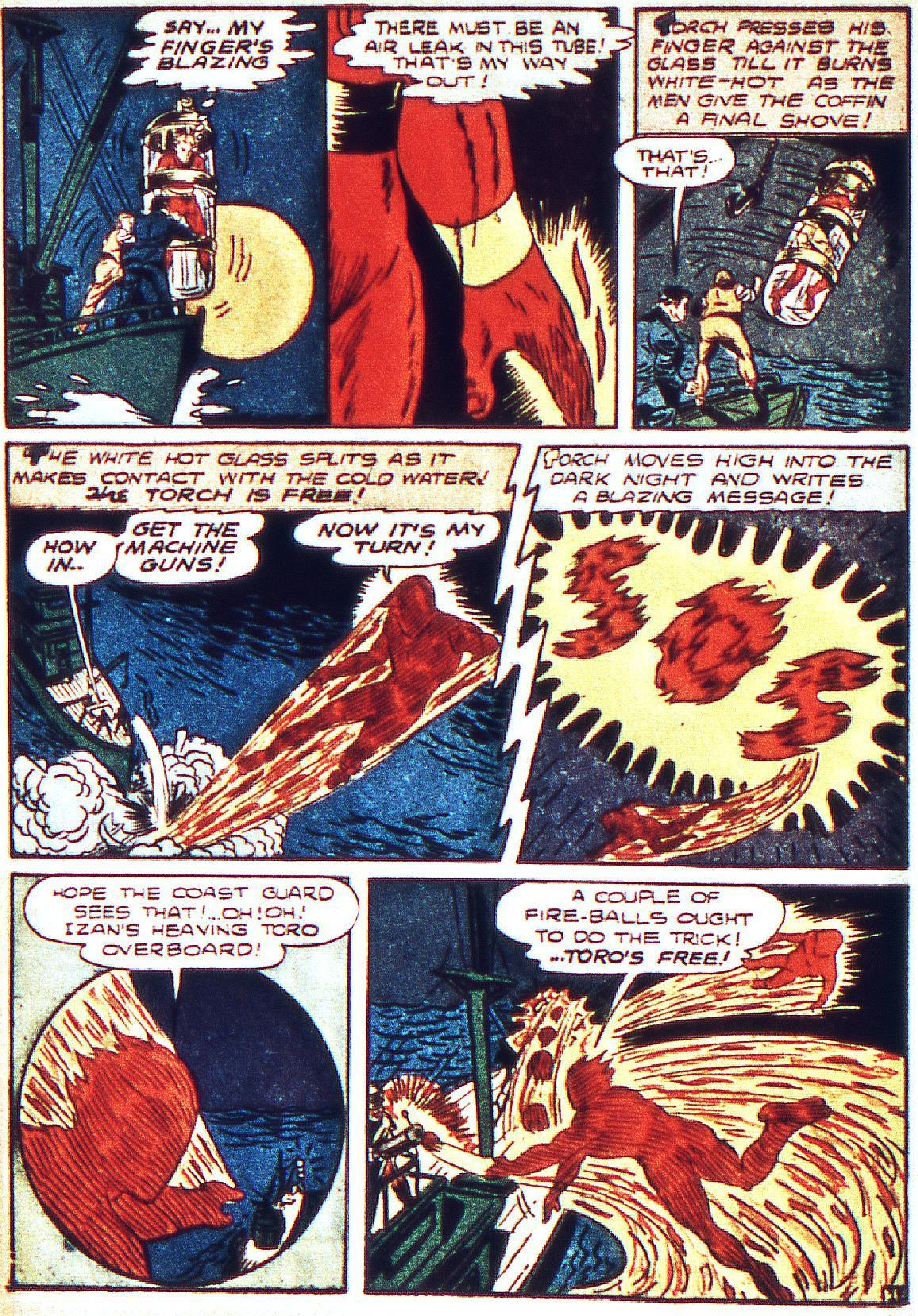

BR-R- THIS PLACE REMINDS ME OF A TOMB!
SHH! VOICES... COMING FROM THAT DOOR!
BUT, IZAN... I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU...
BAH! YOU PROBABLY LEFT A TRAIL FOR THE TORCH TO FOLLOW!
HOW DID HE GUESS?
INSIDE
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO COMMIT SUICIDE! SUICIDE IS BETTER THAN THE "TREATMENT"! GRAB HIM MEN!
YOU FAILED ME!
BUT THIS LITTLE DEVICE WON'T!
NO! IZAN! NO!
REMEMBER, MEN.. BETTER USE THE PILL THAN FORCE ME TO USE THIS!
GLUB!
AHRR!
...THE WARNING LIGHT!... SOMEONE'S IN THE OUTSIDE CHAMBER! I'LL FIX THAT...
SUDDENLY..., OUTSIDE!
THE DOOR CLOSED!
LET'S BURN THROUGH!
SLAM

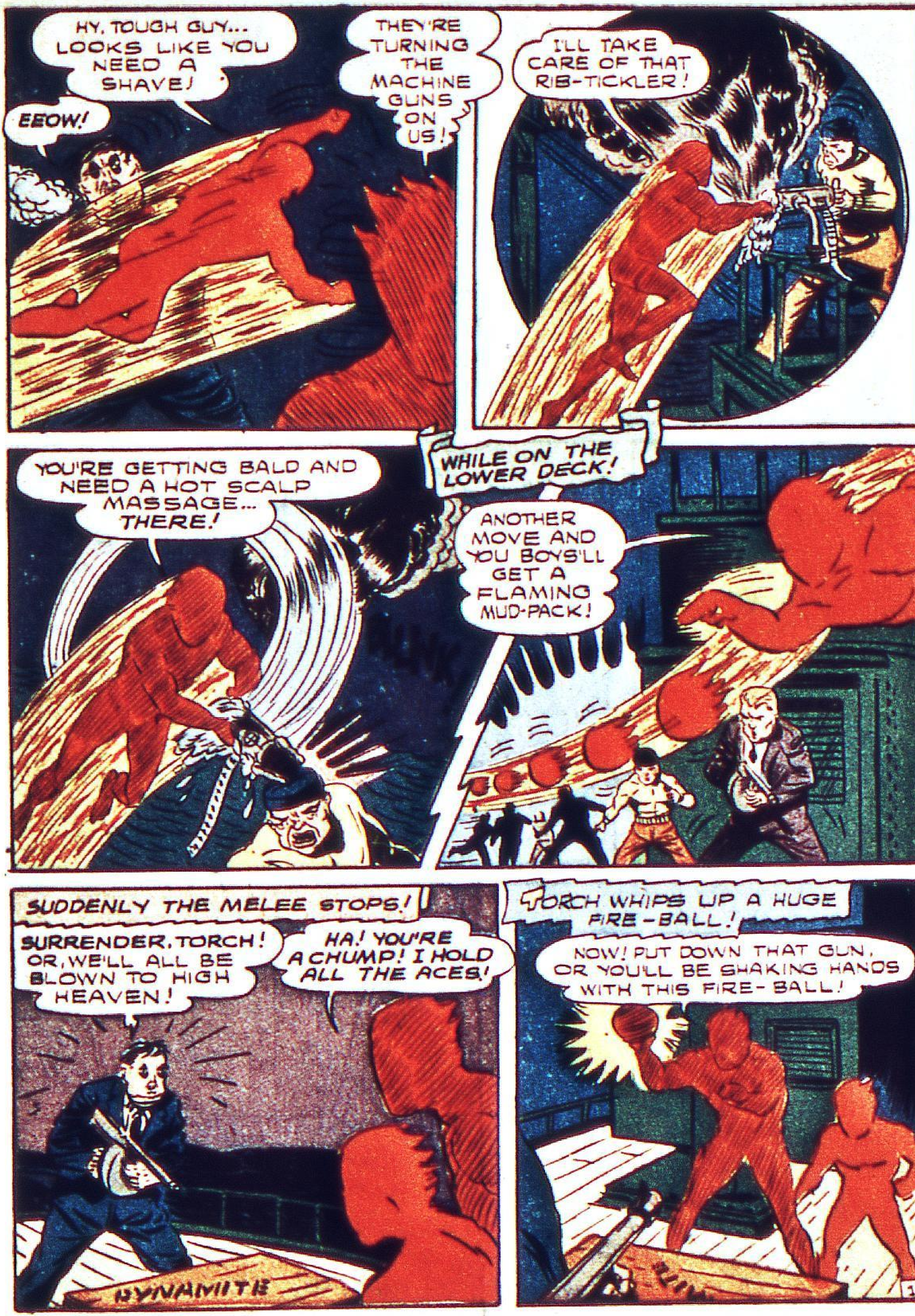

WHAT TH... THESE WALLS MUST BE MADE OF ABBESTOS! THEY DON'T MELT!
TORCH! THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE ALSO CLOSED! WE'RE TRAPPED!
WHILE INSIDE THE OTHER ROOM!
ONE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF FIRE IS TO USE PLENTY OF WATER...
TORCH AND THAT MINIATURE INCENDIARY BOMB WILL HAVE PLENTY!
WATER! POURING IN THRU JETS IN THE FLOOR! TORO, QUICK, START BLAZING OVER THE WATER!
I DON'T GET IT BUT HERE GOES!
WITH THEIR BODIES BLAZING HOT, TORCH AND TORO WING LOW OVER THE RISING WATER!
HEY, TORCH! THE WATER'S STARTING TO BOIL!
EXACTLY! THE WATER ISNT POURING IN ANY MORE!
UNDER THE FLAME MASTER'S BLAZE, THE WATER SOON TURNS TO BOILING STEAM!
THERE! IT WORKED! THE STEAM FORCED THE WATER BACK THRU THE PIPES!
WELL! I'LL BE A CIGAR LIGHTER!

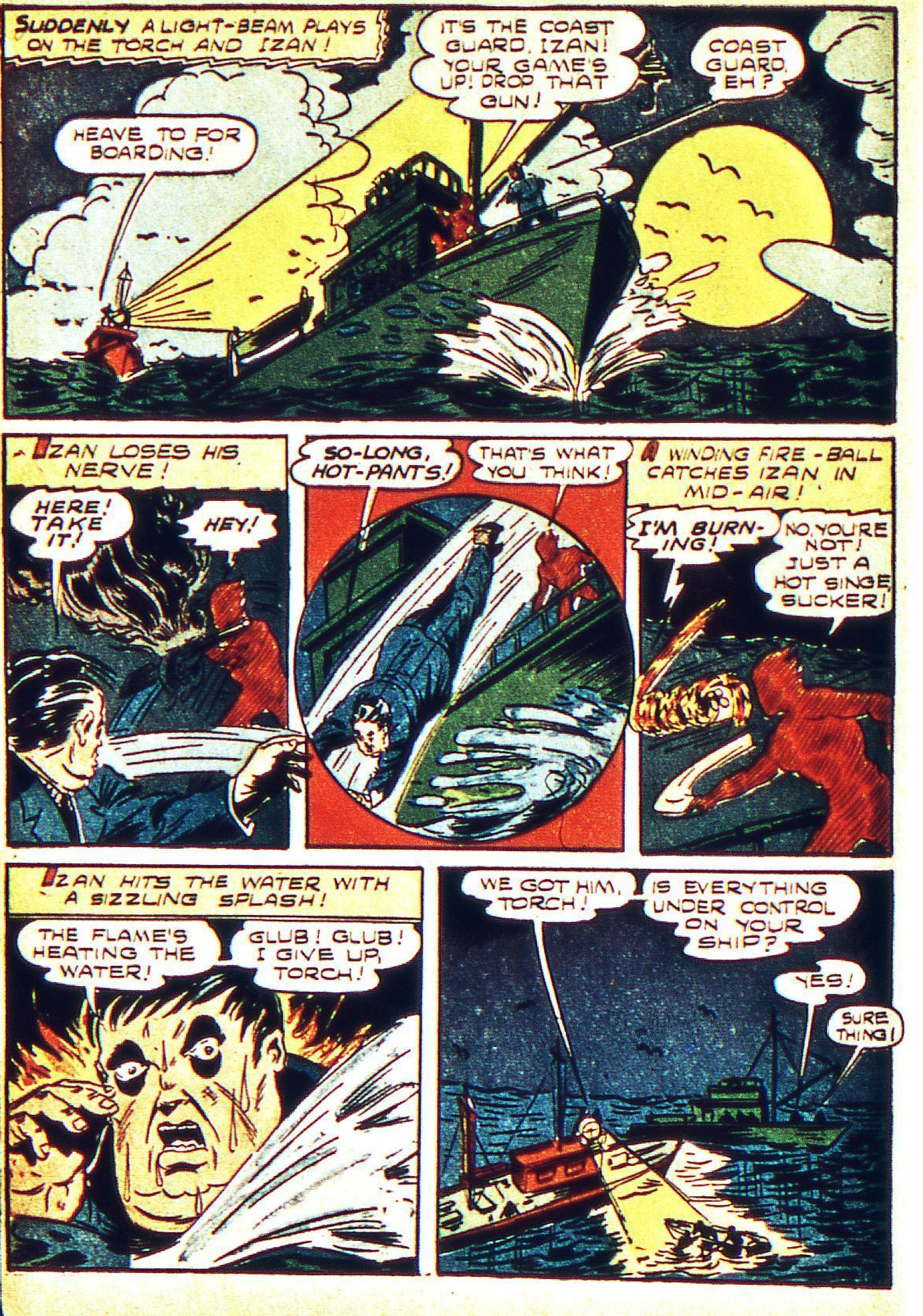

THE TORCH, SUDDENLY LETS LOOSE A BLANKET OF FLAME OVER THE FLOOR!
WHAT'S THAT FOR, TORCH?
I WANT TO MELT THE WATER JETS SO THAT NO ONE ELSE WILL BE TRAPPED!
SUDDENLY
WHAT'S THAT?
THE STEAM PRESSURE FORCED OPEN THE DOOR TO IZAN'S HIDE OUT!!
R.I.P.
EMPTY! SAVE THE VICTIM OF IZAN'S SPECIAL 'TREATMENT'!
NO WONDER HIS MEN PREFERRED SUICIDE, THAN BE DROWNED IN THAT GLASS BOWL!
H-M-M- WHAT'S THIS? SMASHED RADIO APPARATUS AND BURNED RECORDS! IZAN IS SMART!
SOME OF THE RECORDS DIDN'T BURN! WHEW! SO, THAT'S HIS GAME!
HEY, TORCH! HERES A LOVE LETTER WITH DAGGERS FOR YOU!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT, TORO...
"WATCH OUT, TORCH! EVEN YOU CAN BE BURNED PLAYING WITH FIRE." Izan
WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS, TORCH?
THESE RECORDS PROVE IZAN HAS BEEN SMUGGLING ARMS TO SOUTH AMERICA! THESE HALF BURNED SLIPS ARE RECIEPTS OF DELIVERY! ...SAY... WE'RE BEING GASSED!

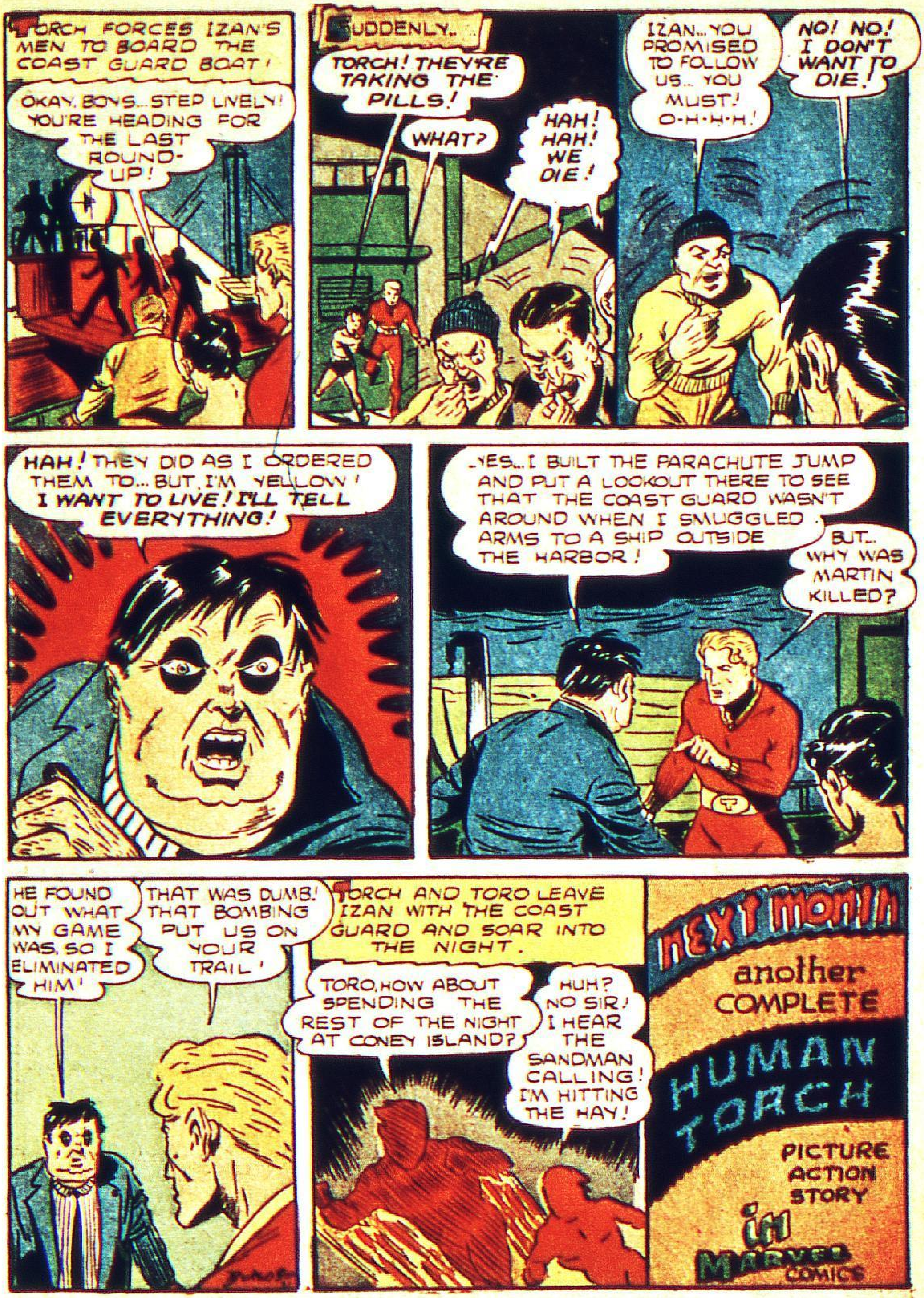

BEING GASSED, MY FOOT! WE ARE GASSED! I'M GETTING WEAK!
TAKE IT EASY, TORO!
SUDDENLY, THE CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH ARMED MEN WEARING GAS MASKS!
SURPRISED TO SEE US BACK, EH?
YOU MURDERING RAT!
DON'T INSULT THE POOR RATS, TORCH!
SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, TORCH HURLS A FIRE-BALL!
TRY MURDERING THIS... WHAT... TH... ?
HA! YOU'RE SO WEAK, YOU CAN'T FLING A FIRE-BALL! SOON THE GAS WILL HAVE ITS FULL EFFECT!
MAN IN MASK THROW HEAP MUCH HOT-AIR! ME FEEL WORSE! UGH!
HOLD ON, CURLY LOCK!
YOU BIG CHUNK OF MEAT... I'LL..
SLAP!
SHUT UP, BRAT!
QUIET! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET MAD IN THOSE!
GLASS COFFINS!
HUH? WE AIN'T DEAD ... YET??
....BUT, WEAKENED BY THE GAS, THEY WERE EASILY MADE PRISONERS.

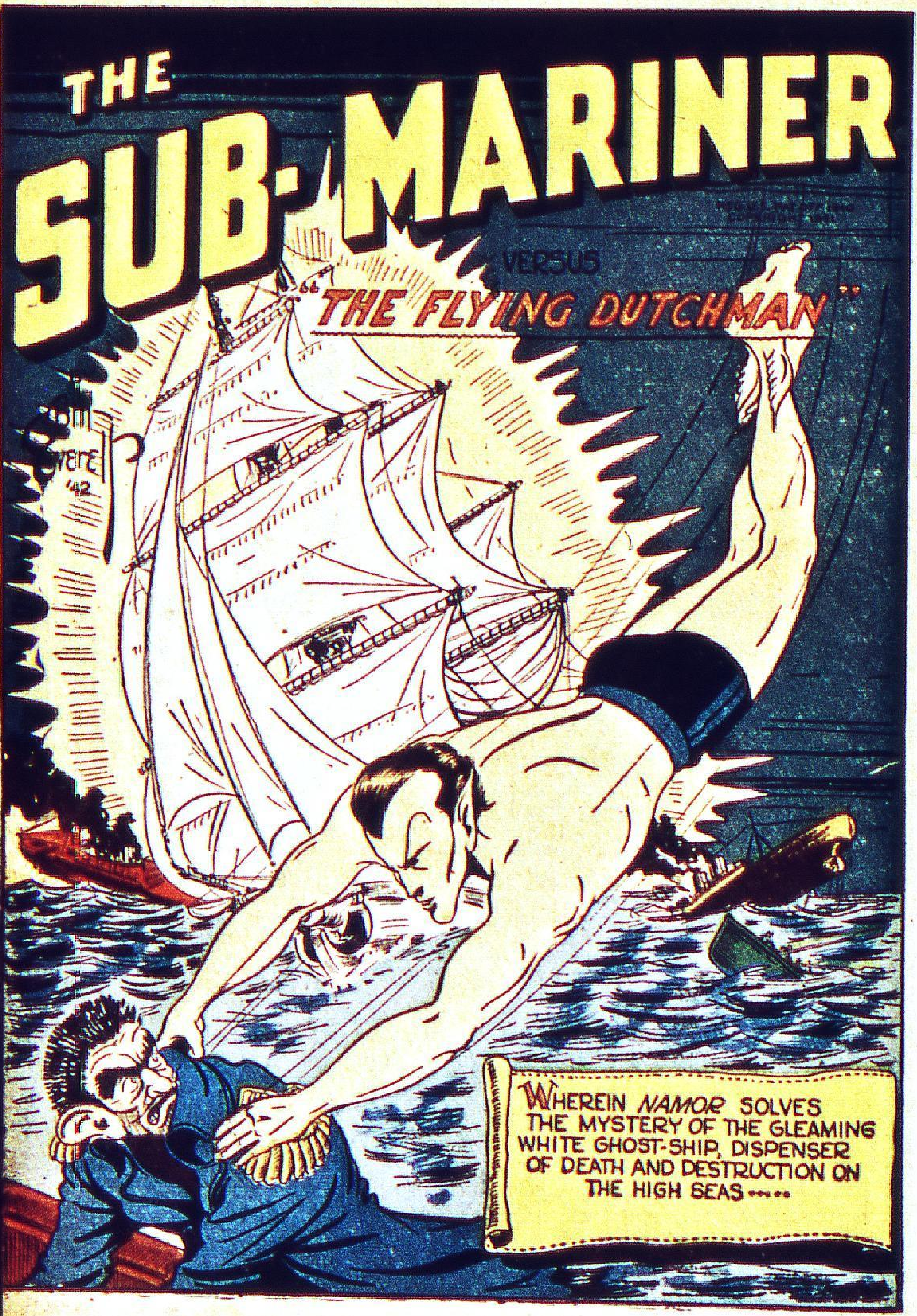

CHAINS REMOVED, THEY ARE FORCED INTO THE GLASS COFFINS, FILLED WITH GAS WHICH EXTINGUISHES FLAME BUT PERMITS BREATHING!
HAH! MY TWO HELPLESS CHARGES! ..WHEEL THEM OUT!
WHAT A PICKLE!
HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP ITS DELIVERY!
MCM RIFLE CO.
MCM RIFLE CO.
MCM RIF AMMUNIT
MCM RIF AMMUNI
MCM RIF AMMUNIT
MCM RIF AMMUN
EASY, MEN! THOSE TWO ARE A VALUABLE CARGO..GUESS WE CAN TAKE OFF THESE MASKS NOW, AND WAIT FOR NIGHT-FALL...
Night Fall!
OPEN THE SECRET EXIT! WE'RE SHOVING OFF!
LATER, ON THE OPEN SEA!
DO YOU HEAR ME, TORCH? THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU BOTH GO! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY TAG WITH THE FISHES!
...NUTS.
DUMP THEM OVERBOARD, TORCH FIRST!
YES, SIR!
IT'LL BE ALL OVER ONCE I HIT THE WATER! ..CAN'T LET TORO DOWN... MUST FIND A WAY OUT!

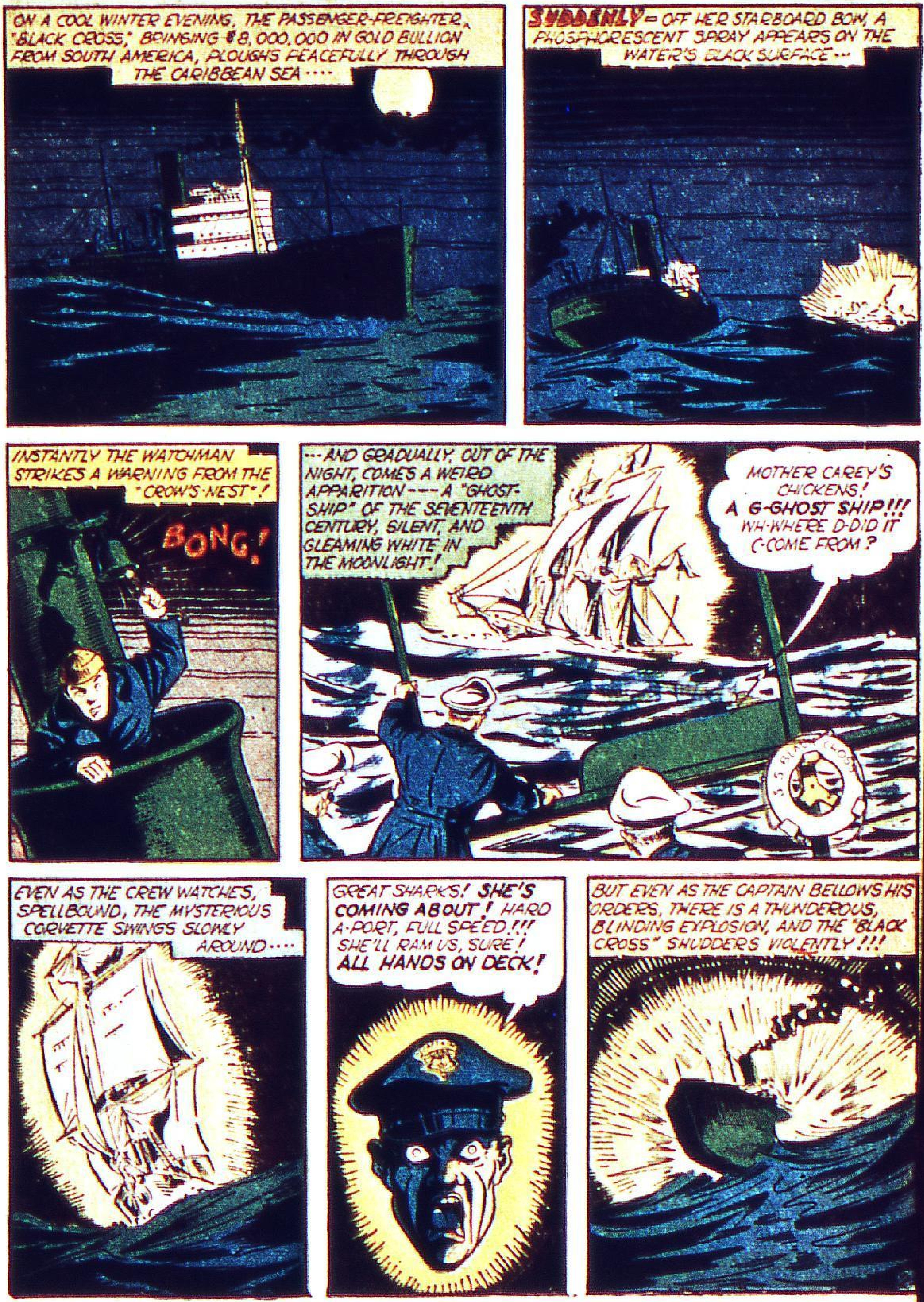

SAY... MY FINGER'S BLAZING
THERE MUST BE AN AIR LEAK IN THIS TUBE! THAT'S MY WAY OUT!
TORCH PRESSES HIS FINGER AGAINST THE GLASS TILL IT BURNS WHITE-HOT AS THE MEN GIVE THE COFFIN A FINAL SHOVE!
THAT'S.. THAT!
THE WHITE HOT GLASS SPLITS AS IT MAKES CONTACT WITH THE COLD WATER! THE TORCH IS FREE!
HOW IN..
GET THE MACHINE GUNS!
NOW IT'S MY TURN!
TORCH MOVES HIGH INTO THE DARK NIGHT AND WRITES A BLAZING MESSAGE!
SOS
HOPE THE COAST GUARD SEES THAT!...OH!OH! IZAN'S HEAVING TORO OVERBOARD!
A COUPLE OF FIRE-BALLS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! ..TORO'S FREE!

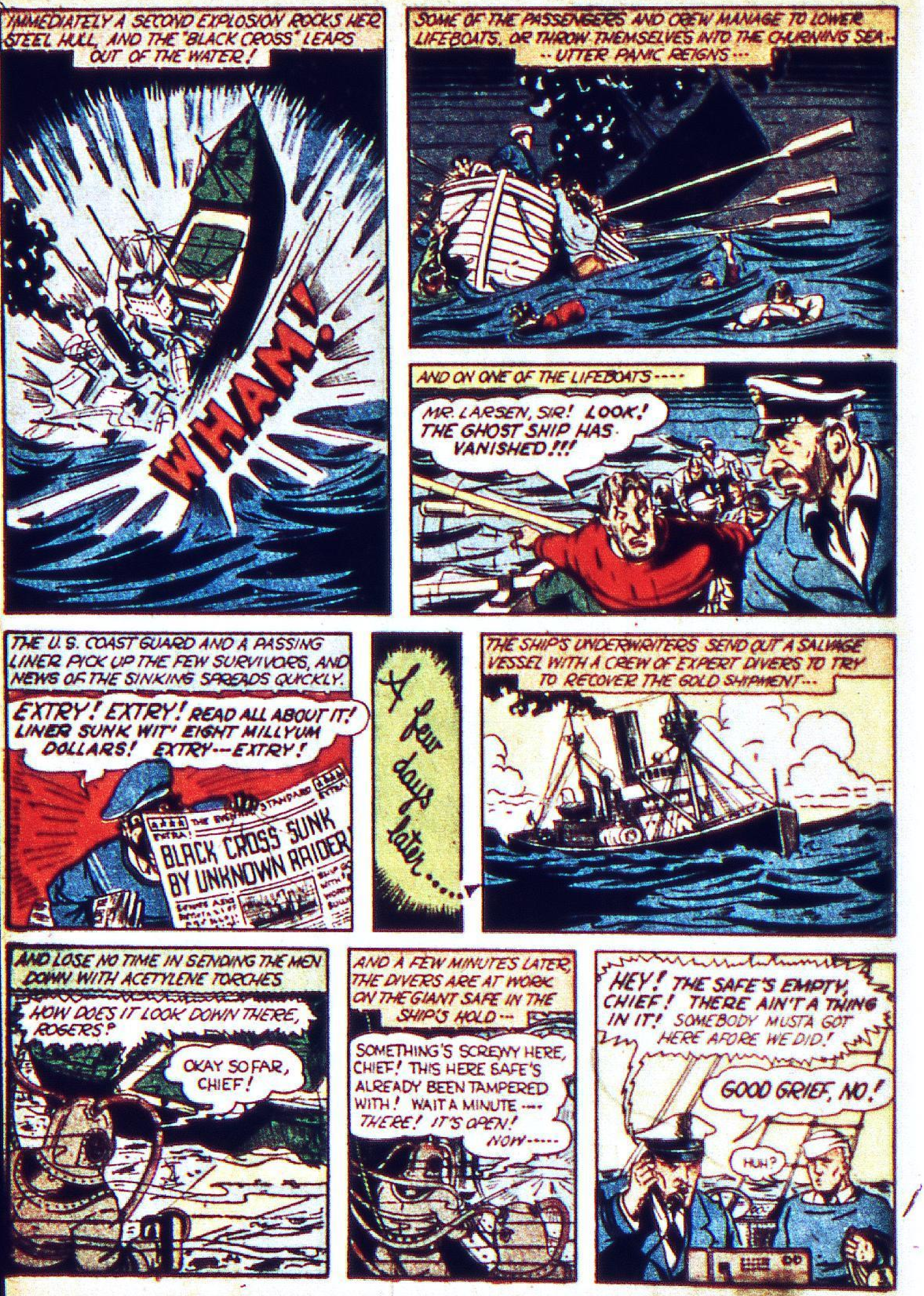

HY, TOUGH GUY... LOOKS LIKE YOU NEED A SHAVE!
EEOW!
THEY'RE TURNING THE MACHINE GUNS ON US!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT RIB-TICKLER!
WHILE ON THE LOWER DECK!
YOU'RE GETTING BALD AND NEED A HOT SCALP MASSAGE... THERE!
ANOTHER MOVE AND YOU BOYS'LL GET A FLAMING MUD-PACK!
SUDDENLY THE MELEE STOPS!
SURRENDER, TORCH! OR, WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO HIGH HEAVEN!
HA! YOU'RE A CHUMP! I HOLD ALL THE ACES!
DYNAMITE
TORCH WHIPS UP A HUGE FIRE-BALL!
NOW! PUT DOWN THAT GUN, OR YOU'LL BE SHAKING HANDS WITH THIS FIRE-BALL!


SUDDENLY A LIGHT-BEAM PLAYS ON THE TORCH AND IZAN!
IT'S THE COAST GUARD, IZAN! YOUR GAME'S UP! DROP THAT GUN!
COAST GUARD, EH?
HEAVE TO FOR BOARDING!
IZAN LOSES HIS NERVE!
HERE! TAKE IT!
HEY!
SO-LONG, HOT-PANTS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
A WINDING FIRE-BALL CATCHES IZAN IN MID-AIR!
I'M BURNING!
NO, YOU'RE NOT! JUST A HOT SINGE, SUCKER!
IZAN HITS THE WATER WITH A SIZZLING SPLASH!
THE FLAME'S HEATING THE WATER!
GLUB! GLUB! I GIVE UP, TORCH!
WE GOT HIM, TORCH!
IS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL ON YOUR SHIP?
YES!
SURE THING!

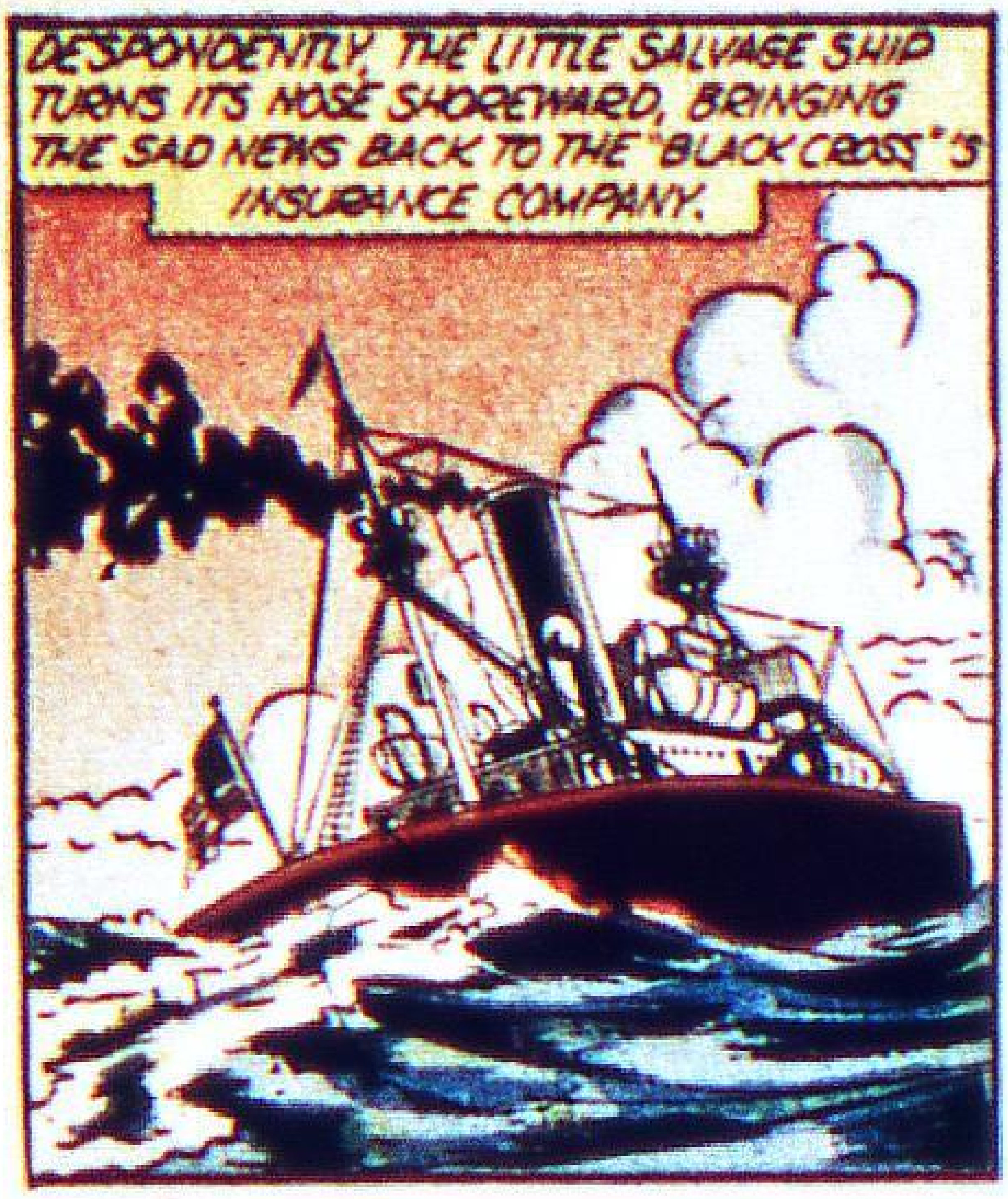

TORCH FORCES IZAN'S MEN TO BOARD THE COAST GUARD BOAT!
OKAY, BOYS... STEP LIVELY! YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP!
SUDDENLY...
TORCH! THEY'RE TAKING THE PILLS!
WHAT?
HAH! HAH! WE DIE!
IZAN... YOU PROMISED TO FOLLOW US... YOU MUST! O-H-H-H!
NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
HAH! THEY DID AS I ORDERED THEM TO... BUT, I'M YELLOW! I WANT TO LIVE! I'LL TELL EVERYTHING!
...YES...I BUILT THE PARACHUTE JUMP AND PUT A LOOKOUT THERE TO SEE THAT THE COAST GUARD WASN'T AROUND WHEN I SMUGGLED ARMS TO A SHIP OUTSIDE THE HARBOR!
BUT... WHY WAS MARTIN KILLED?
HE FOUND OUT WHAT MY GAME WAS, SO I ELIMINATED HIM!
THAT WAS DUMB! THAT BOMBING PUT US ON YOUR TRAIL!
TORCH AND TORO LEAVE IZAN WITH THE COAST GUARD AND SOAR INTO THE NIGHT.
TORO, HOW ABOUT SPENDING THE REST OF THE NIGHT AT CONEY ISLAND?
HUH? NO SIR! I HEAR THE SANDMAN CALLING! I'M HITTING THE HAY!
NEXT MONTH
another COMPLETE
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION STORY
in MARVEL COMICS


THE SUB-MARINER
VERSUS
"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"
'42
WHEREIN NAMOR SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE GLEAMING WHITE GHOST-SHIP, DISPENSER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE HIGH SEAS....

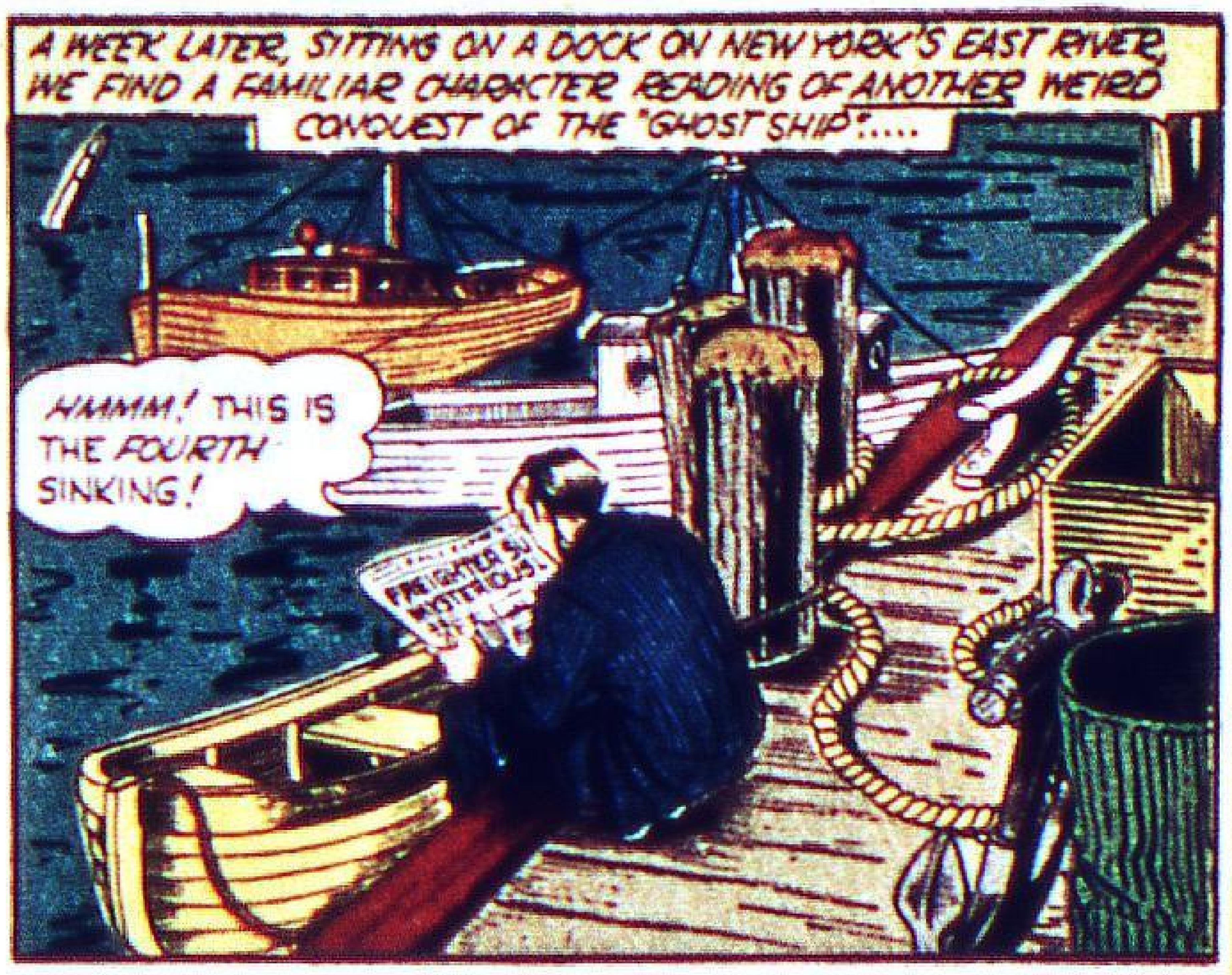

ON A COOL WINTER EVENING, THE PASSENGER-FREIGHTER "BLACK CROSS," BRINGING $8,000,000 IN GOLD BULLION FROM SOUTH AMERICA, PLOUGHS PEACEFULLY THROUGH THE CARIBBEAN SEA....
SUDDENLY—OFF HER STARBOARD BOW, A PHOSPHORESCENT SPRAY APPEARS ON THE WATER'S BLACK SURFACE...
INSTANTLY THE WATCHMAN STRIKES A WARNING FROM THE "CROW'S-NEST"!
BONG!
...AND GRADUALLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT, COMES A WEIRD APPARITION --- A "GHOST-SHIP" OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, SILENT, AND GLEAMING WHITE IN THE MOONLIGHT!
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS! A G-GHOST SHIP!!! WH-WHERE D-DID IT C-COME FROM?
S.S. BLACK CROSS
EVEN AS THE CREW WATCHES, SPELLBOUND, THE MYSTERIOUS CORVETTE SWINGS SLOWLY AROUND....
GREAT SHARKS! SHE'S COMING ABOUT! HARD A-PORT, FULL SPEED!!! SHE'LL RAM US, SURE! ALL HANDS ON DECK!
BUT EVEN AS THE CAPTAIN BELLOWS HIS ORDERS, THERE IS A THUNDEROUS, BLINDING EXPLOSION, AND THE "BLACK CROSS" SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY!!!

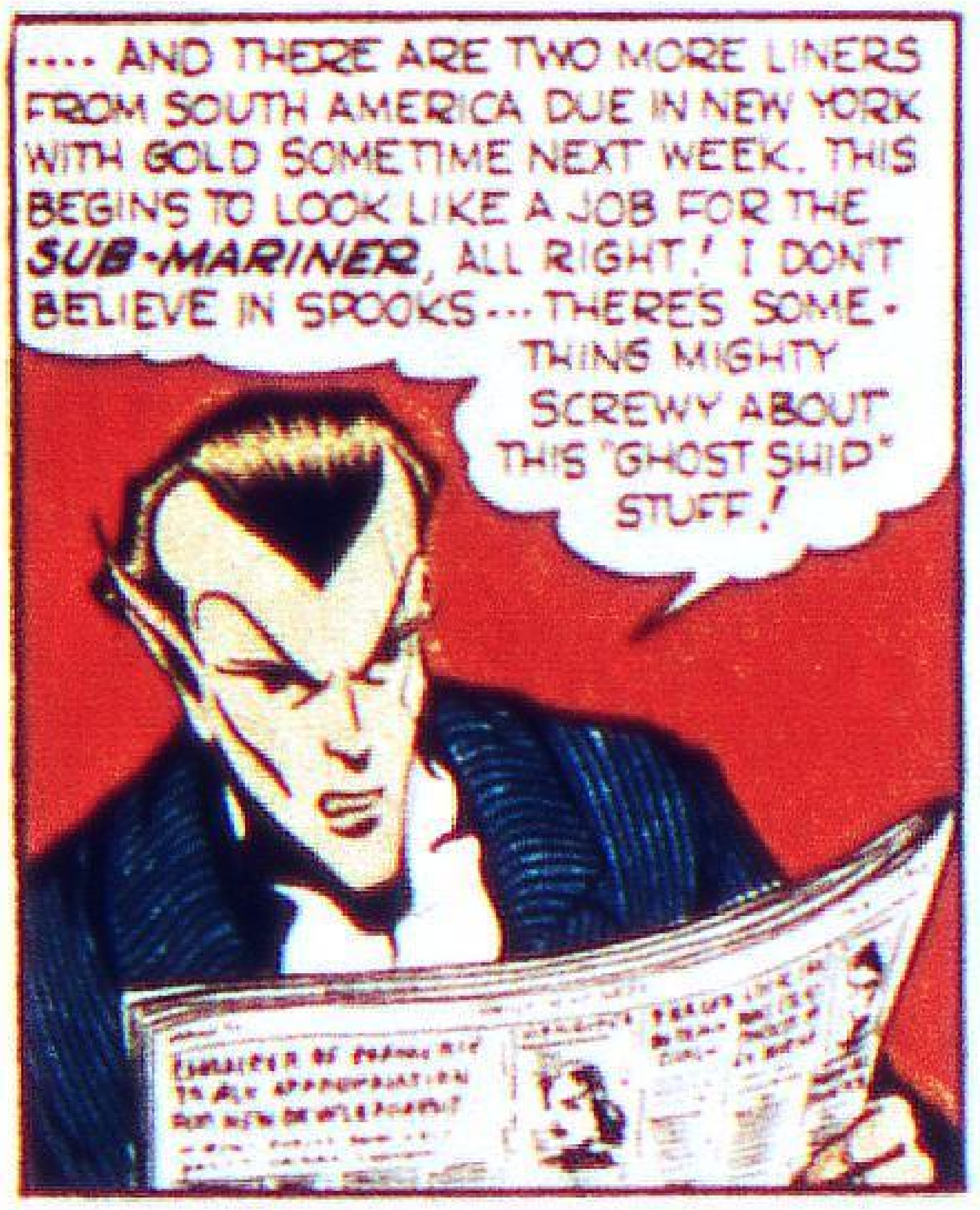

IMMEDIATELY A SECOND EXPLOSION ROCKS HER STEEL HULL, AND THE "BLACK CROSS" LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER!
WHAM!
SOME OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW MANAGE TO LOWER LIFEBOATS, OR THROW THEMSELVES INTO THE CHURNING SEA -- -- UTTER PANIC REIGNS ---
AND ON ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS ----
MR. LARSEN, SIR! LOOK! THE GHOST SHIP HAS VANISHED!!!
THE U.S. COAST GUARD AND A PASSING LINER PICK UP THE FEW SURVIVORS, AND NEWS OF THE SINKING SPREADS QUICKLY.
EXTRY! EXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT! LINER SUNK WIT' EIGHT MILLYUM DOLLARS! EXTRY--EXTRY!
THE EVENING STANDARD
EXTRA!
BLACK CROSS SUNK BY UNKNOWN RAIDER
A few days later....
THE SHIP'S UNDERWRITERS SEND OUT A SALVAGE VESSEL WITH A CREW OF EXPERT DIVERS TO TRY TO RECOVER THE GOLD SHIPMENT---
AND LOSE NO TIME IN SENDING THE MEN DOWN WITH ACETYLENE TORCHES
HOW DOES IT LOOK DOWN THERE, ROGERS?
OKAY SO FAR, CHIEF!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE DIVERS ARE AT WORK ON THE GIANT SAFE IN THE SHIP'S HOLD ---
SOMETHING'S SCREWY HERE, CHIEF! THIS HERE SAFE'S ALREADY BEEN TAMPERED WITH! WAIT A MINUTE --- THERE! IT'S OPEN! NOW-----
HEY! THE SAFE'S EMPTY, CHIEF! THERE AIN'T A THING IN IT! SOMEBODY MUSTA GOT HERE AFORE WE DID!
GOOD GRIEF, NO!
HUH?

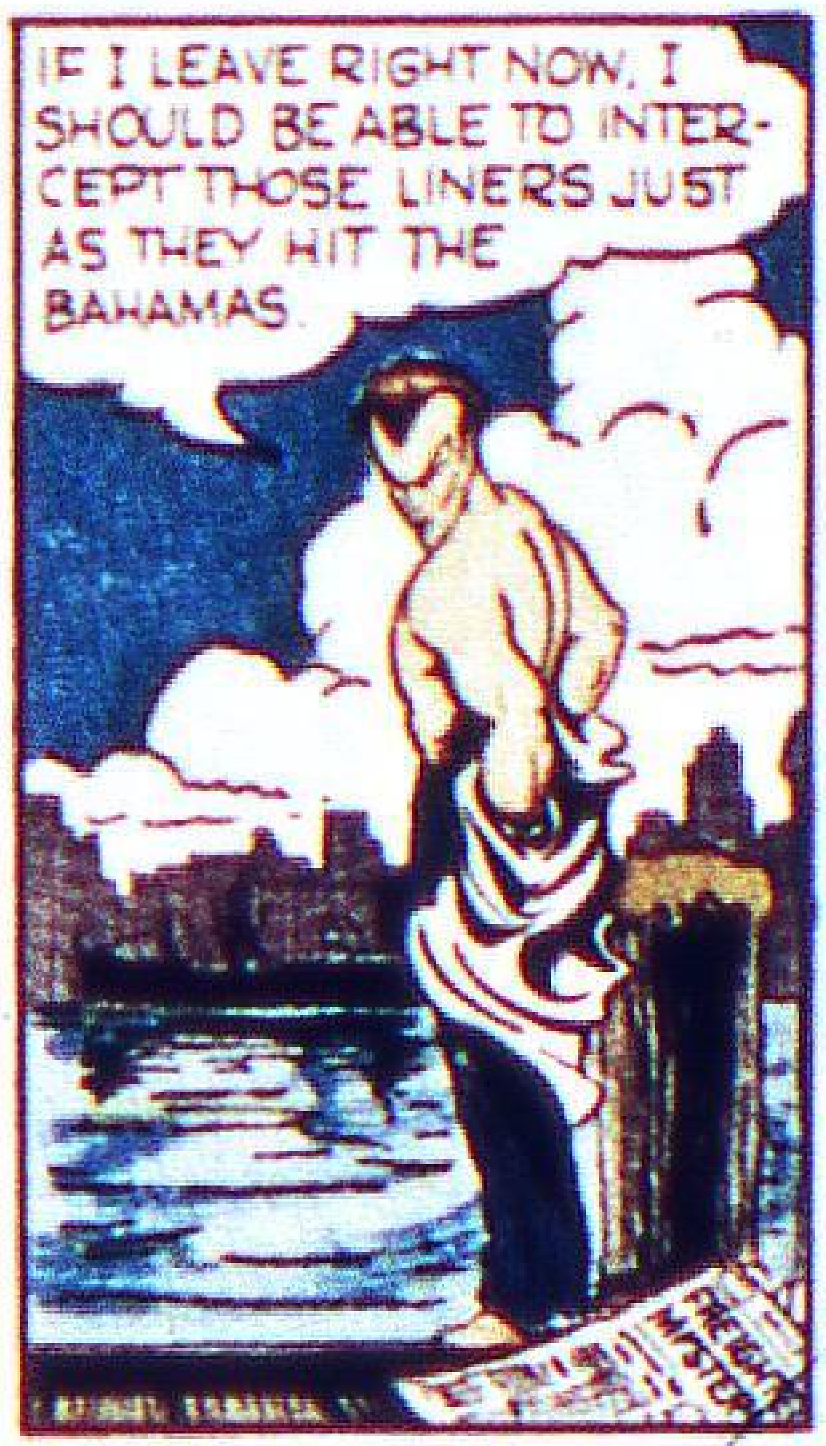
DESPONDENTLY, THE LITTLE SALVAGE SHIP TURNS ITS NOSE SHOREWARD, BRINGING THE SAD NEWS BACK TO THE "BLACK CROSS"'S INSURANCE COMPANY.

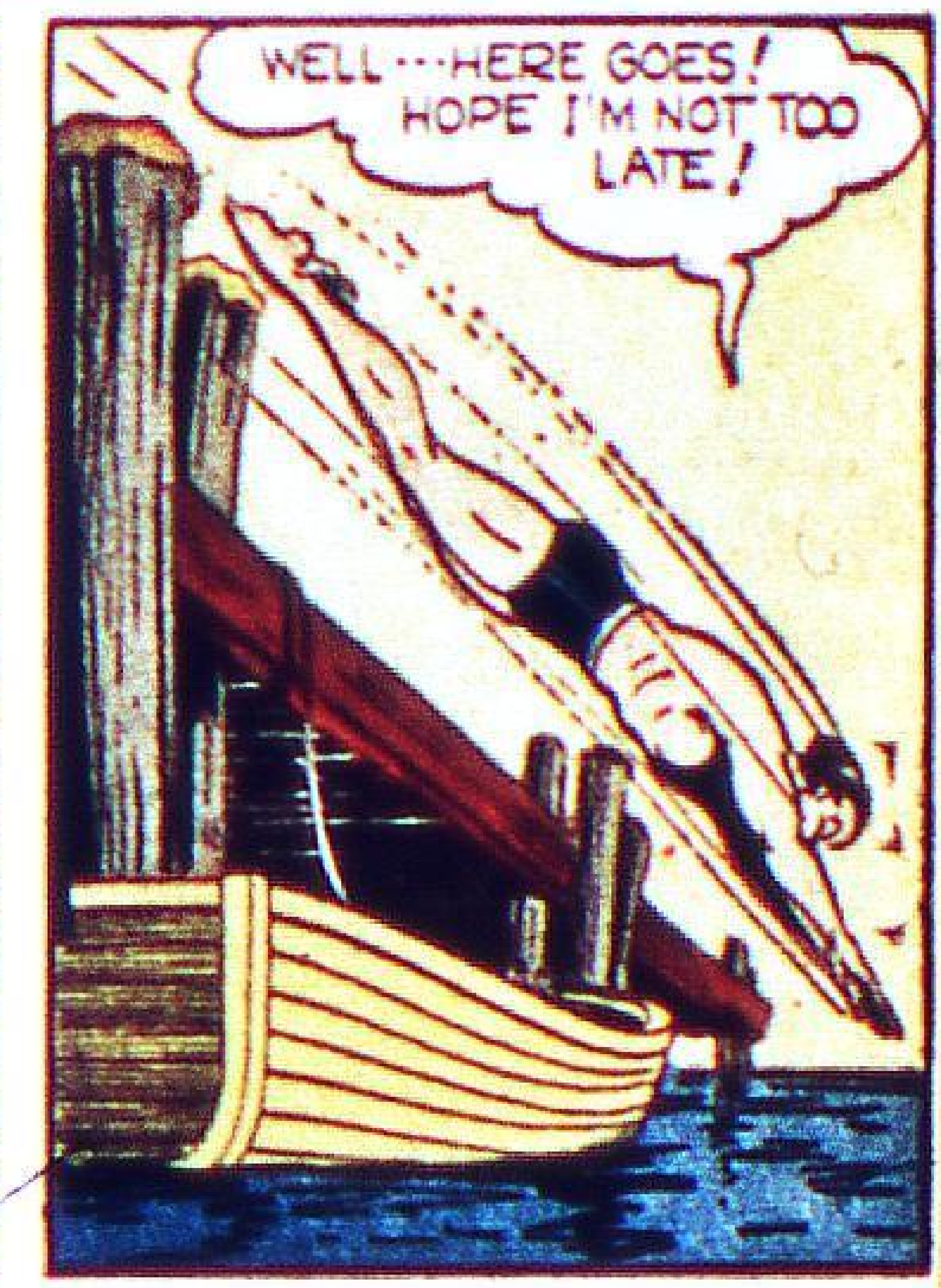


A WEEK LATER, SITTING ON A DOCK ON NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER, WE FIND A FAMILIAR CHARACTER READING OF *ANOTHER* WEIRD CONQUEST OF THE "GHOST SHIP"....

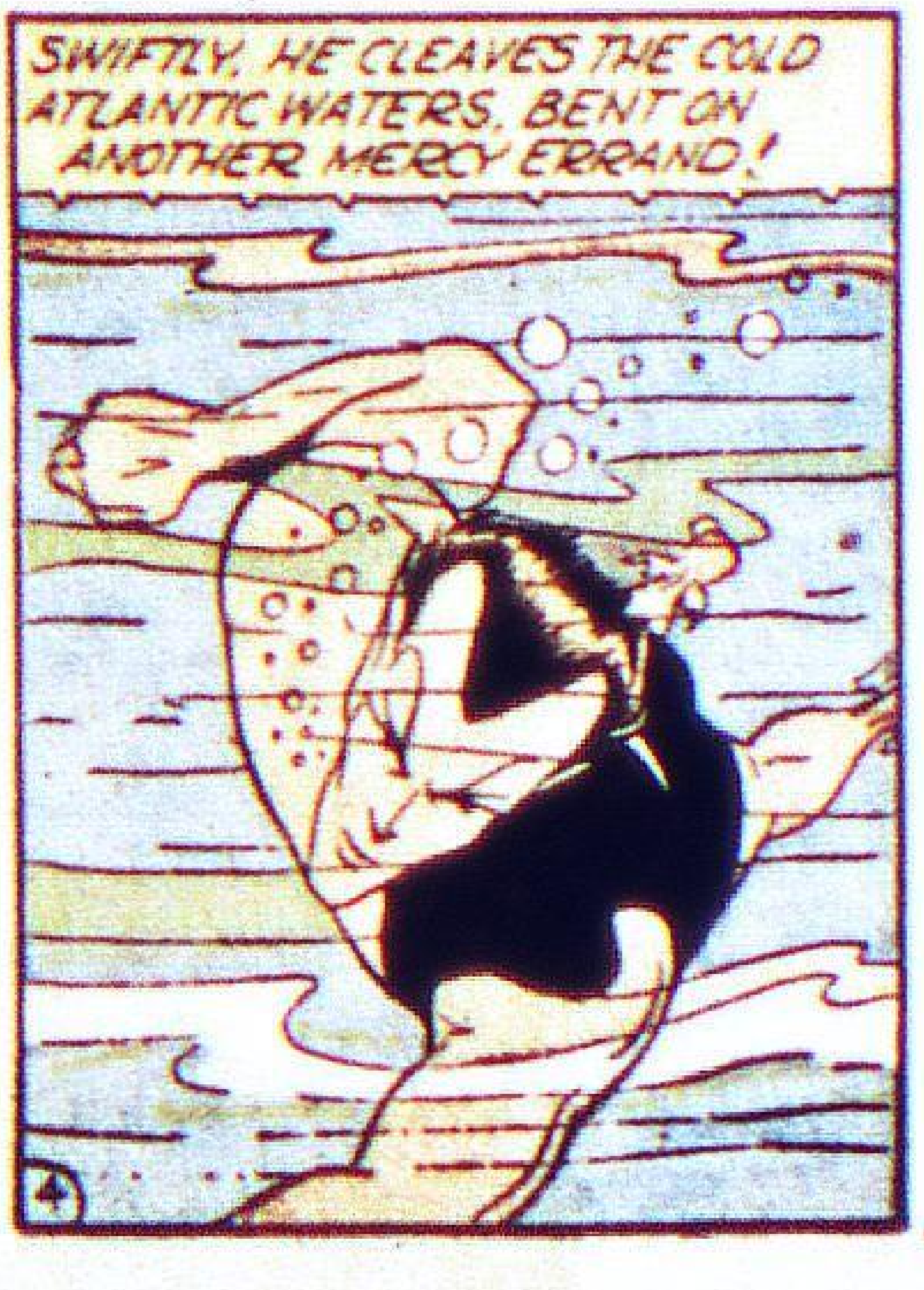

HMMM! THIS IS THE *FOURTH* SINKING!


.... AND THERE ARE TWO MORE LINERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA DUE IN NEW YORK WITH GOLD SOMETIME NEXT WEEK. THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR THE **SUB-MARINER**, ALL RIGHT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS--- THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY SCREWY ABOUT THIS "GHOST SHIP" STUFF!

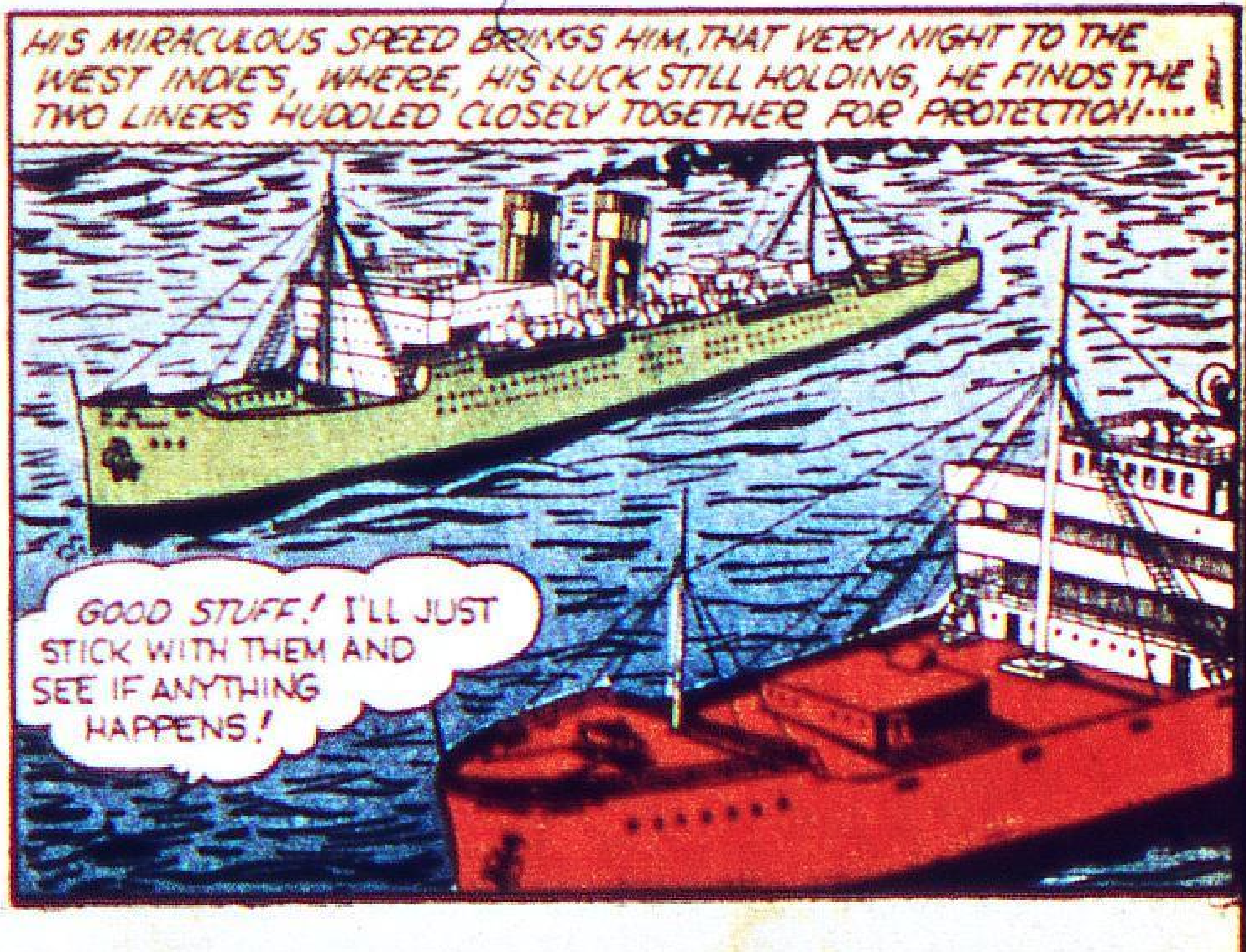

IF I LEAVE RIGHT NOW, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT THOSE LINERS JUST AS THEY HIT THE BAHAMAS.

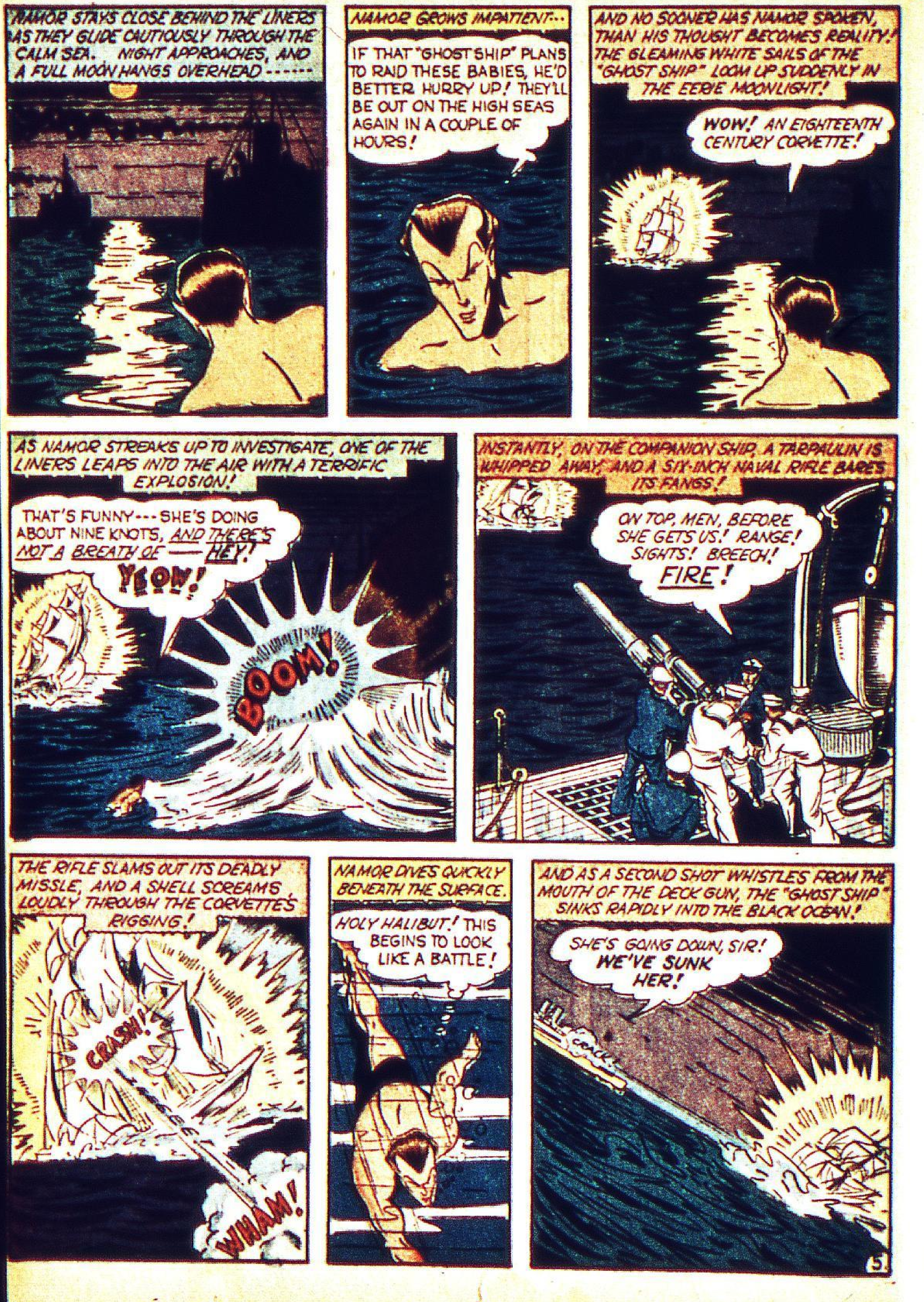

WELL ---HERE GOES! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

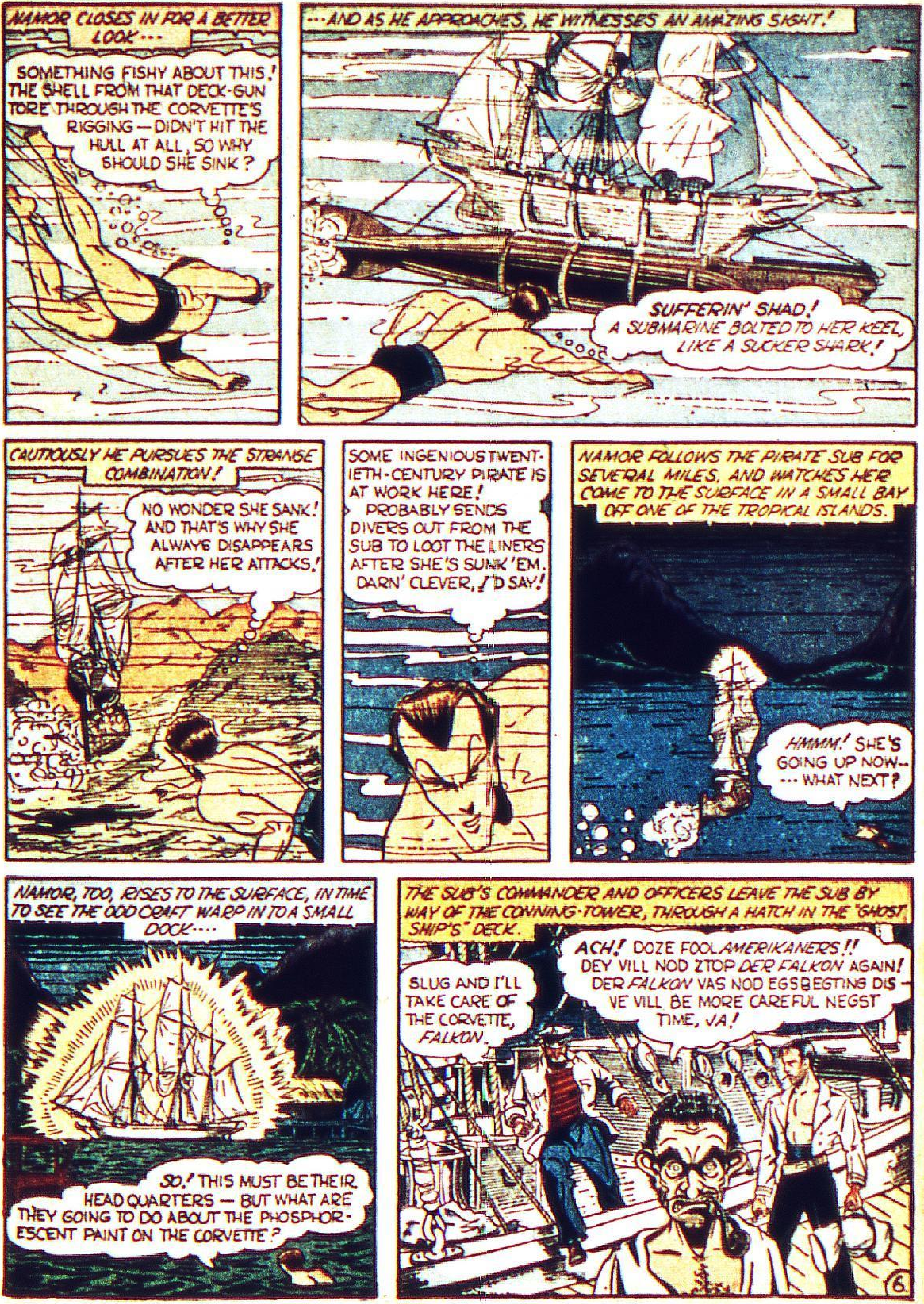
SWIFTLY, HE CLEAVES THE COLD ATLANTIC WATERS, BENT ON ANOTHER MERCY ERRAND!

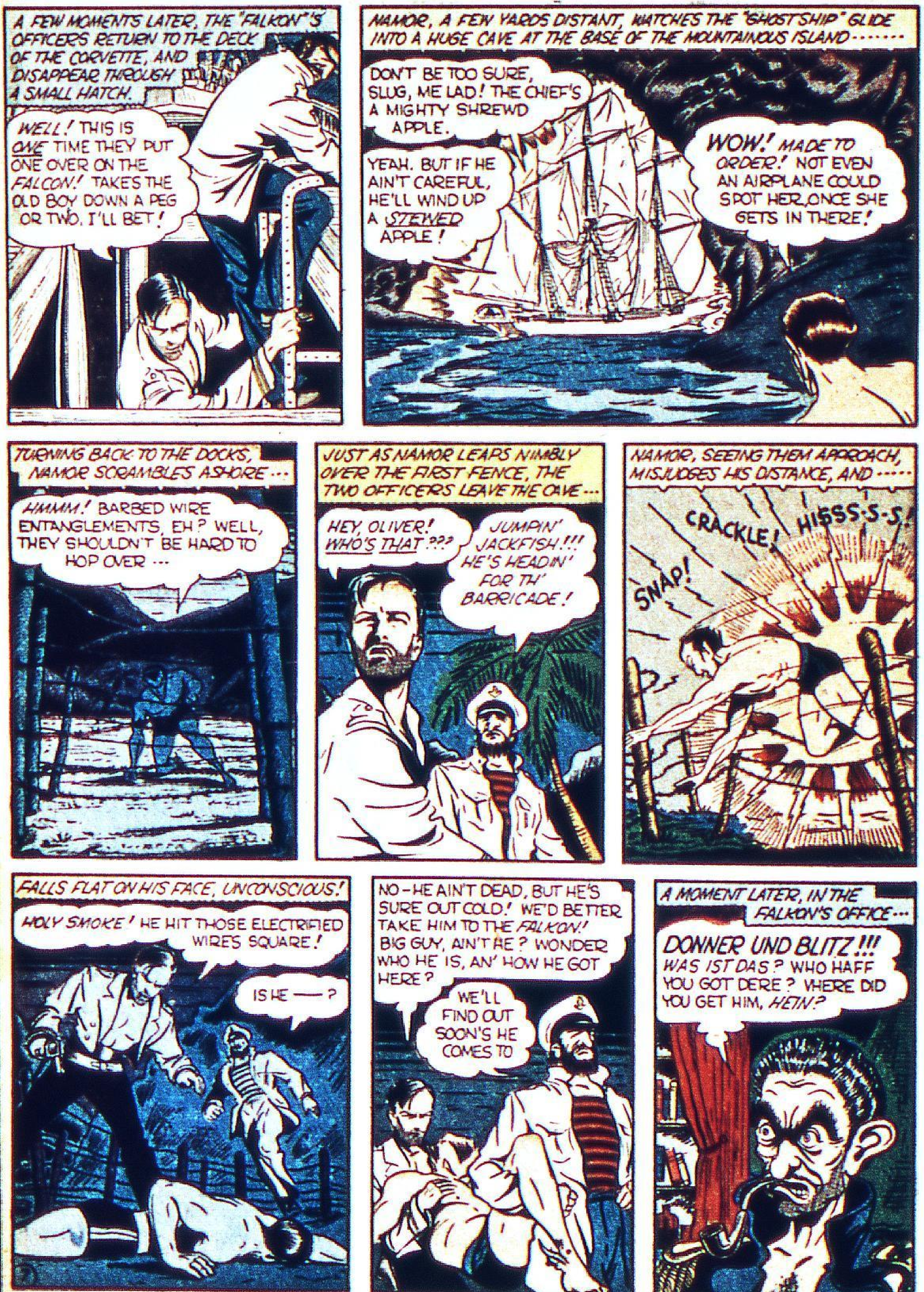


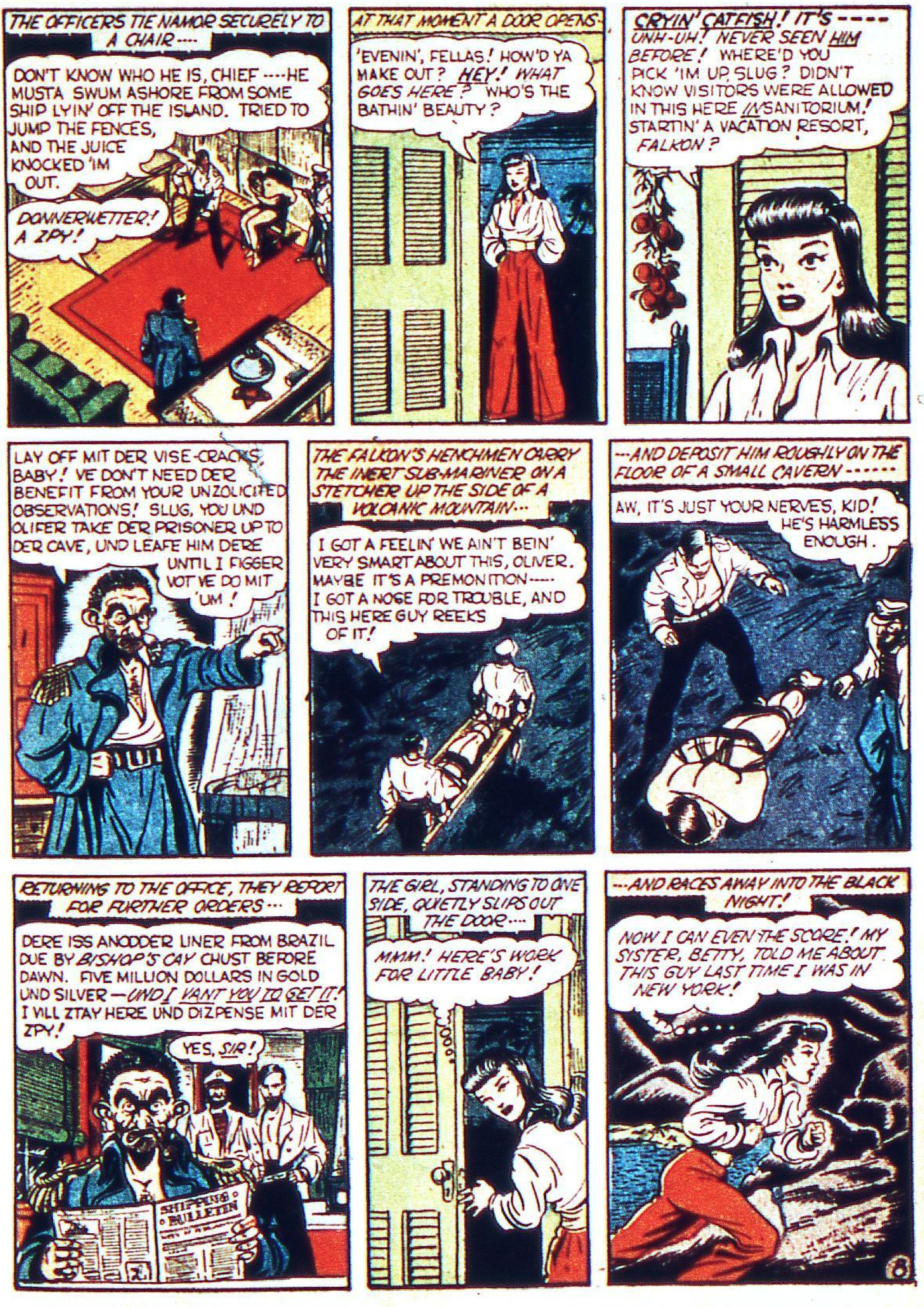
HIS MIRACULOUS SPEED BRINGS HIM, THAT VERY NIGHT TO THE WEST INDIES, WHERE, HIS LUCK STILL HOLDING, HE FINDS THE TWO LINERS HUDDLED CLOSELY TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION....

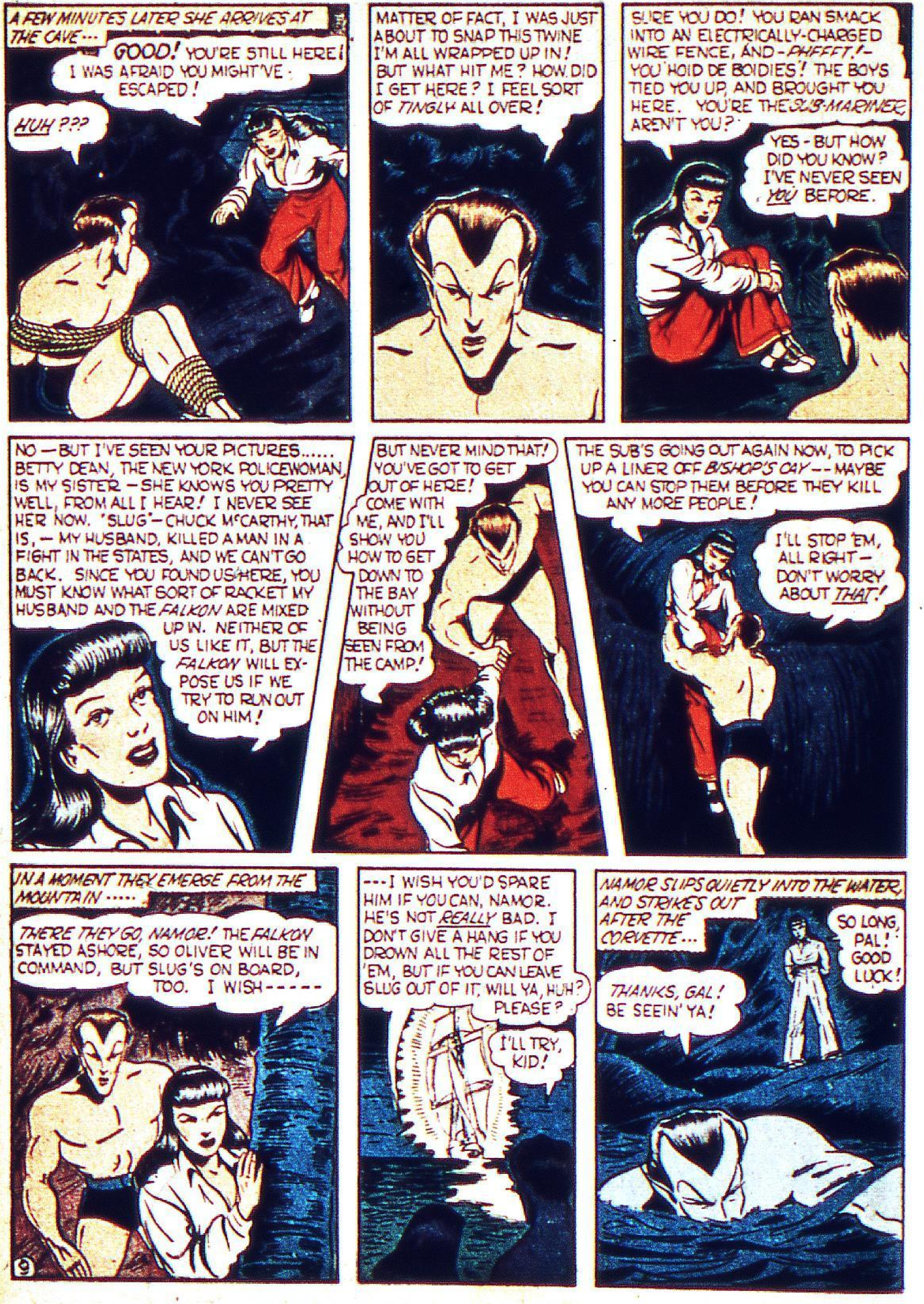

GOOD STUFF! I'LL JUST STICK WITH THEM AND SEE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS!

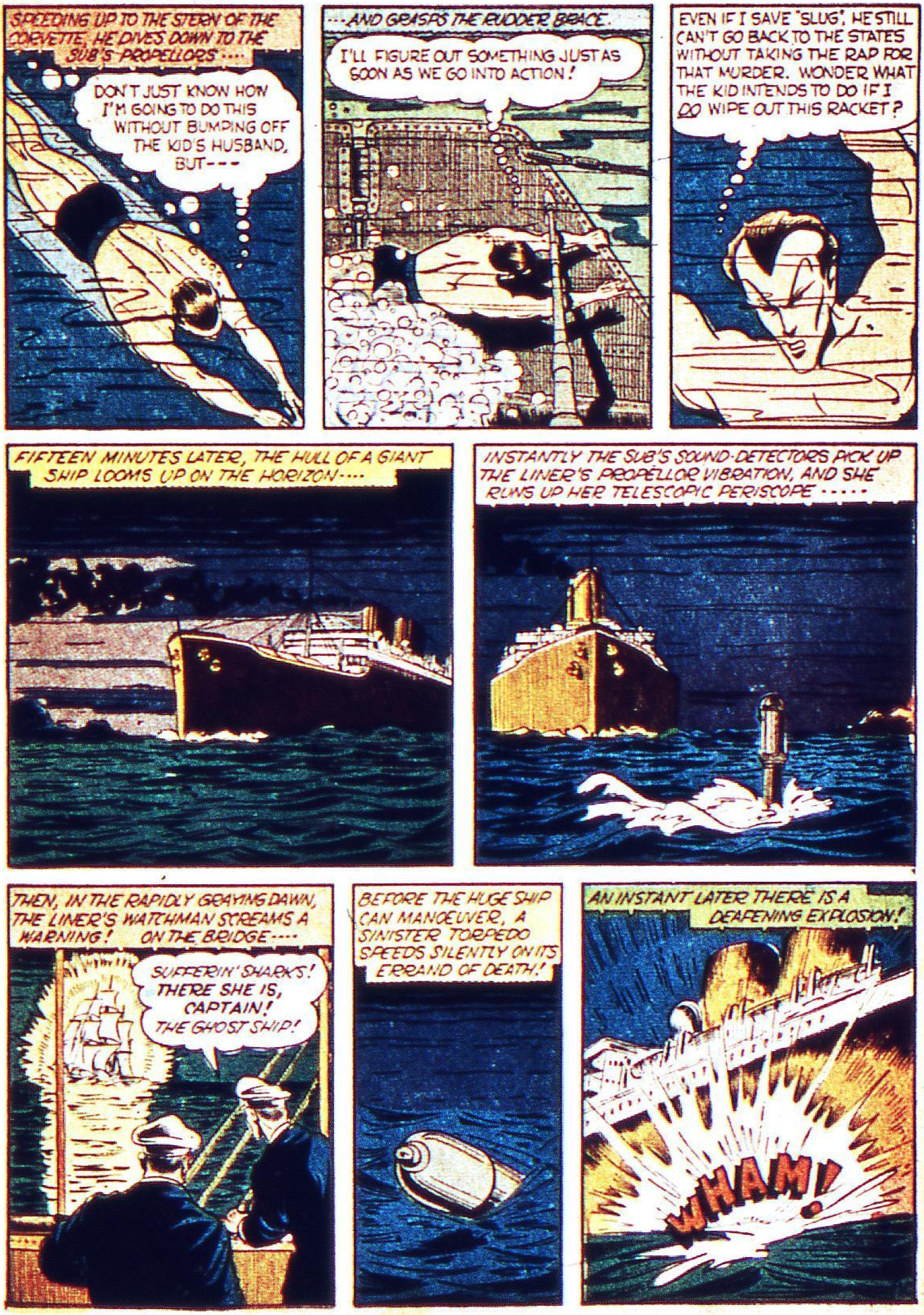

NAMOR STAYS CLOSE BEHIND THE LINERS AS THEY GLIDE CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE CALM SEA. NIGHT APPROACHES, AND A FULL MOON HANGS OVERHEAD ------
NAMOR GROWS IMPATIENT...
IF THAT "GHOST SHIP" PLANS TO RAID THESE BABIES, HE'D BETTER HURRY UP! THEY'LL BE OUT ON THE HIGH SEAS AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!
AND NO SOONER HAS NAMOR SPOKEN, THAN HIS THOUGHT BECOMES REALITY! THE GLEAMING WHITE SAILS OF THE "GHOST SHIP" LOOM UP SUDDENLY IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT!
WOW! AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CORVETTE!
AS NAMOR STREAKS UP TO INVESTIGATE, ONE OF THE LINERS LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
THAT'S FUNNY---SHE'S DOING ABOUT NINE KNOTS, AND THERE'S NOT A BREATH OF — HEY!
YEOW!
BOOM!
INSTANTLY, ON THE COMPANION SHIP, A TARPAULIN IS WHIPPED AWAY, AND A SIX-INCH NAVAL RIFLE BARES ITS FANGS!
ON TOP, MEN, BEFORE SHE GETS US! RANGE! SIGHTS! BREECH! FIRE!
THE RIFLE SLAMS OUT ITS DEADLY MISSLE, AND A SHELL SCREAMS LOUDLY THROUGH THE CORVETTE'S RIGGING!
CRASH!
WHAM!
NAMOR DIVES QUICKLY BENEATH THE SURFACE.
HOLY HALIBUT! THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A BATTLE!
AND AS A SECOND SHOT WHISTLES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE DECK GUN, THE "GHOST SHIP" SINKS RAPIDLY INTO THE BLACK OCEAN!
SHE'S GOING DOWN, SIR! WE'VE SUNK HER!
CRACK!

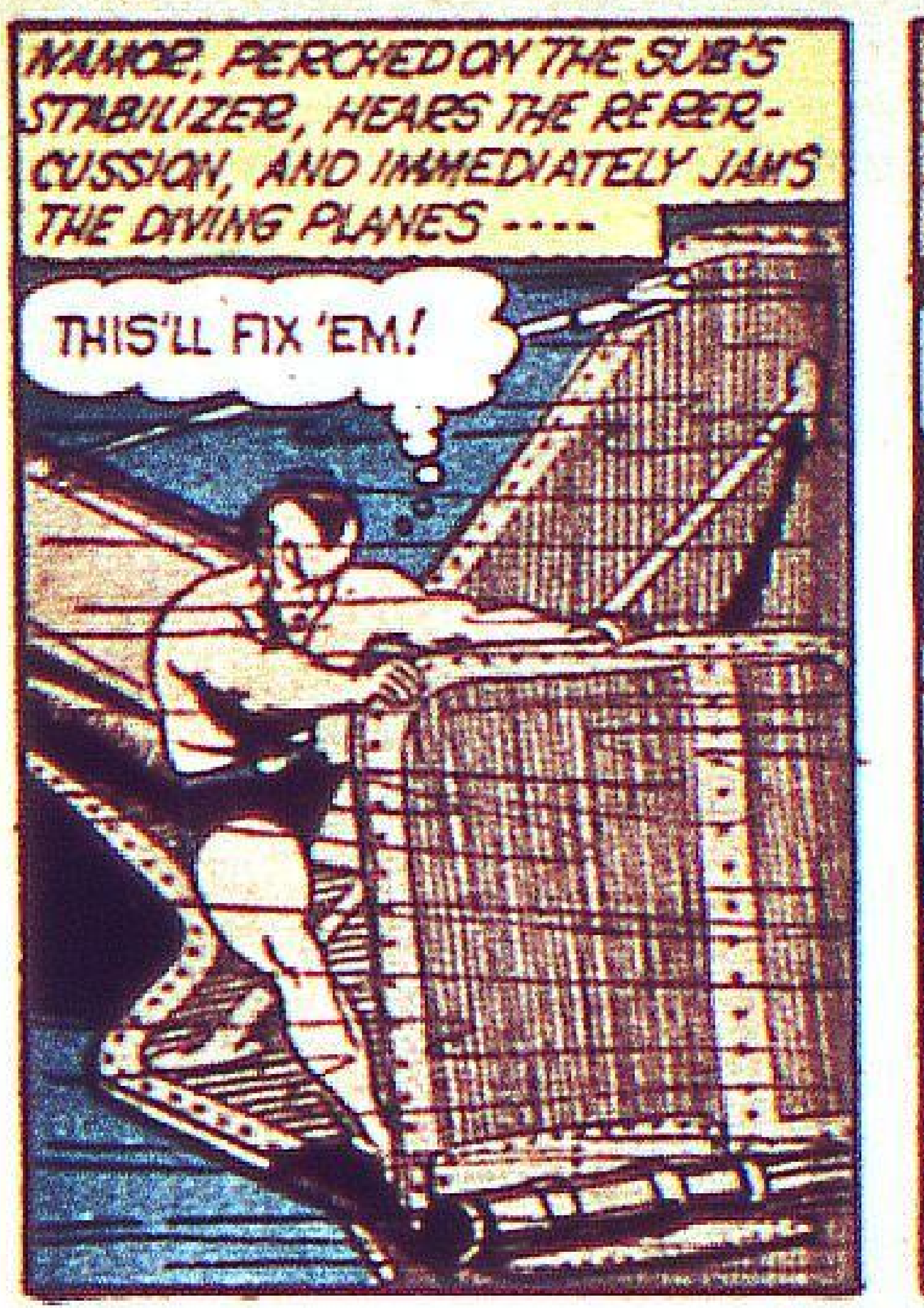

NAMOR CLOSES IN FOR A BETTER LOOK····
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS! THE SHELL FROM THAT DECK-GUN TORE THROUGH THE CORVETTE'S RIGGING — DIDN'T HIT THE HULL AT ALL, SO WHY SHOULD SHE SINK?
···AND AS HE APPROACHES, HE WITNESSES AN AMAZING SIGHT!
SUFFERIN' SHAD! A SUBMARINE BOLTED TO HER KEEL, LIKE A SUCKER SHARK!
CAUTIOUSLY HE PURSUES THE STRANGE COMBINATION!
NO WONDER SHE SANK! AND THAT'S WHY SHE ALWAYS DISAPPEARS AFTER HER ATTACKS!
SOME INGENIOUS TWENTIETH-CENTURY PIRATE IS AT WORK HERE! PROBABLY SENDS DIVERS OUT FROM THE SUB TO LOOT THE LINERS AFTER SHE'S SUNK 'EM. DARN' CLEVER, I'D SAY!
NAMOR FOLLOWS THE PIRATE SUB FOR SEVERAL MILES, AND WATCHES HER COME TO THE SURFACE IN A SMALL BAY OFF ONE OF THE TROPICAL ISLANDS.
HMMM! SHE'S GOING UP NOW-- --- WHAT NEXT?
NAMOR, TOO, RISES TO THE SURFACE, IN TIME TO SEE THE ODD CRAFT WARP IN TO A SMALL DOCK····
SO! THIS MUST BE THEIR HEAD QUARTERS — BUT WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO ABOUT THE PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT ON THE CORVETTE?
THE SUB'S COMMANDER AND OFFICERS LEAVE THE SUB BY WAY OF THE CONNING-TOWER, THROUGH A HATCH IN THE "GHOST SHIP'S" DECK.
ACH! DOZE FOOL AMERIKANERS!! DEY VILL NOD ZTOP DER FALKON AGAIN! DER FALKON VAS NOD EGSBEGTING DIS - VE VILL BE MORE CAREFUL NEGST TIME, JA!
SLUG AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CORVETTE, FALKON.
6.

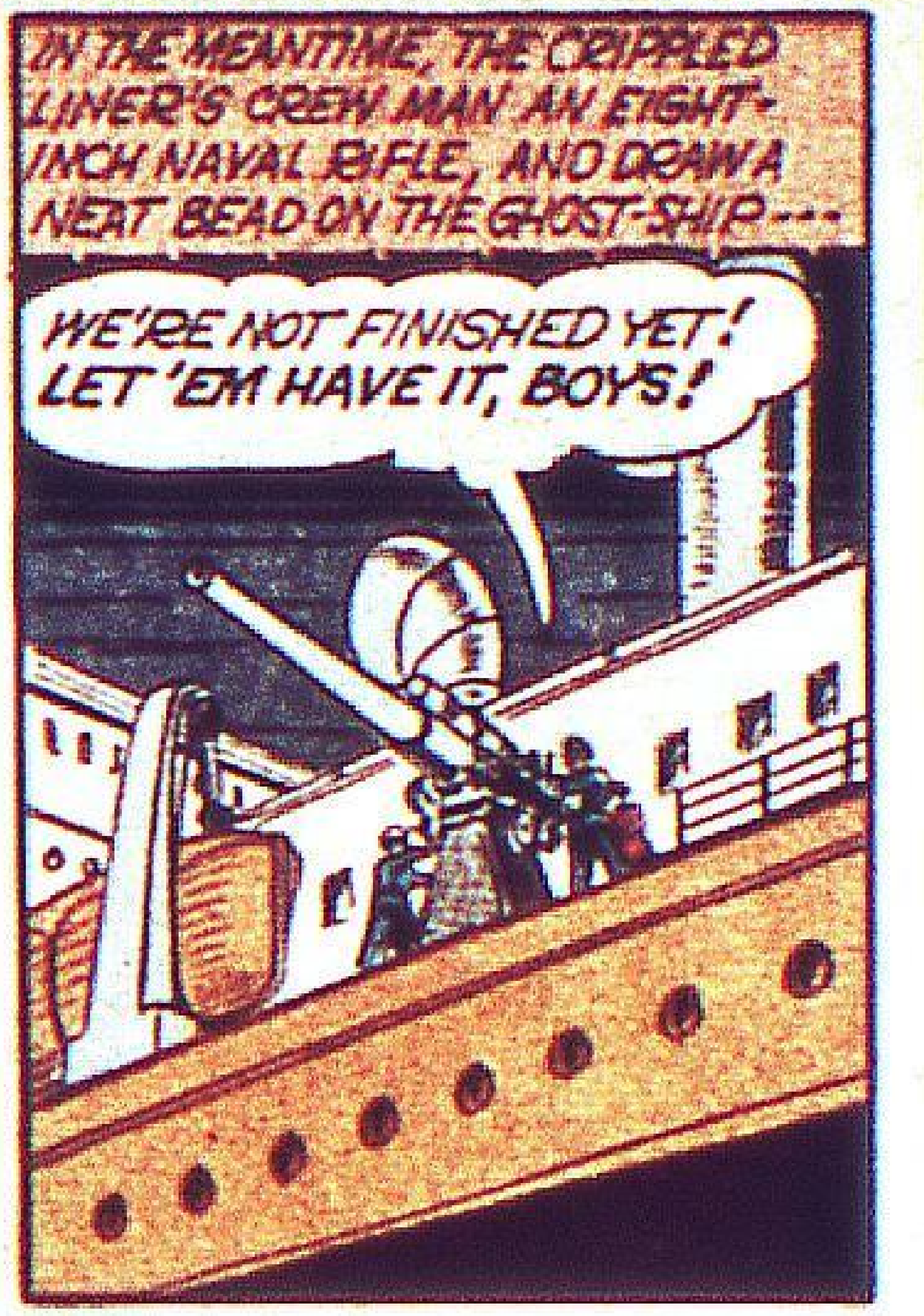

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE "FALKON"'S OFFICERS RETURN TO THE DECK OF THE CORVETTE, AND DISAPPEAR THROUGH A SMALL HATCH.
WELL! THIS IS ONE TIME THEY PUT ONE OVER ON THE FALCON! TAKE'S THE OLD BOY DOWN A PEG OR TWO, I'LL BET!
NAMOR, A FEW YARDS DISTANT, WATCHES THE "GHOST SHIP" GLIDE INTO A HUGE CAVE AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND.......
DON'T BE TOO SURE, SLUG, ME LAD! THE CHIEF'S A MIGHTY SHREWD APPLE.
YEAH. BUT IF HE AIN'T CAREFUL, HE'LL WIND UP A STEWED APPLE!
WOW! MADE TO ORDER! NOT EVEN AN AIRPLANE COULD SPOT HER, ONCE SHE GETS IN THERE!
TURNING BACK TO THE DOCKS, NAMOR SCRAMBLES ASHORE...
HMMM! BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, EH? WELL, THEY SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO HOP OVER...
JUST AS NAMOR LEAPS NIMBLY OVER THE FIRST FENCE, THE TWO OFFICERS LEAVE THE CAVE...
HEY, OLIVER! WHO'S THAT???
JUMPIN' JACKFISH!!! HE'S HEADIN' FOR TH' BARRICADE!
NAMOR, SEEING THEM APPROACH, MISJUDGES HIS DISTANCE, AND......
CRACKLE!
HISSS-S-S!
SNAP!
FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE, UNCONSCIOUS!
HOLY SMOKE! HE HIT THOSE ELECTRIFIED WIRES SQUARE!
IS HE —?
NO-HE AIN'T DEAD, BUT HE'S SURE OUT COLD! WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO THE FALKON! BIG GUY, AIN'T HE? WONDER WHO HE IS, AN' HOW HE GOT HERE?
WE'LL FIND OUT SOON'S HE COMES TO
A MOMENT LATER, IN THE FALKON'S OFFICE...
DONNER UND BLITZ!!! WAS IST DAS? WHO HAFF YOU GOT DERE? VHERE DID YOU GET HIM, HEIN?

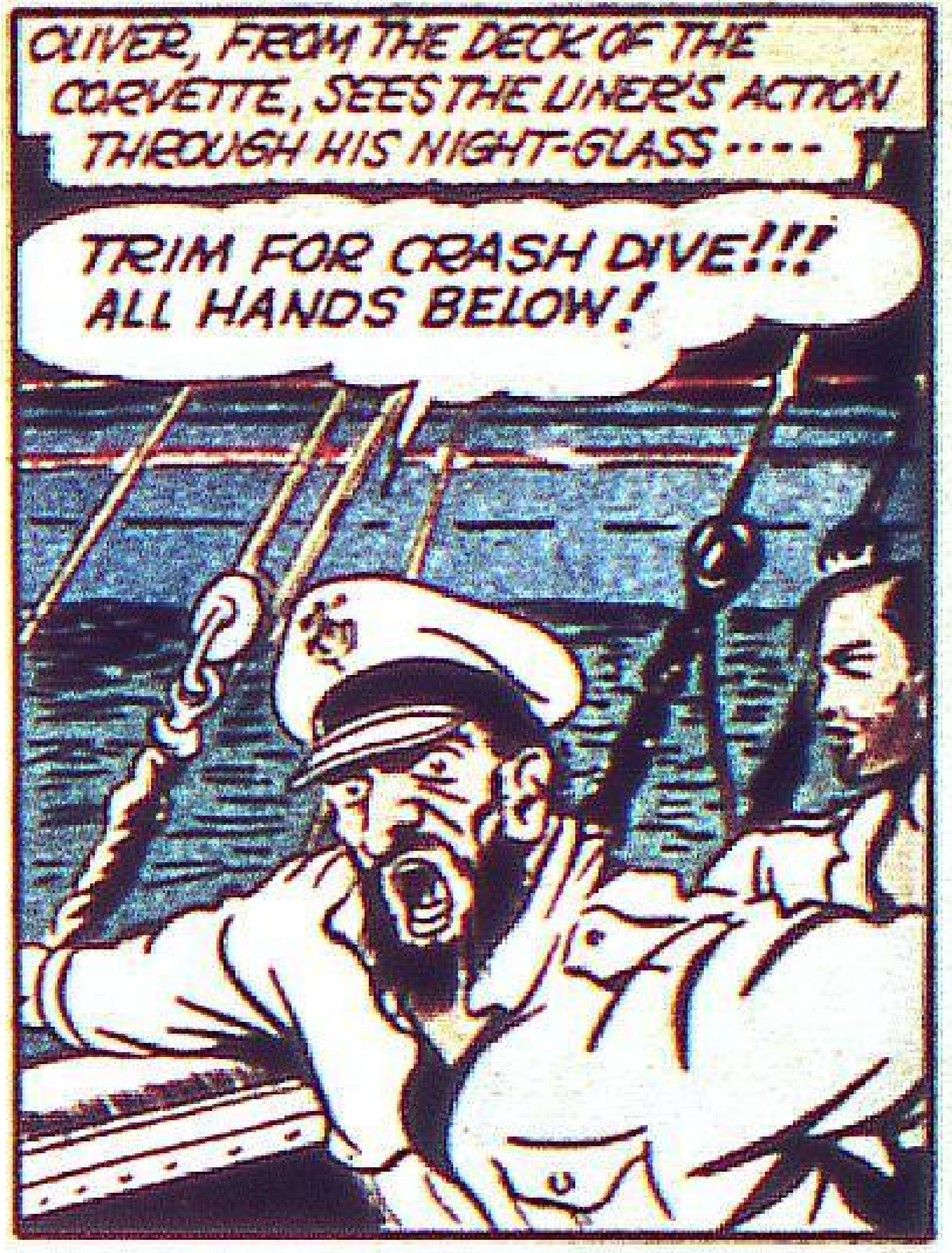

THE OFFICERS TIE NAMOR SECURELY TO A CHAIR....
DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, CHIEF ----HE MUSTA SWUM ASHORE FROM SOME SHIP LYIN' OFF THE ISLAND. TRIED TO JUMP THE FENCES, AND THE JUICE KNOCKED 'IM OUT.
DONNERWETTER! A ZPY!
AT THAT MOMENT A DOOR OPENS-
'EVENIN', FELLAS! HOW'D YA MAKE OUT? HEY! WHAT GOES HERE? WHO'S THE BATHIN' BEAUTY?
CRYIN' CATFISH! IT'S ----
UNH-UH! NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! WHERE'D YOU PICK 'IM UP, SLUG? DIDN'T KNOW VISITORS WERE ALLOWED IN THIS HERE INSANITORIUM! STARTIN' A VACATION RESORT, FALKON?
LAY OFF MIT DER VISE-CRACKS, BABY! VE DON'T NEED DER BENEFIT FROM YOUR UNZOLICITED OBSERVATIONS! SLUG, YOU UND OLIFER TAKE DER PRISONER UP TO DER CAVE, UND LEAFE HIM DERE UNTIL I FIGGER VOT VE DO MIT 'UM!
THE FALKON'S HENCHMEN CARRY THE INERT SUB-MARINER ON A STETCHER UP THE SIDE OF A VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN...
I GOT A FEELIN' WE AIN'T BEIN' VERY SMART ABOUT THIS, OLIVER. MAYBE IT'S A PREMONITION---- I GOT A NOSE FOR TROUBLE, AND THIS HERE GUY REEKS OF IT!
---AND DEPOSIT HIM ROUGHLY ON THE FLOOR OF A SMALL CAVERN------
AW, IT'S JUST YOUR NERVES, KID! HE'S HARMLESS ENOUGH.
RETURNING TO THE OFFICE, THEY REPORT FOR FURTHER ORDERS...
DERE ISS ANODDER LINER FROM BRAZIL DUE BY BISHOP'S CAY CHUST BEFORE DAWN. FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD UND SILVER—UND I VANT YOU TO GET IT! I VILL ZTAY HERE UND DIZPENSE MIT DER ZPY!
YES, SIR!
SHIPPING BULLETIN
THE GIRL, STANDING TO ONE SIDE, QUIETLY SLIPS OUT THE DOOR....
MMM! HERE'S WORK FOR LITTLE BABY!
---AND RACES AWAY INTO THE BLACK NIGHT!
NOW I CAN EVEN THE SCORE! MY SISTER, BETTY, TOLD ME ABOUT THIS GUY LAST TIME I WAS IN NEW YORK!
8

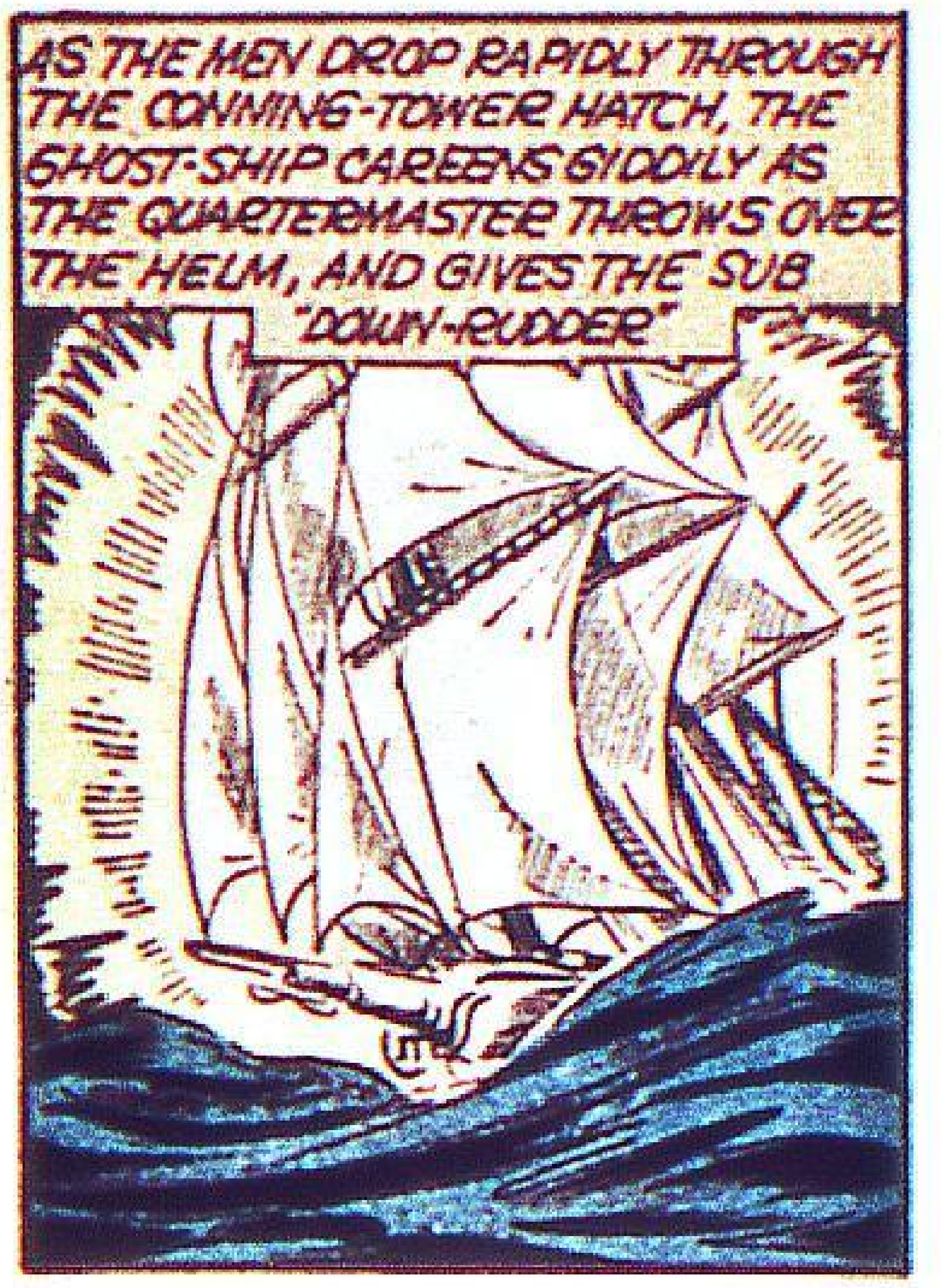

A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE ARRIVES AT THE CAVE...
GOOD! YOU'RE STILL HERE! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT'VE ESCAPED!
HUH ???
MATTER OF FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SNAP THIS TWINE I'M ALL WRAPPED UP IN! BUT WHAT HIT ME? HOW DID I GET HERE? I FEEL SORT OF TINGLY ALL OVER!
SURE YOU DO! YOU RAN SMACK INTO AN ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED WIRE FENCE, AND-PHFFFT!- YOU HOID DE BOIDIES! THE BOYS TIED YOU UP, AND BROUGHT YOU HERE. YOU'RE THE SUB-MARINER, AREN'T YOU?
YES - BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE.
NO — BUT I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURES...... BETTY DEAN, THE NEW YORK POLICEWOMAN, IS MY SISTER — SHE KNOWS YOU PRETTY WELL, FROM ALL I HEAR! I NEVER SEE HER NOW. 'SLUG'— CHUCK McCARTHY, THAT IS, — MY HUSBAND, KILLED A MAN IN A FIGHT IN THE STATES, AND WE CAN'T GO BACK. SINCE YOU FOUND US HERE, YOU MUST KNOW WHAT SORT OF RACKET MY HUSBAND AND THE FALKON ARE MIXED UP IN. NEITHER OF US LIKE IT, BUT THE FALKON WILL EXPOSE US IF WE TRY TO RUN OUT ON HIM!
BUT NEVER MIND THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! COME WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET DOWN TO THE BAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN FROM THE CAMP!
THE SUB'S GOING OUT AGAIN NOW, TO PICK UP A LINER OFF BISHOP'S CAY -- MAYBE YOU CAN STOP THEM BEFORE THEY KILL ANY MORE PEOPLE!
I'LL STOP 'EM, ALL RIGHT - DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!
IN A MOMENT THEY EMERGE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.....
THERE THEY GO, NAMOR! THE FALKON STAYED ASHORE, SO OLIVER WILL BE IN COMMAND, BUT SLUG'S ON BOARD, TOO. I WISH-----
9
---I WISH YOU'D SPARE HIM IF YOU CAN, NAMOR. HE'S NOT REALLY BAD. I DON'T GIVE A HANG IF YOU DROWN ALL THE REST OF 'EM, BUT IF YOU CAN LEAVE SLUG OUT OF IT, WILL YA, HUH? PLEASE?
I'LL TRY, KID!
NAMOR SLIPS QUIETLY INTO THE WATER, AND STRIKES OUT AFTER THE CORVETTE...
SO LONG, PAL! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, GAL! BE SEEIN' YA!

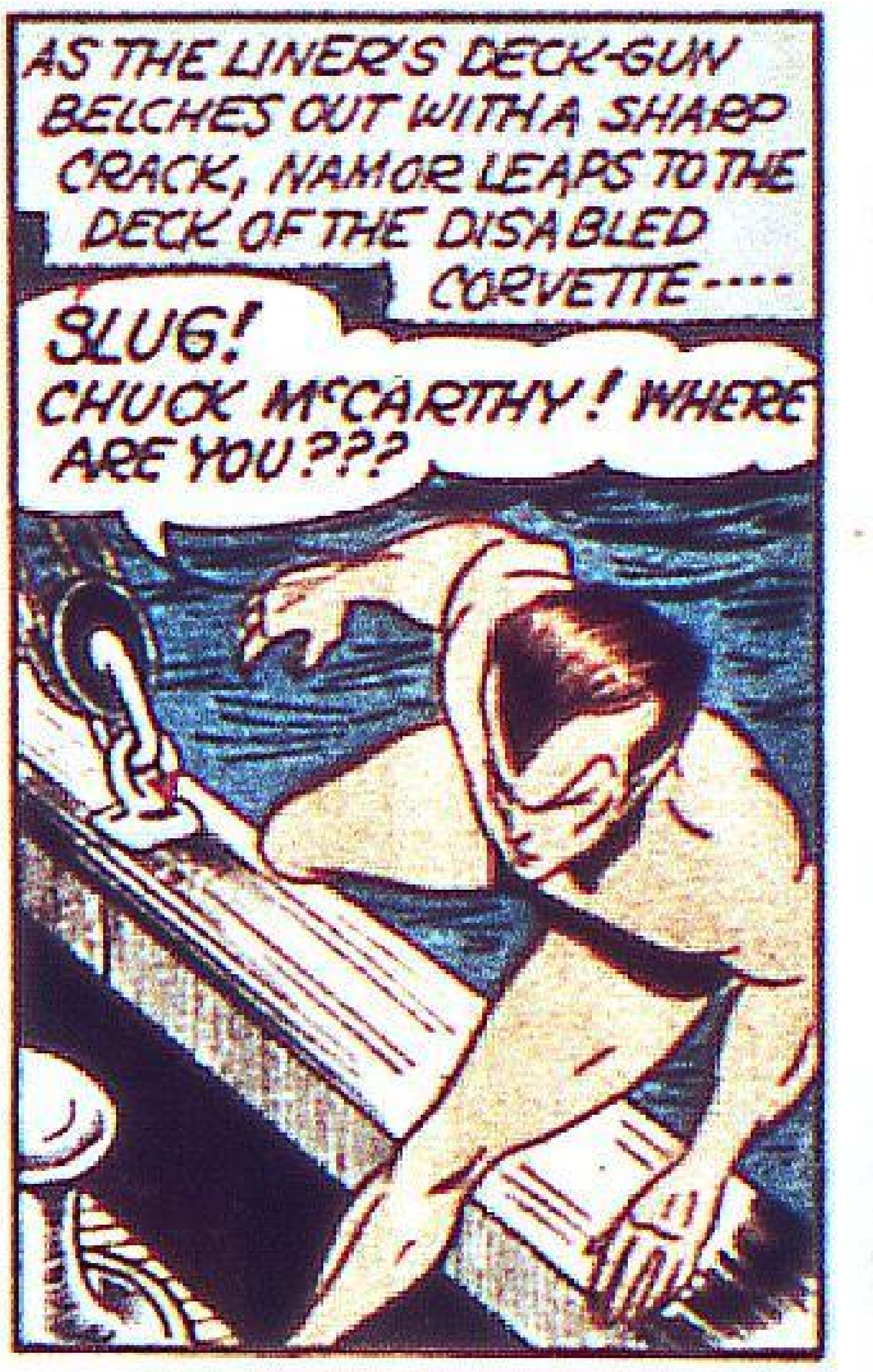

SPEEDING UP TO THE STERN OF THE CORVETTE, HE DIVES DOWN TO THE SUB'S PROPELLORS ....
DON'T JUST KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO DO THIS WITHOUT BUMPING OFF THE KID'S HUSBAND, BUT---
...AND GRASPS THE RUDDER BRACE.
I'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING JUST AS SOON AS WE GO INTO ACTION!
EVEN IF I SAVE "SLUG", HE'S STILL CAN'T GO BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT TAKING THE RAP FOR THAT MURDER. WONDER WHAT THE KID INTENDS TO DO IF I DO WIPE OUT THIS RACKET?
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE HULL OF A GIANT SHIP LOOMS UP ON THE HORIZON....
INSTANTLY THE SUB'S SOUND-DETECTORS PICK UP THE LINER'S PROPELLOR VIBRATION, AND SHE RUNS UP HER TELESCOPIC PERISCOPE .....
THEN, IN THE RAPIDLY GRAYING DAWN, THE LINER'S WATCHMAN SCREAMS A WARNING! ON THE BRIDGE....
SUFFERIN' SHARKS! THERE SHE IS, CAPTAIN! THE GHOST SHIP!
BEFORE THE HUGE SHIP CAN MANOEUVER, A SINISTER TORPEDO SPEEDS SILENTLY ON ITS ERRAND OF DEATH!
AN INSTANT LATER THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
WHAM!

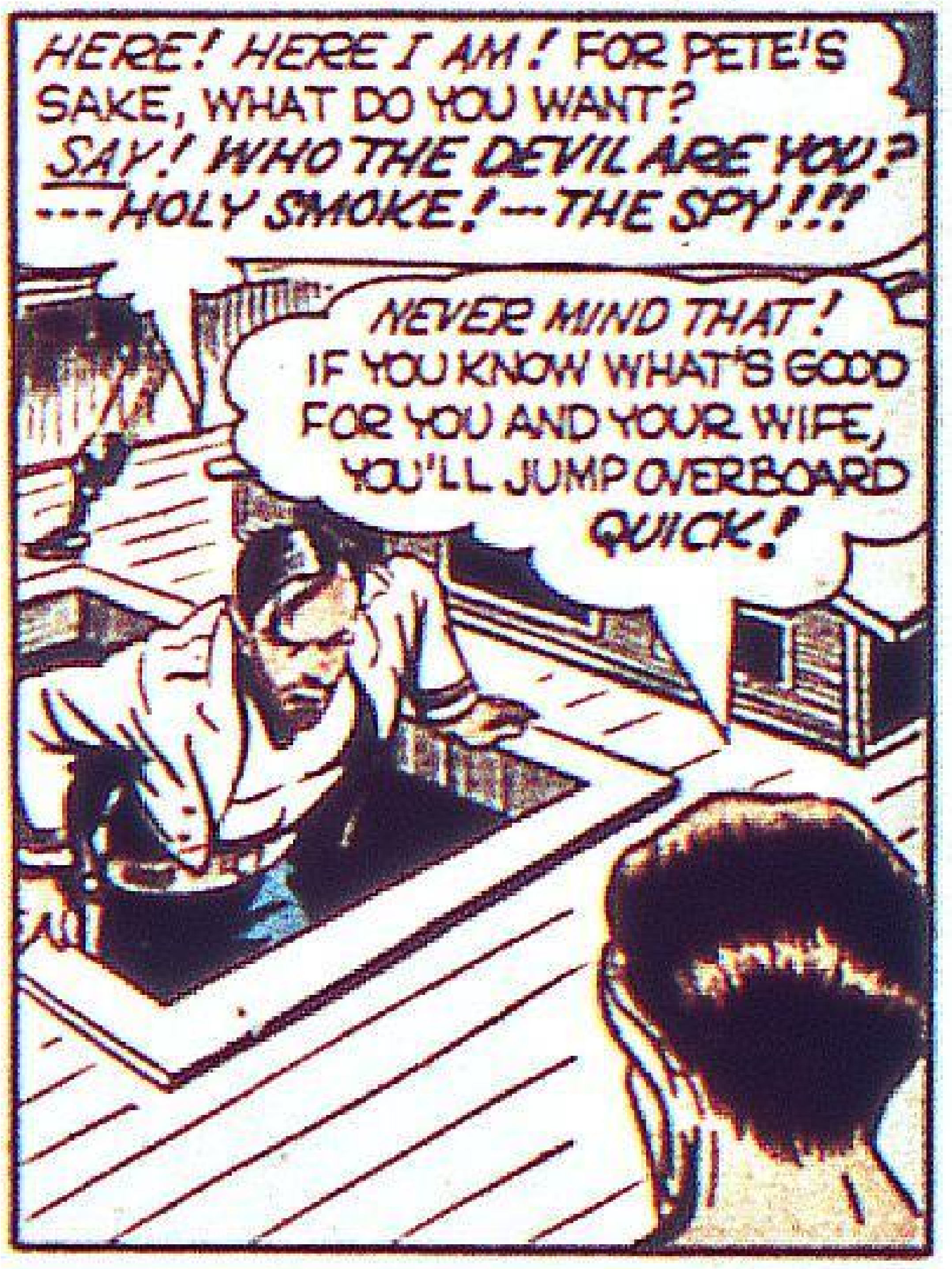

NAMOR, PERCHED ON THE SUB'S STABILIZER, HEARS THE RE-PERCUSSION, AND IMMEDIATELY JAMS THE DIVING PLANES ----
THIS'LL FIX 'EM!

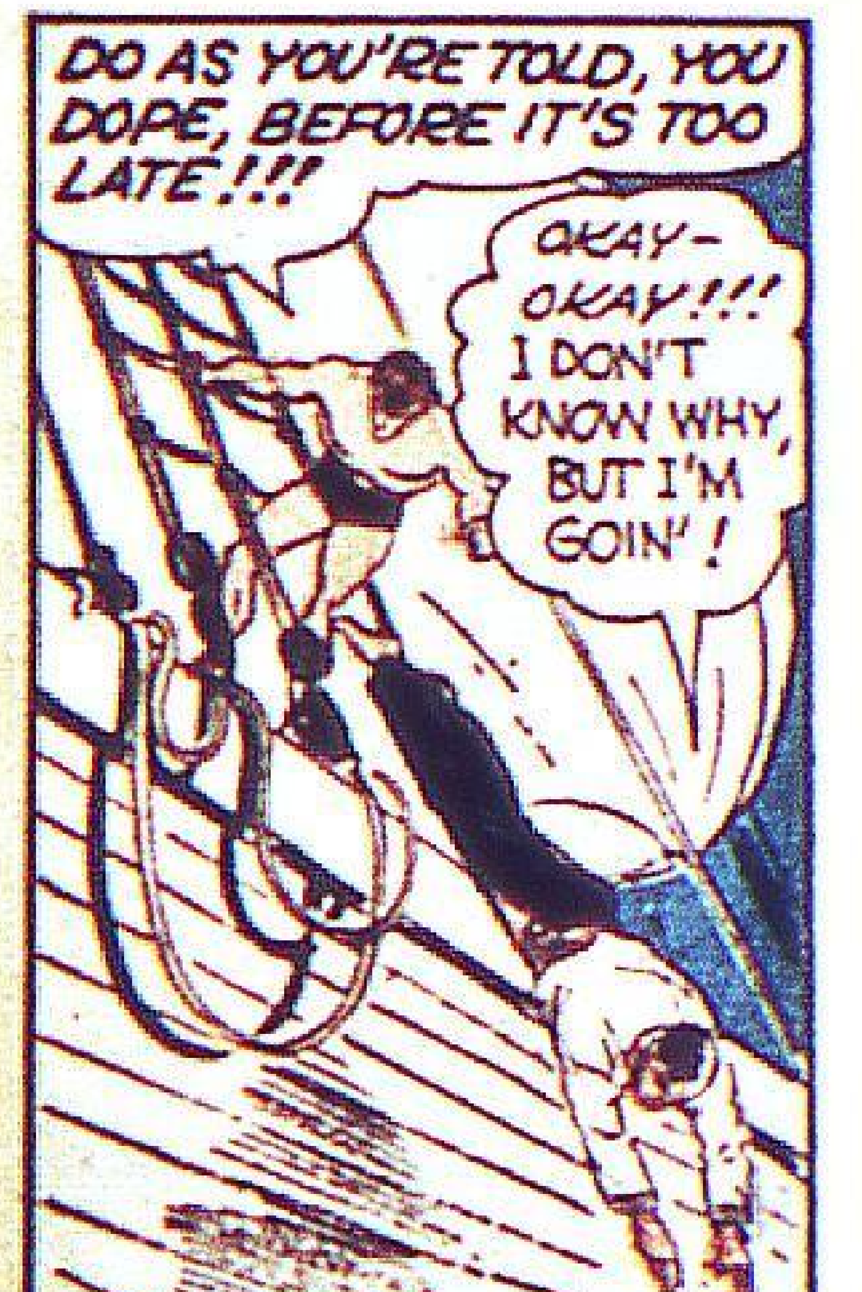

IN THE MEANTIME, THE CRIPPLED LINER'S CREW MAN AN EIGHT-INCH NAVAL RIFLE, AND DRAW A NEAT BEAD ON THE GHOST-SHIP---
WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

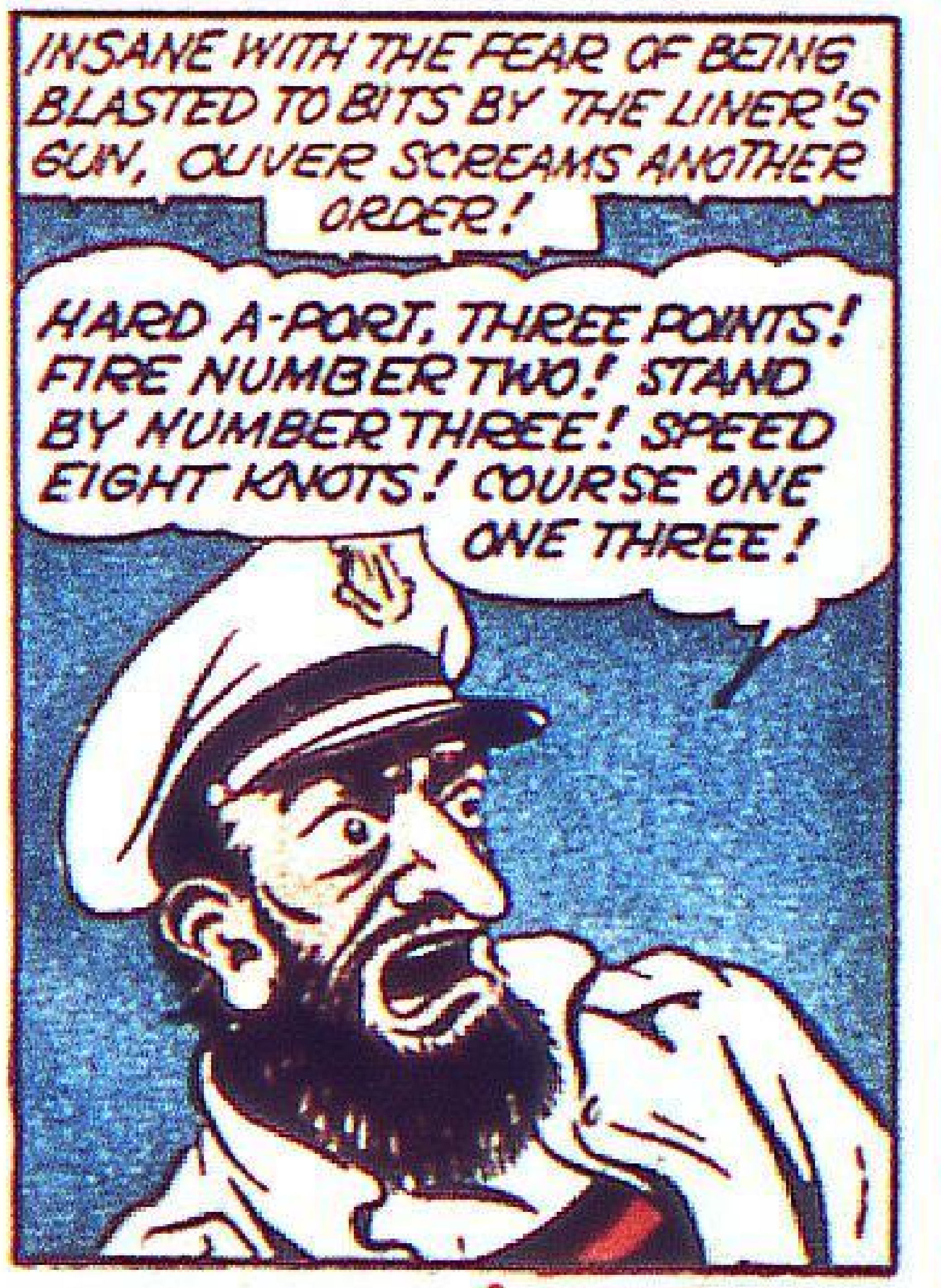

OLIVER, FROM THE DECK OF THE CORVETTE, SEES THE LINER'S ACTION THROUGH HIS NIGHT-GLASS ----
TRIM FOR CRASH DIVE!!! ALL HANDS BELOW!

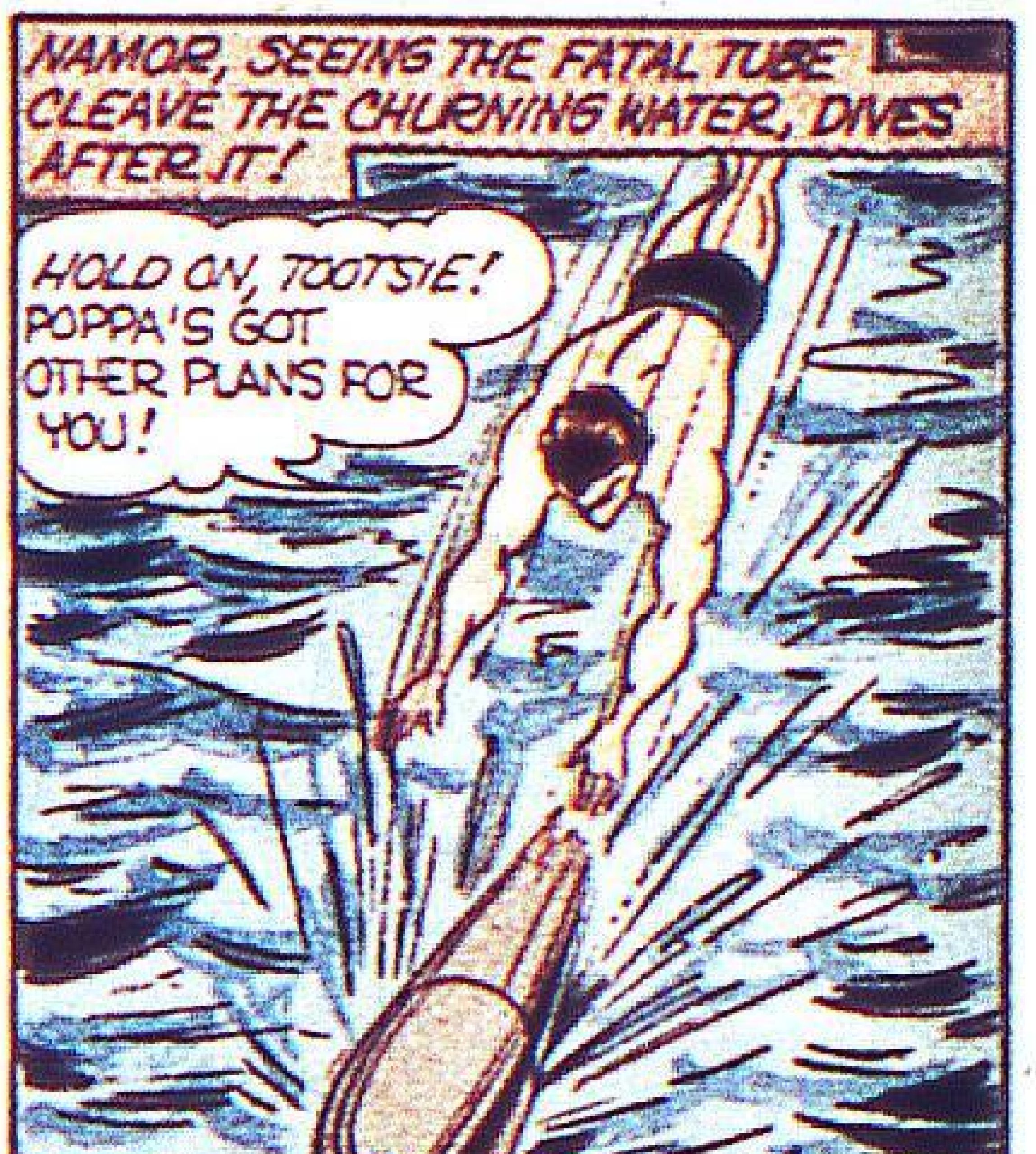

AS THE MEN DROP RAPIDLY THROUGH THE CONNING-TOWER HATCH, THE GHOST-SHIP CAREENS GIDDILY AS THE QUARTERMASTER THROWS OVER THE HELM, AND GIVES THE SUB 'DOWN-RUDDER'

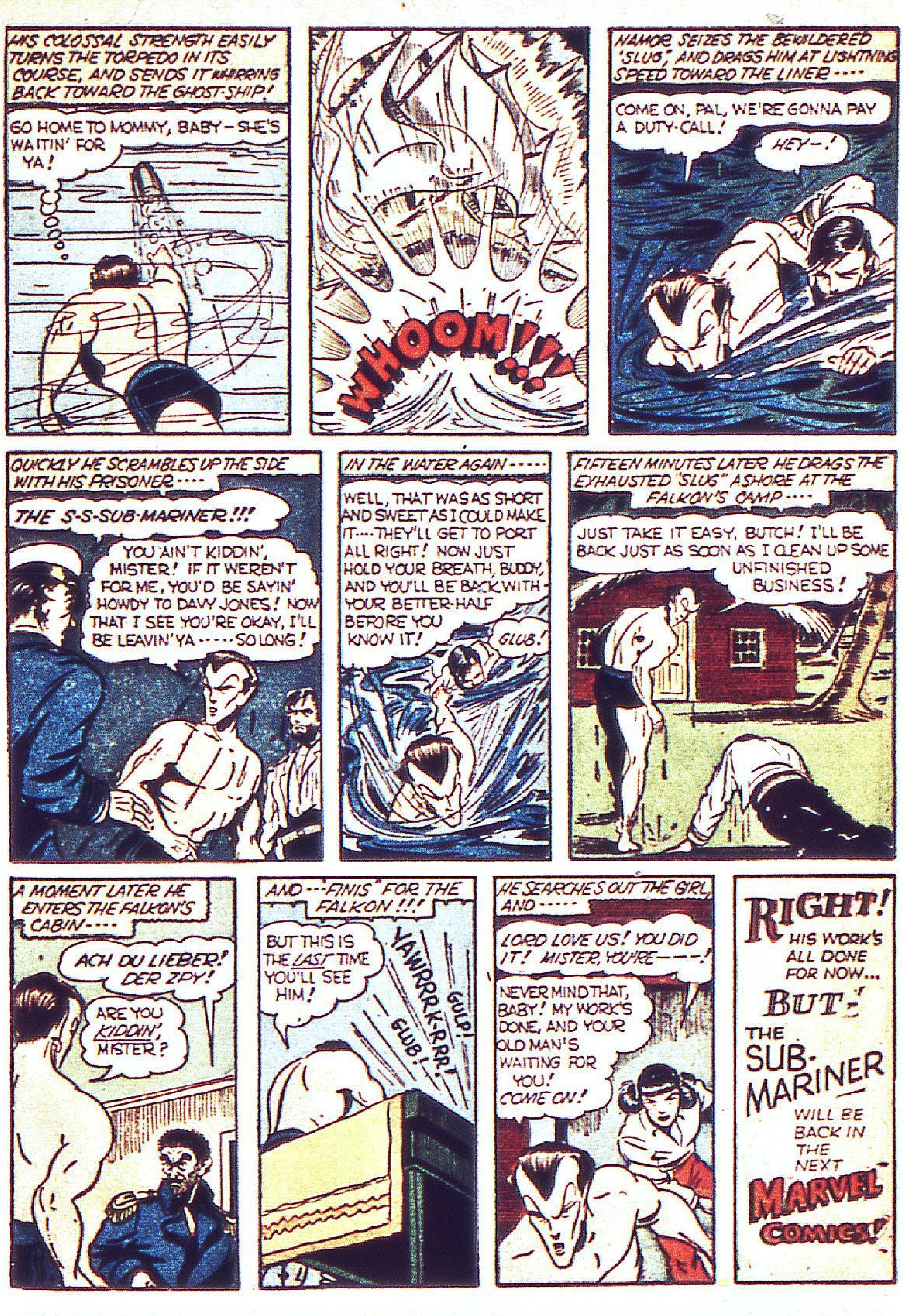

AS THE LINER'S DECK-GUN BELCHES OUT WITH A SHARP CRACK, NAMOR LEAPS TO THE DECK OF THE DISABLED CORVETTE ----
SLUG! CHUCK McCARTHY! WHERE ARE YOU???


HERE! HERE I AM! FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT DO YOU WANT? SAY! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU? ---HOLY SMOKE!--THE SPY!!!
NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND YOUR WIFE, YOU'LL JUMP OVERBOARD QUICK!


DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, YOU DOPE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!!
OKAY-OKAY!!! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M GOIN'!


INSANE WITH THE FEAR OF BEING BLASTED TO BITS BY THE LINER'S GUN, OLIVER SCREAMS ANOTHER ORDER!
HARD A-PORT, THREE POINTS! FIRE NUMBER TWO! STAND BY NUMBER THREE! SPEED EIGHT KNOTS! COURSE ONE ONE THREE!

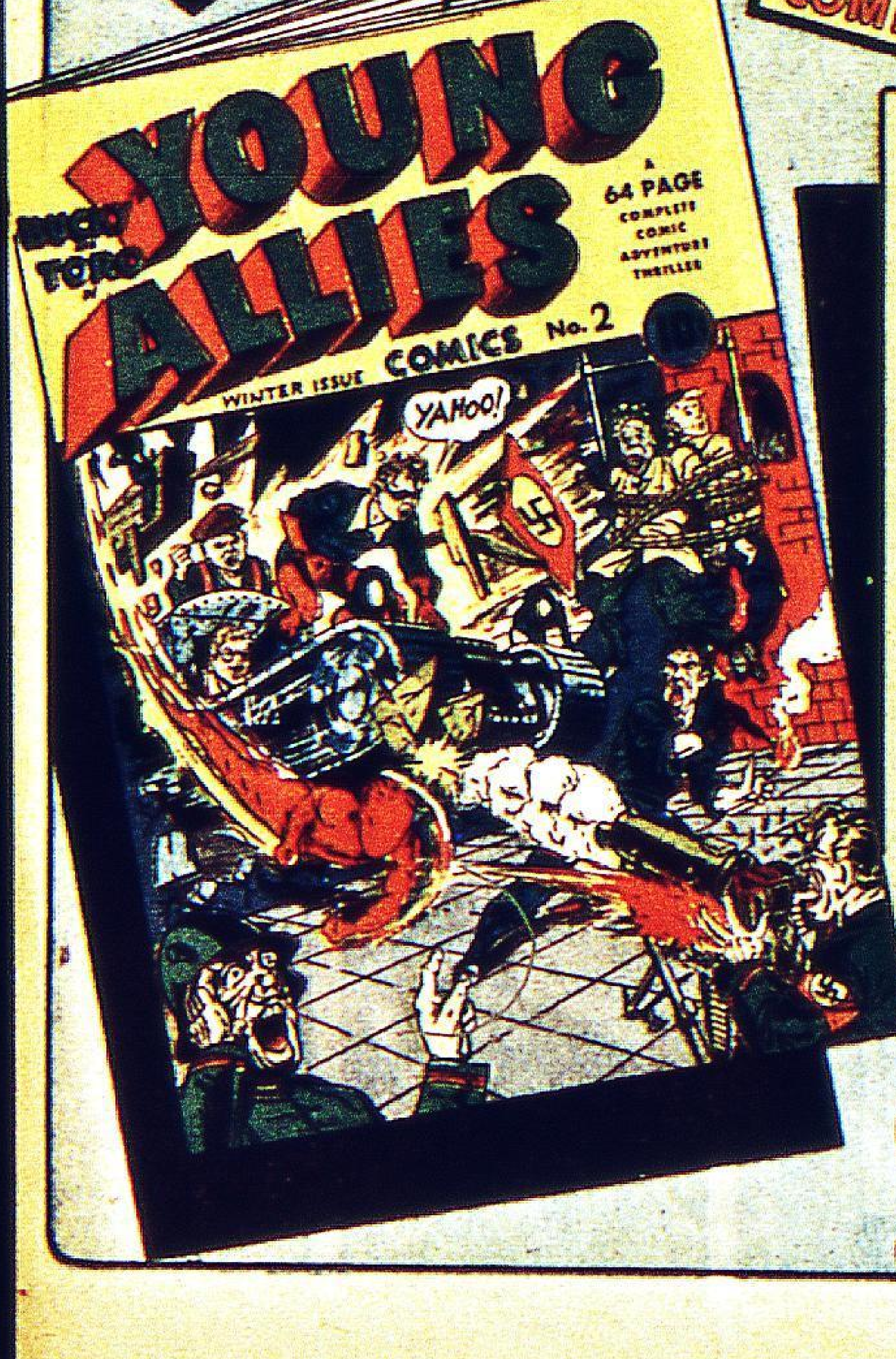

NAMOR, SEEING THE FATAL TUBE CLEAVE THE CHURNING WATER, DIVES AFTER IT!
HOLD ON, TOOTSIE! POPPA'S GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!


HIS COLOSSAL STRENGTH EASILY TURNS THE TORPEDO IN ITS COURSE, AND SENDS IT WHIRRING BACK TOWARD THE GHOST-SHIP!
GO HOME TO MOMMY, BABY – SHE'S WAITIN' FOR YA!
WHOOM!!!
NAMOR SEIZES THE BEWILDERED "SLUG," AND DRAGS HIM AT LIGHTNING SPEED TOWARD THE LINER ····
COME ON, PAL, WE'RE GONNA PAY A DUTY-CALL!
HEY–!
QUICKLY HE SCRAMBLES UP THE SIDE WITH HIS PRISONER ····
THE S-S-SUB-MARINER!!!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', MISTER! IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU'D BE SAYIN' HOWDY TO DAVY JONES! NOW THAT I SEE YOU'RE OKAY, I'LL BE LEAVIN' YA ····· SO LONG!
IN THE WATER AGAIN ·····
WELL, THAT WAS AS SHORT AND SWEET AS I COULD MAKE IT···· THEY'LL GET TO PORT ALL RIGHT! NOW JUST HOLD YOUR BREATH, BUDDY, AND YOU'LL BE BACK WITH YOUR BETTER-HALF BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!
GLUB!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER HE DRAGS THE EXHAUSTED "SLUG" ASHORE AT THE FALKON'S CAMP ····
JUST TAKE IT EASY, BUTCH! I'LL BE BACK JUST AS SOON AS I CLEAN UP SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
A MOMENT LATER HE ENTERS THE FALKON'S CABIN ····
ACH DU LIEBER! DER ZPY!
ARE YOU KIDDIN', MISTER?
AND ···"FINIS" FOR THE FALKON!!!
BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL SEE HIM!
YAWRRRK-RRR!
GULP!
GLUB!
HE SEARCHES OUT THE GIRL, AND ·····
LORD LOVE US! YOU DID IT! MISTER, YOU'RE–––!
NEVER MIND THAT, BABY! MY WORK'S DONE, AND YOUR OLD MAN'S WAITING FOR YOU! COME ON!
RIGHT! HIS WORK'S ALL DONE FOR NOW... BUT- THE SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!

The SURPRISE SUCCESS of the CENTURY!

A FEW MONTHS Ago

YOUNG ALLIES COMICS


BUCKY and TORO in
YOUNG ALLIES
A 64 PAGE COMPLETE COMIC ADVENTURE THRILLER
COMICS No. 2
10¢
WINTER ISSUE
YAHOO!

HIT THE NEWSSTANDS OF AMERICA AND WERE SOLD OUT IN RECORD-BREAKING TIME!

And Now IN RESPONSE TO THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS, A SECOND ISSUE OF "YOUNG ALLIES" HAS BEEN PRINTED AND WILL SOON BE ON SALE! DON'T MISS THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE TALE OF A BRAVE BAND OF AMERICAN BOYS LED BY **BUCKY** (OF CAPTAIN AMERICA) AND **TORO** (OF THE HUMAN TORCH) AS THEY BATTLE THE **BLACK TALON**, THE MOST VICIOUS KILLER EVER TO MENACE THE UNITED STATES!

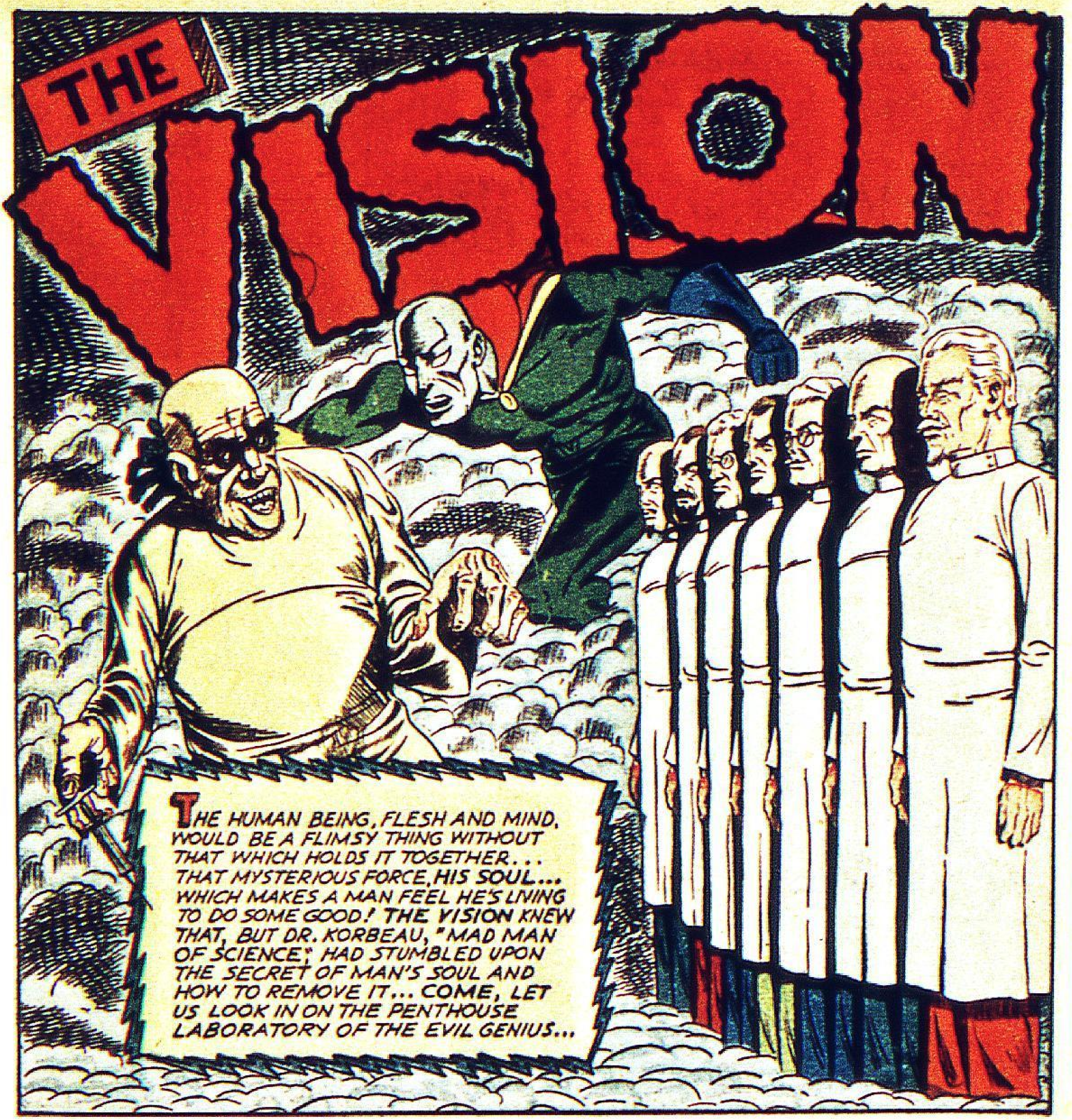
· · · · ·

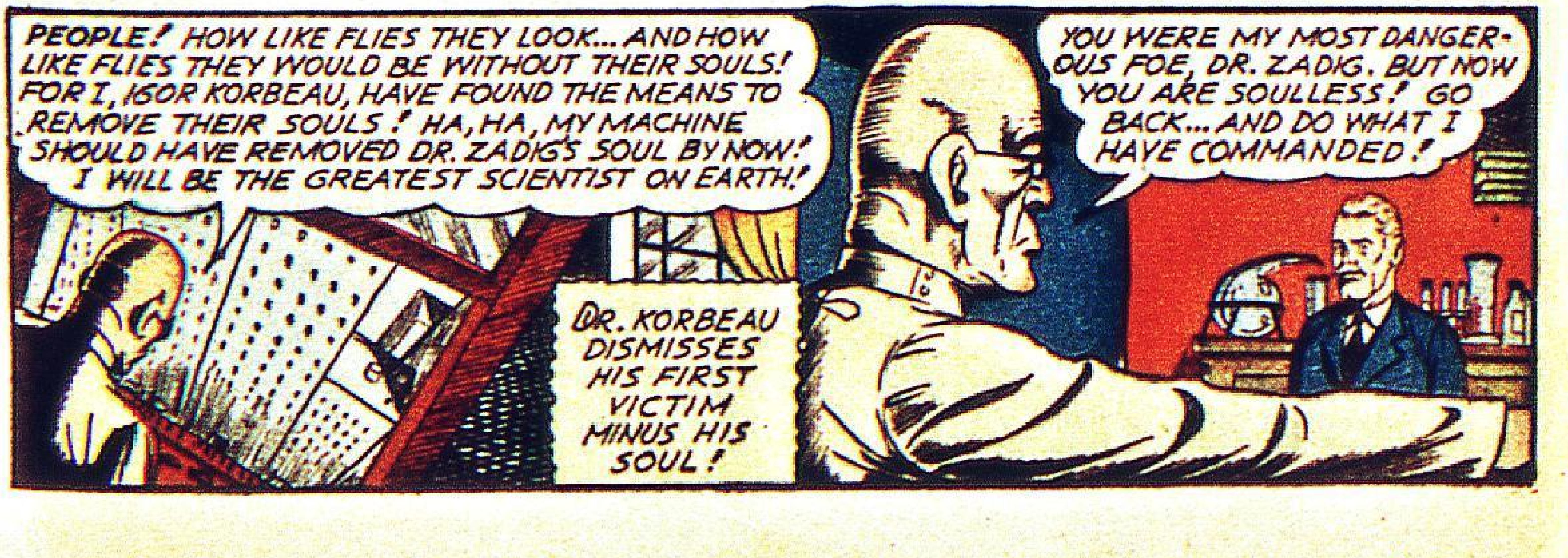
64 PAGES OF THRILLS!

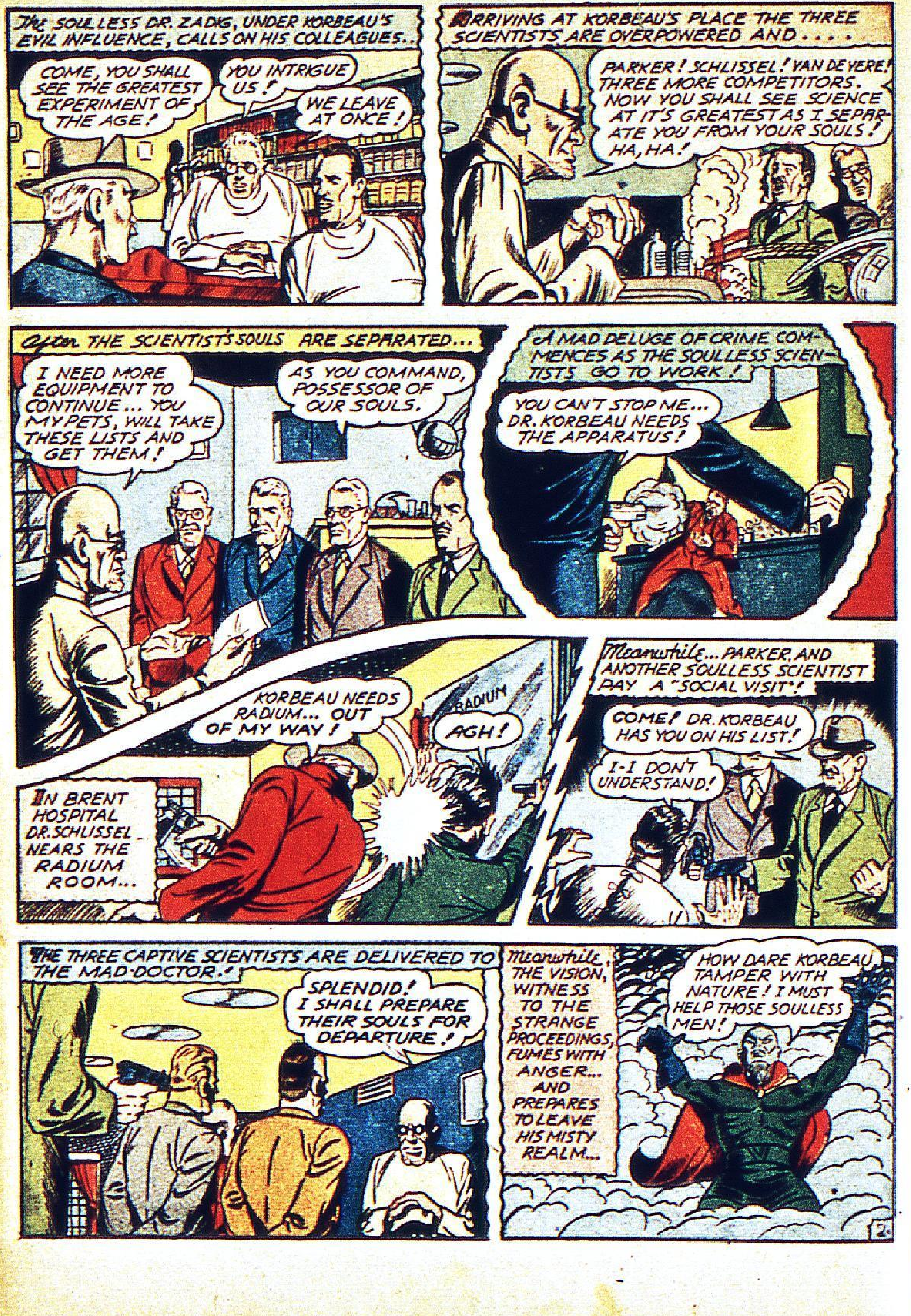
YOUNG ALLIES # 2.

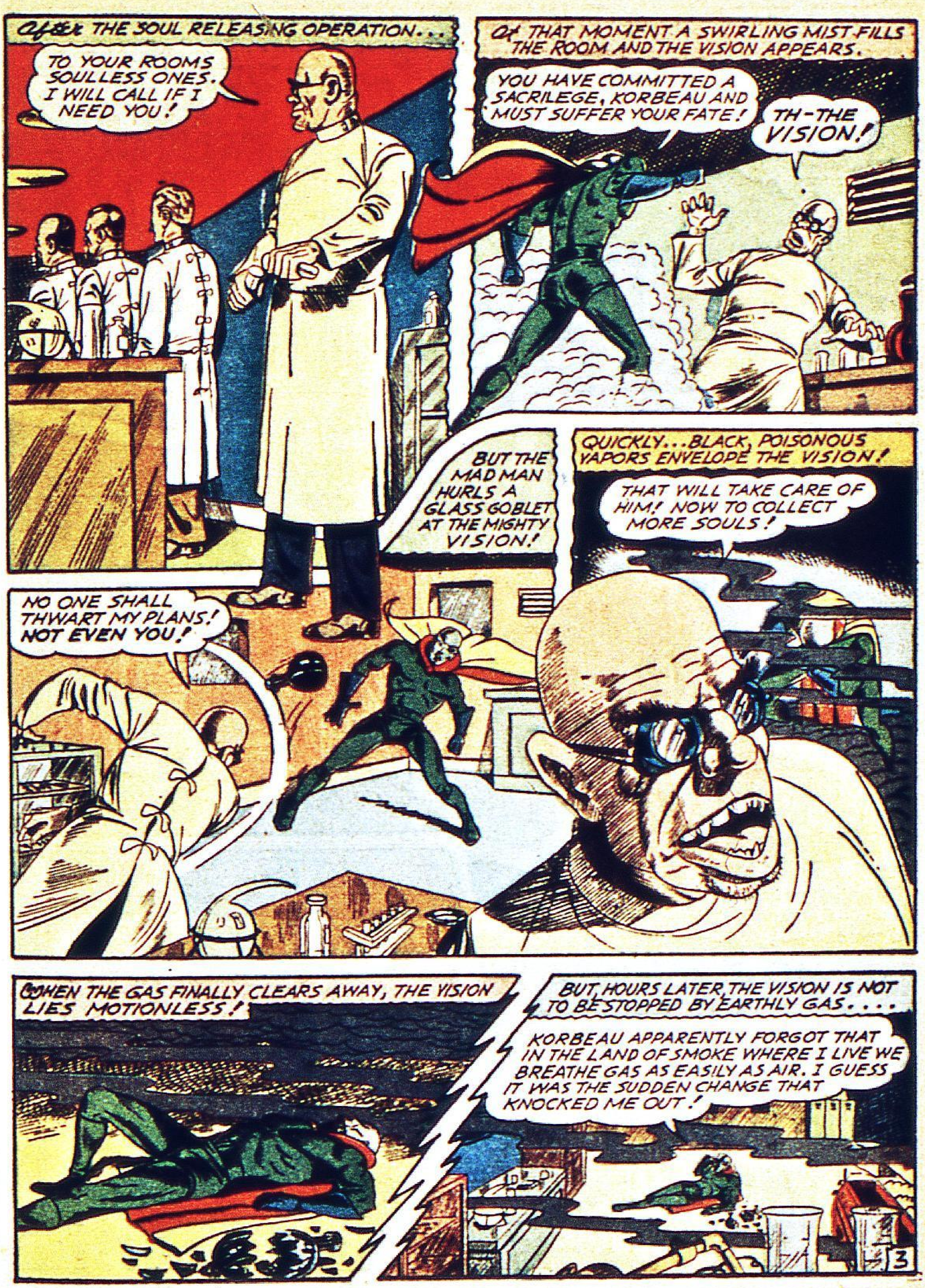
On Sale ON OR ABOUT

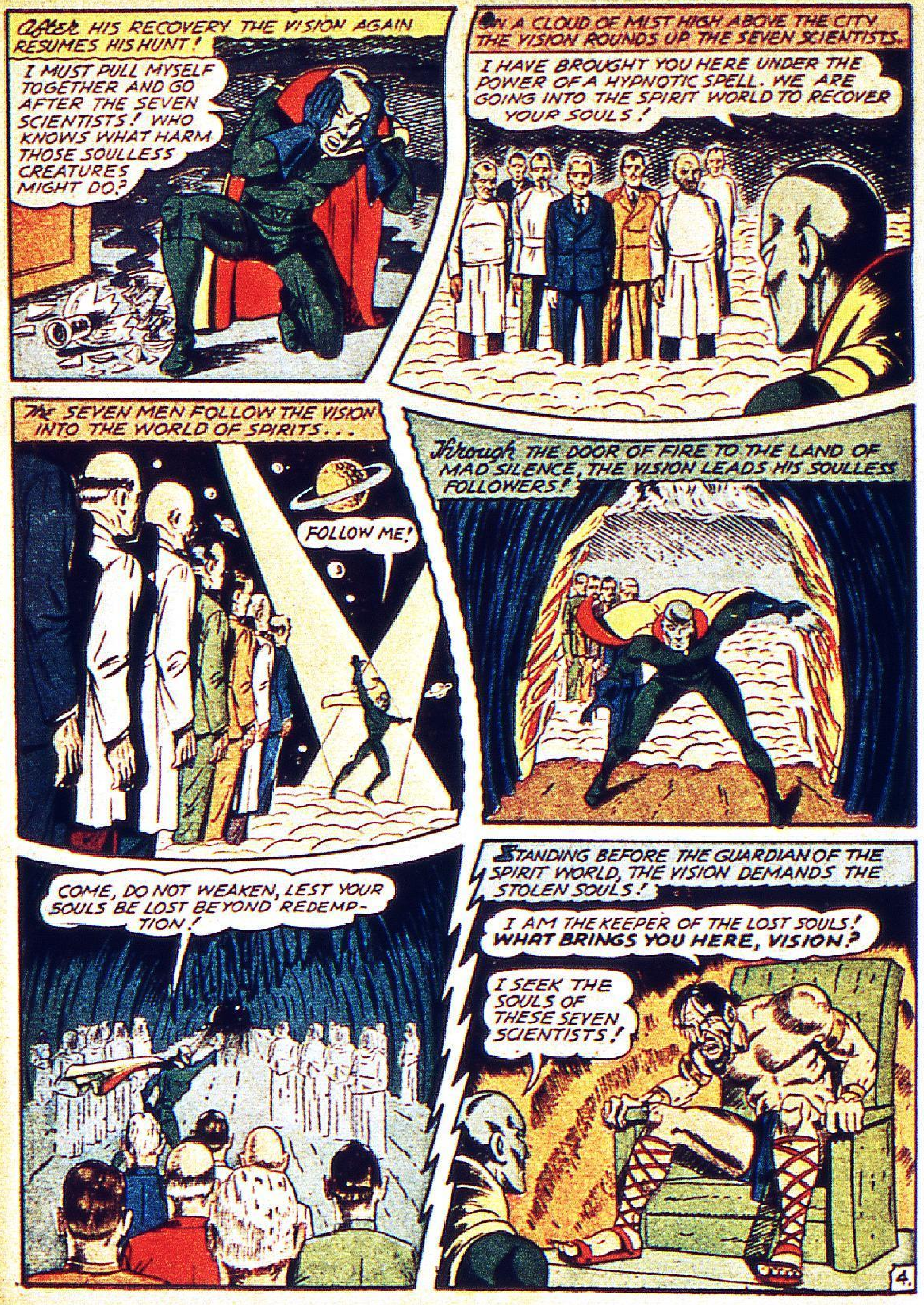
NOV. 25TH

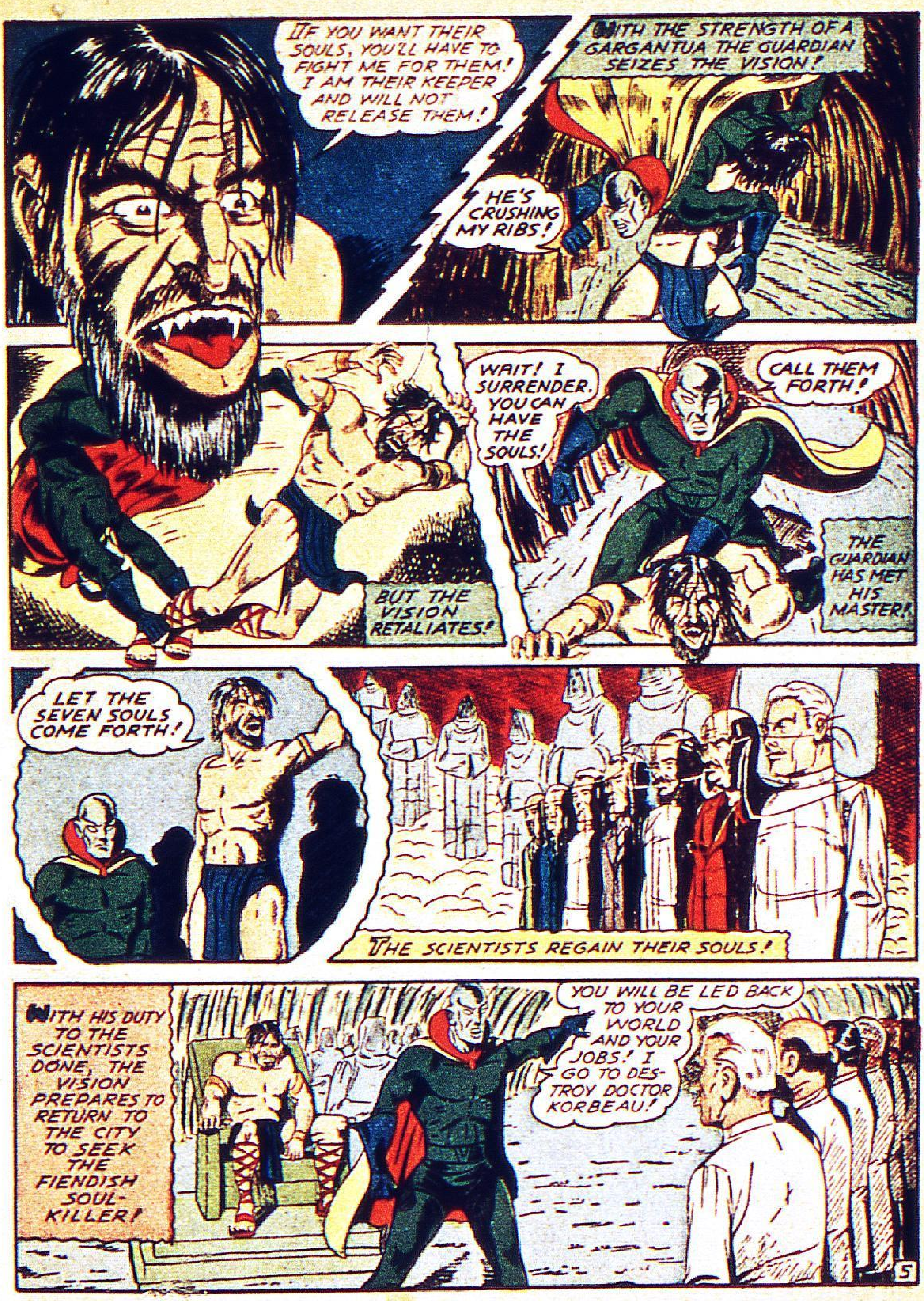

THE VISION
THE HUMAN BEING, FLESH AND MIND, WOULD BE A FLIMSY THING WITHOUT THAT WHICH HOLDS IT TOGETHER... THAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE, HIS SOUL... WHICH MAKES A MAN FEEL HE'S LIVING TO DO SOME GOOD! THE VISION KNEW THAT, BUT DR. KORBEAU, "MAD MAN OF SCIENCE," HAD STUMBLED UPON THE SECRET OF MAN'S SOUL AND HOW TO REMOVE IT... COME, LET US LOOK IN ON THE PENTHOUSE LABORATORY OF THE EVIL GENIUS...

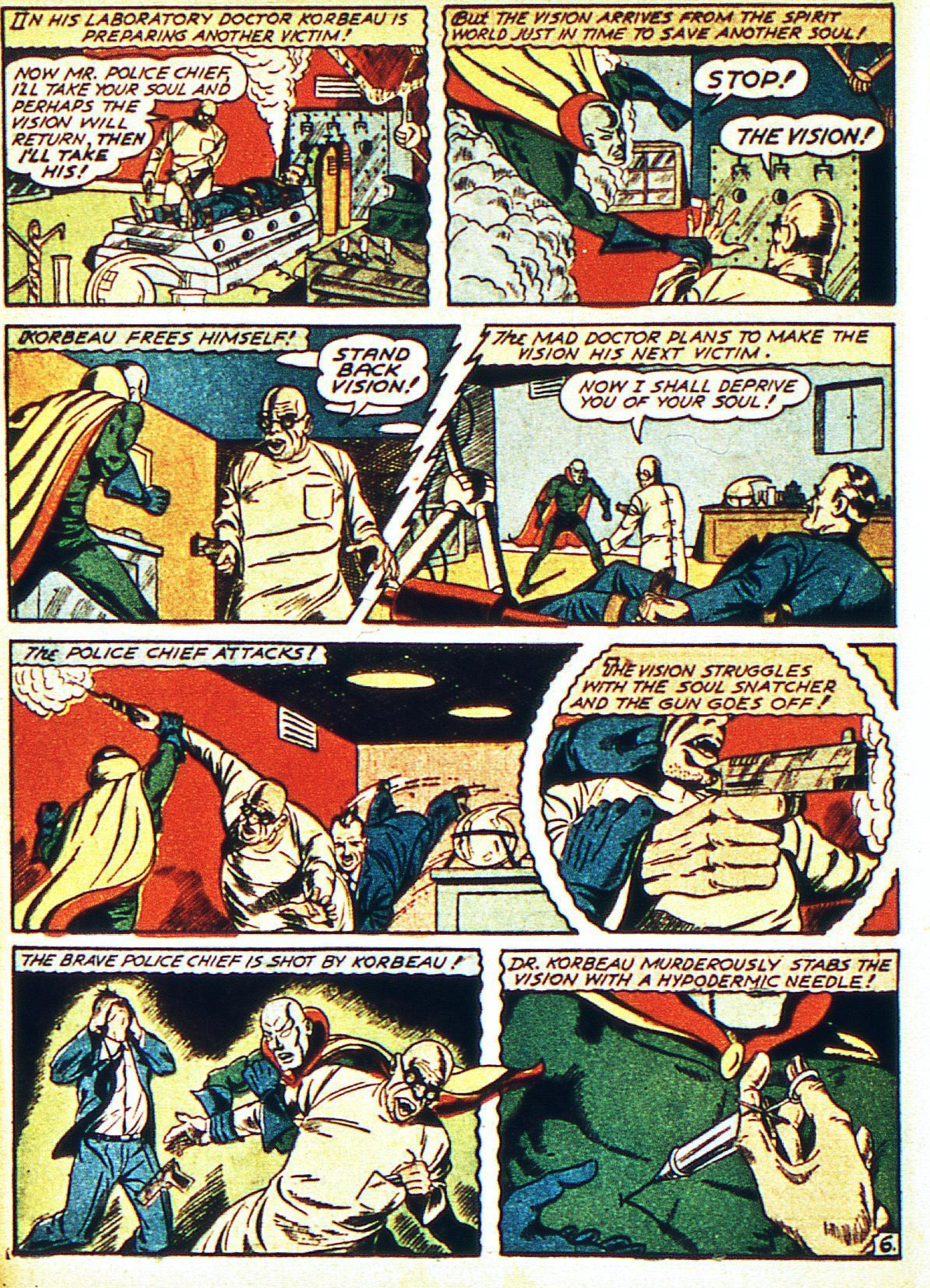

PEOPLE! HOW LIKE FLIES THEY LOOK... AND HOW LIKE FLIES THEY WOULD BE WITHOUT THEIR SOULS! FOR I, IGOR KORBEAU, HAVE FOUND THE MEANS TO REMOVE THEIR SOULS! HA, HA, MY MACHINE SHOULD HAVE REMOVED DR. ZADIG'S SOUL BY NOW! I WILL BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIST ON EARTH!
YOU WERE MY MOST DANGEROUS FOE, DR. ZADIG. BUT NOW YOU ARE SOULLESS! GO BACK... AND DO WHAT I HAVE COMMANDED!
DR. KORBEAU DISMISSES HIS FIRST VICTIM MINUS HIS SOUL!

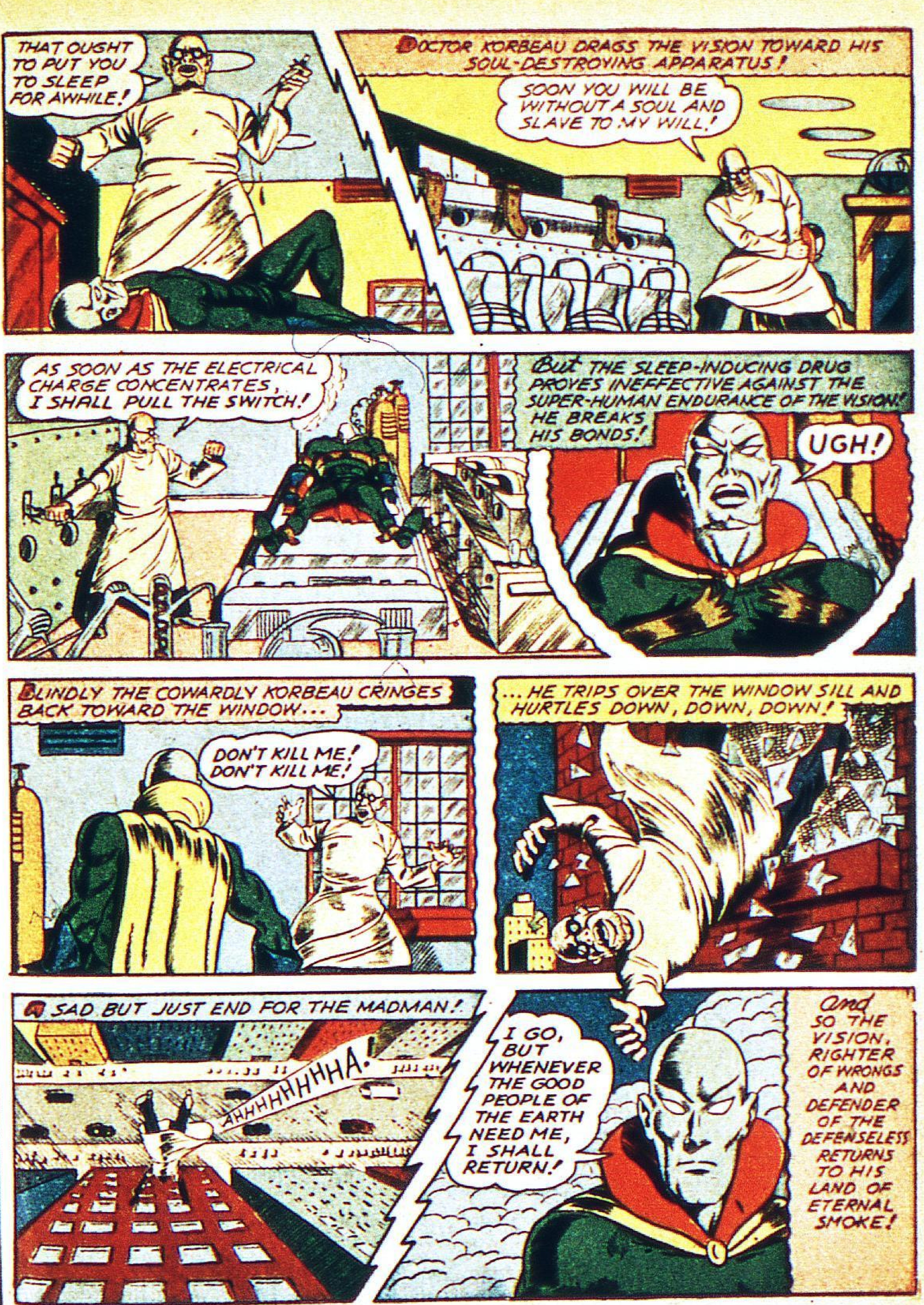

The SOULLESS DR. ZADIG, UNDER KORBEAU'S EVIL INFLUENCE, CALLS ON HIS COLLEAGUES..
COME, YOU SHALL SEE THE GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF THE AGE!
YOU INTRIGUE US!
WE LEAVE AT ONCE!
ARRIVING AT KORBEAU'S PLACE THE THREE SCIENTISTS ARE OVERPOWERED AND . . . .
PARKER! SCHLISSEL! VAN DE VERE! THREE MORE COMPETITORS. NOW YOU SHALL SEE SCIENCE AT IT'S GREATEST AS I SEPARATE YOU FROM YOUR SOULS! HA, HA!
After THE SCIENTIST'S SOULS ARE SEPARATED...
I NEED MORE EQUIPMENT TO CONTINUE... YOU MY PETS, WILL TAKE THESE LISTS AND GET THEM!
AS YOU COMMAND, POSSESSOR OF OUR SOULS.
A MAD DELUGE OF CRIME COMMENCES AS THE SOULLESS SCIENTISTS GO TO WORK!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME... DR. KORBEAU NEEDS THE APPARATUS!
IN BRENT HOSPITAL DR. SCHUSSEL NEARS THE RADIUM ROOM...
KORBEAU NEEDS RADIUM... OUT OF MY WAY!
RADIUM
AGH!
Meanwhile... PARKER, AND ANOTHER SOULLESS SCIENTIST PAY A "SOCIAL VISIT"!
COME! DR. KORBEAU HAS YOU ON HIS LIST!
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE THREE CAPTIVE SCIENTISTS ARE DELIVERED TO THE MAD DOCTOR!
SPLENDID! I SHALL PREPARE THEIR SOULS FOR DEPARTURE!
Meanwhile, THE VISION, WITNESS TO THE STRANGE PROCEEDINGS, FUMES WITH ANGER... AND PREPARES TO LEAVE HIS MISTY REALM...
HOW DARE KORBEAU TAMPER WITH NATURE! I MUST HELP THOSE SOULLESS MEN!


After THE SOUL RELEASING OPERATION...
TO YOUR ROOMS SOULLESS ONES. I WILL CALL IF I NEED YOU!
At THAT MOMENT A SWIRLING MIST FILLS THE ROOM AND THE VISION APPEARS.
YOU HAVE COMMITTED A SACRILEGE, KORBEAU AND MUST SUFFER YOUR FATE!
TH-THE VISION!
BUT THE MAD MAN HURLS A GLASS GOBLET AT THE MIGHTY VISION!
NO ONE SHALL THWART MY PLANS! NOT EVEN YOU!
QUICKLY...BLACK, POISONOUS VAPORS ENVELOPE THE VISION!
THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM! NOW TO COLLECT MORE SOULS!
WHEN THE GAS FINALLY CLEARS AWAY, THE VISION LIES MOTIONLESS!
BUT, HOURS LATER, THE VISION IS NOT TO BE STOPPED BY EARTHLY GAS....
KORBEAU APPARENTLY FORGOT THAT IN THE LAND OF SMOKE WHERE I LIVE WE BREATHE GAS AS EASILY AS AIR. I GUESS IT WAS THE SUDDEN CHANGE THAT KNOCKED ME OUT!


After his recovery the Vision again resumes his hunt!
I must pull myself together and go after the seven scientists! Who knows what harm those soulless creatures might do?
On a cloud of mist high above the city the Vision rounds up the seven scientists.
I have brought you here under the power of a hypnotic spell. We are going into the spirit world to recover your souls!
The seven men follow the Vision into the world of spirits...
Follow me!
Through the door of fire to the land of mad silence, the Vision leads his soulless followers!
Come, do not weaken, lest your souls be lost beyond redemption!
Standing before the guardian of the spirit world, the Vision demands the stolen souls!
I am the keeper of the lost souls! **What brings you here, Vision?**
I seek the souls of these seven scientists!
4.


IF YOU WANT THEIR SOULS, YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT ME FOR THEM! I AM THEIR KEEPER AND WILL NOT RELEASE THEM!
WITH THE STRENGTH OF A GARGANTUA THE GUARDIAN SEIZES THE VISION!
HE'S CRUSHING MY RIBS!
BUT THE VISION RETALIATES!
WAIT! I SURRENDER. YOU CAN HAVE THE SOULS!
CALL THEM FORTH!
THE GUARDIAN HAS MET HIS MASTER!
LET THE SEVEN SOULS COME FORTH!
THE SCIENTISTS REGAIN THEIR SOULS!
WITH HIS DUTY TO THE SCIENTISTS DONE, THE VISION PREPARES TO RETURN TO THE CITY TO SEEK THE FIENDISH SOUL-KILLER!
YOU WILL BE LED BACK TO YOUR WORLD AND YOUR JOBS! I GO TO DESTROY DOCTOR KORBEAU!


IN HIS LABORATORY DOCTOR KORBEAU IS PREPARING ANOTHER VICTIM!
NOW MR. POLICE CHIEF, I'LL TAKE YOUR SOUL AND PERHAPS THE VISION WILL RETURN, THEN I'LL TAKE HIS!
BUT THE VISION ARRIVES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD JUST IN TIME TO SAVE ANOTHER SOUL!
STOP!
THE VISION!
KORBEAU FREES HIMSELF!
STAND BACK VISION!
THE MAD DOCTOR PLANS TO MAKE THE VISION HIS NEXT VICTIM.
NOW I SHALL DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR SOUL!
THE POLICE CHIEF ATTACKS!
THE VISION STRUGGLES WITH THE SOUL SNATCHER AND THE GUN GOES OFF!
THE BRAVE POLICE CHIEF IS SHOT BY KORBEAU!
DR. KORBEAU MURDEROUSLY STABS THE VISION WITH A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!
6.


THAT OUGHT TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP FOR AWHILE!
DOCTOR KORBEAU DRAGS THE VISION TOWARD HIS SOUL-DESTROYING APPARATUS!
SOON YOU WILL BE WITHOUT A SOUL AND SLAVE TO MY WILL!
AS SOON AS THE ELECTRICAL CHARGE CONCENTRATES, I SHALL PULL THE SWITCH!
But THE SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG PROVES INEFFECTIVE AGAINST THE SUPER-HUMAN ENDURANCE OF THE VISION! HE BREAKS HIS BONDS!
UGH!
BLINDLY THE COWARDLY KORBEAU CRINGES BACK TOWARD THE WINDOW...
DON'T KILL ME! DON'T KILL ME!
... HE TRIPS OVER THE WINDOW SILL AND HURTLES DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!
A SAD BUT JUST END FOR THE MADMAN!
AHHHHHHHHHA!
I GO, BUT WHENEVER THE GOOD PEOPLE OF THE EARTH NEED ME, I SHALL RETURN!
And SO THE VISION, RIGHTER OF WRONGS AND DEFENDER OF THE DEFENSELESS RETURNS TO HIS LAND OF ETERNAL SMOKE!

The Sea of Grassy Death

By Mickey Spillane

ULL IN YOUR LINES, Jack, and fast — the bottom just fell out of the barometer! This storm is coming up like nobody's business." Even then, the small cutter was beginning to pitch violently. The young fellow in the stern hauled away on the outrigger lines until they were coiled all over the deck. No time to put them on the drying spools when a blast was headed their way.

The wind began to howl, blowing the tops of the waves into white foam. In a few minutes the chop would turn to mountainous waves; a dangerous situation in a boat only thirty feet long. "Looks pretty bad, Slim!" Jack yelled above the wind. "Maybe we ought to anchor here!"

"'Fraid we haven't enough line! Water's too deep here. We'll just have to ride her out." No sooner had he spoken, than the black clouds overhead flashed lightning, and the rain drenched the boat. Slim and Jack dashed into the cabin to keep the craft headed into the storm. They took turns at the wheel, using all their strength to avoid being turned over. Then, with a shuddering impact, a wall of water came over them. The motor hissed out and they were left at the mercy of the sea!

For hours, the boat and its occupants were thrown about; first buried in a trough, then swirled to the high crest. The boys were smashed against the cabin and tossed about like corks. Finally, they lashed themselves to the wheel-post, but then, other movable objects in the room would come at them as if thrown by a giant hand.

It was a mystery to Jack and Slim how they remained alive, but the stout heart of the boat couldn't be broken, and when the dawn came, the ocean calmed down to a glassy slick. Jack patted the rail and looked at Slim. "Close one, wasn't it?"

"And *how!* We lost all our tackle, but it was worth it to pull out in one piece." Jack had been studying the water for some time. Even in the early morning haze, what he saw made him jump. With a worried frown he turned to Slim.

"Slim, we're *marooned!* Look—right in the middle of the *Sargasso Sea!*" Slim looked, and his eyes almost popped out. With the mist rising like smoke, the aged, water-logged hulks of vessels came into view, all trapped in an ocean of floating seaweed!

The Sea of Doomed Ships! The deadly mass of purple-green vegetation that trapped unwary ships and held them for all time, now had *them!* When the boys studied their position they knew that they would never fish from their cutter again. "Just looking at this won't do any good," Jack said. "From what *I* make of it, the only way out is by raft, and the only wood around is on those ghost ships." Slim didn't like the idea, but in the murkey haze of the morning, both stripped down to their pants, and went overboard.

They paddled around ship after ship, but all were rotten to the core—not fit for raft wood, and the lines that hung down over the sides were slimey, green things.

"Over there, Jack! What's *that?*" Slim pointed a shaking finger at a ball of fog. As if covered with a filmy curtain, the sharp prow of a sailing vessel jutted out of the stuff. The only visible portholes were like huge eyes glaring balefully at them. It was a fearsome sight, but the boys, more out of curiosity than courage, swam over. The mist, for some reason, was not lifting around the black hull of the ship, but hung suspended, so that the deck was hardly visible. Slim was about to say something, when, from the boat came the unmistakable sound of voices! Nothing could have been more startling. Slim was all for getting out of there fast, but Jack held him!

"Something fishy here, Slim. This fog—and those voices. And look! The hull of this boat is in *perfect condition!*"

"Let's park on one of these schooners until tonight, and see if we can get aboard her," Slim said. The setup is even too phoney for *me!*" Together, they

The Sea of Doomed Ships held a horror known to every sailor ... till Slim and Jack unearthed a GREATER terror lurking deep in the Sargasso!

swam noiselessly away to the nearest derelict, and climbed the rotted ropes to the deck. In the daylight their hiding place wasn't so bad, but for the night, Slim decided he'd rather face the voices on the other boat than what *might* be on this one. They passed the day exploring the hold, but whatever had been on board was long gone, for the bottom was torn clear out of it, and it was resting only on the twisted grass!

DARKNESS CLOSED IN QUICKLY,, and before they could lose sight of the mystery ship, Jack and Slim dove in. When they reached the ship, there were no dangling ropes to be seen, so they swam to the rudder chain, and climbed the mossy links to the rear deck. Everything was in order, but no one was about. Careful not to make any noise, they sneaked forward and pressed their noses against a darkened porthole, when something cold and hard pressed against their backs! A voice boomed out of the black. "Vell, *spies*, huh? Git along there!" Rough hands grabbed them and they were shoved into a cabin, brilliantly lighted, but with the portholes blacked out! At first the boys could hardly believe their eyes—the place was a maze of radio equipment! The drone of a hidden generator was plainly audible!

A dark-faced man came out of a room off the cabin. He took in the situation with a glance. "Tie 'em up and throw 'em in the hold! In the morning, dump 'em both on one of the derelicts!" Before they could say a word, their hands and feet were in ropes, and they were rolled down a flight of stairs into the belly of the ship.

When the sound of footsteps faded away, Jack spoke up. "Quick, get busy on these ropes! No time to lose!" Slim and Jack lay back to back, and worked on each other's bonds. Fortunately, the men who tied them weren't sailors, and, in an hour they were free.

"What goes on here, Jack?" Slim asked, taking a deep breath.

"From the looks of things, this is a German ship! Probably radioing the sizes and positions of our convoys to the Fatherland. They're in an ideal spot to pull a stunt like that!" The boys stared at each other intently. Slim broke the silence.

"Then, it's up to us, I guess—Let's go!" They stole up the stairs, and with a little manipulation, opened the lock on the door. There was no sound at all. Evidently, the crew was asleep. Slim located the radio room and softly opened the door. Snoring in a chair was the operator, and to keep him asleep, Slim hefted a handy wrench, and brought it down on his head.

They set to work in a hurry, barricaded the door and windows, and then flipped on the generator. Jack was at the key of the set. In a moment, the air was filled with their urgent message. Jack tapped it out, and at the receiving end, Slim got an almost immediate reply! A destroyer was in the neighborhood and had their position—coming at full speed!

And just in time, for the set went dead as the sound of shoulders smashing against the door reached their ears! But the barricade held. Shots cracked through the panels, and the room shook with the effort to break in! The door was about to give, when a shell screamed through the air!

Jack and Slim thumped each other, shouting, with joy. "THE DESTROYER!"

LATER, ON BOARD the destroyer, with the enemy in irons, the captain congratulated the boys. "You've done your country a great service, men! We've been trying to locate that set a long time!"

Slim looked at Jack. They were still shaking at their close call. "Well, Slim smiled, "if it happens again, I hope it's on land. That doggone Sargasso Sea is too spooky to suit me!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS, published monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1st, 1941.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Timely Comics, Inc., 320 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.: Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

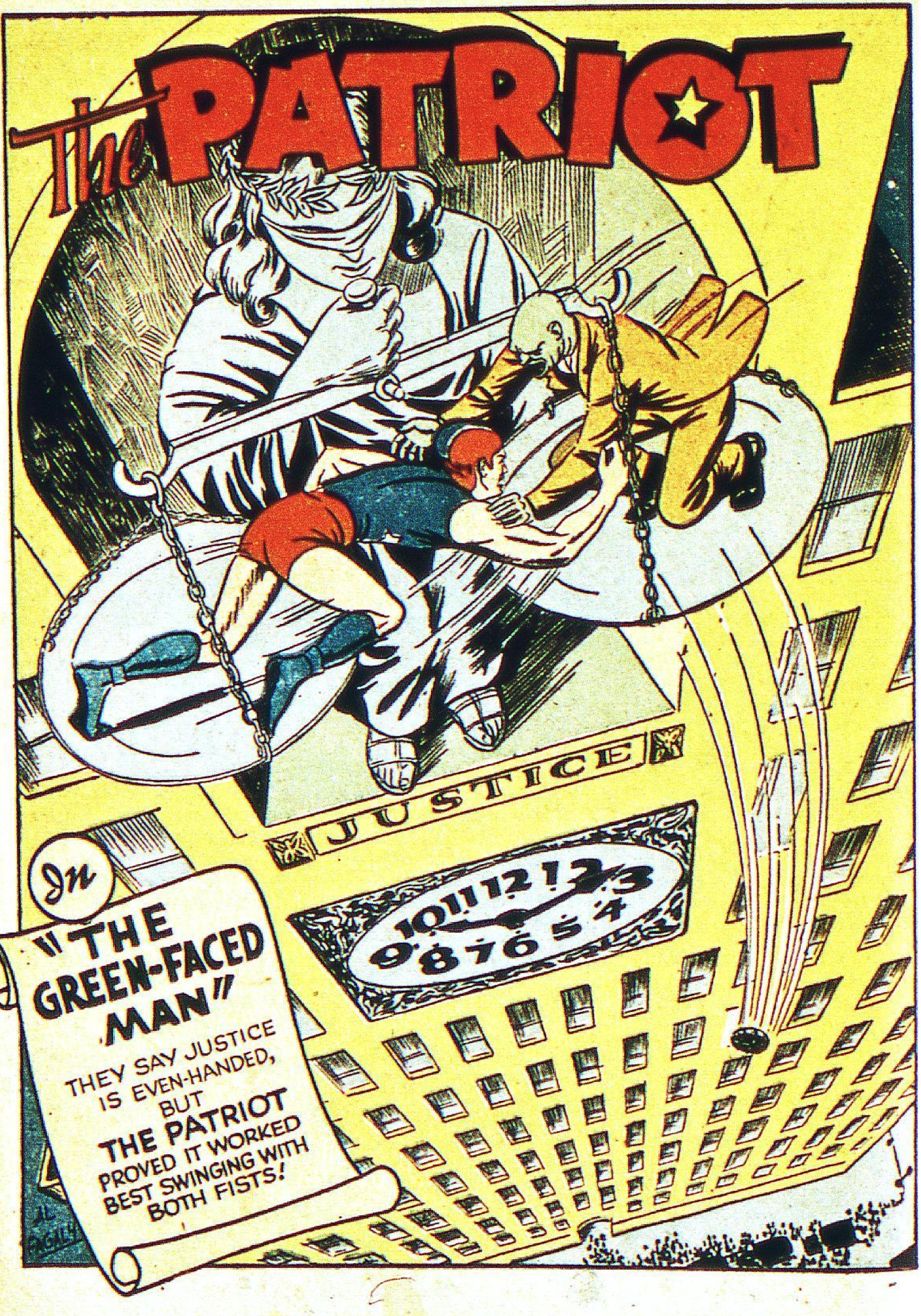
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

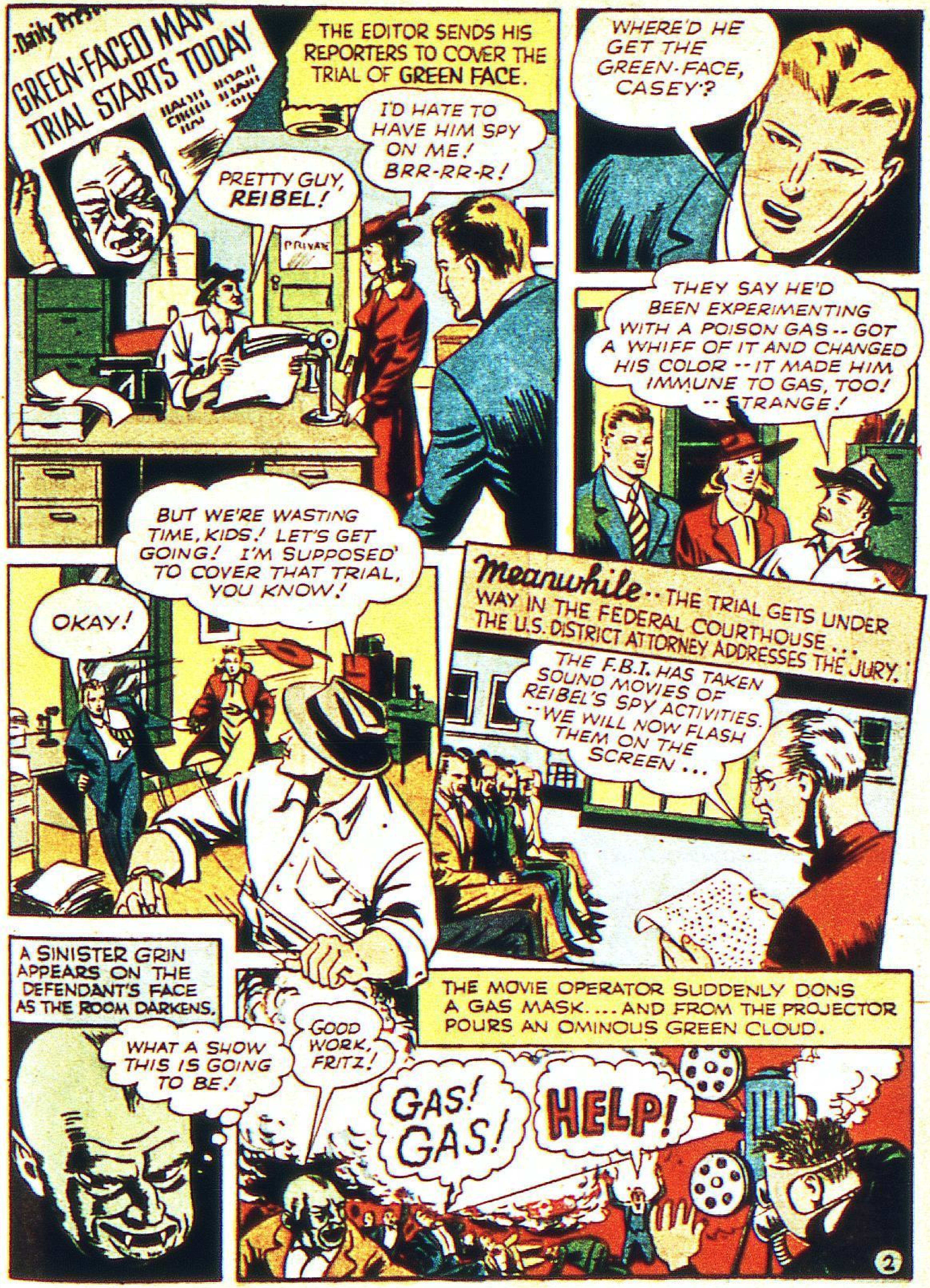
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN.

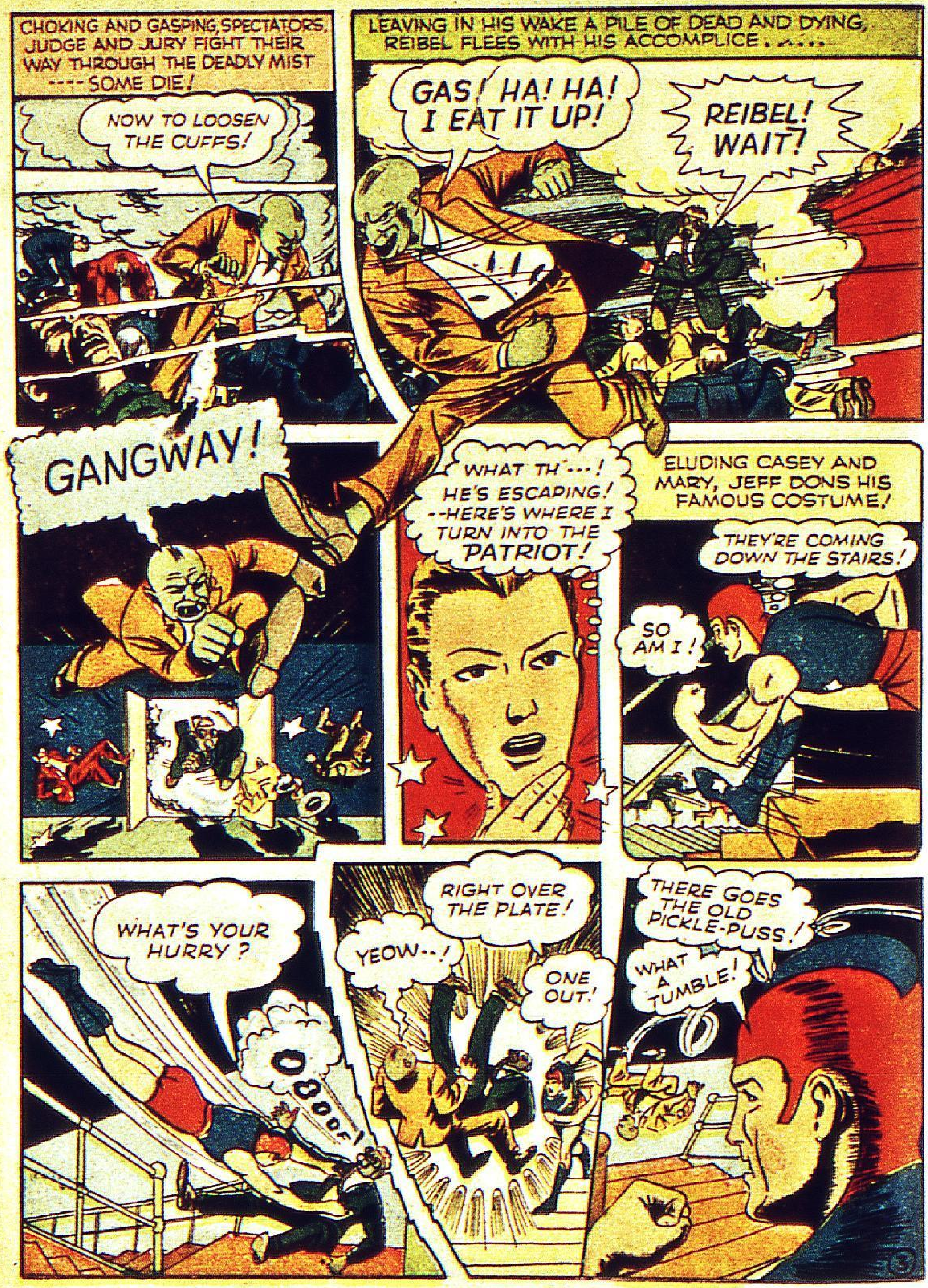
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

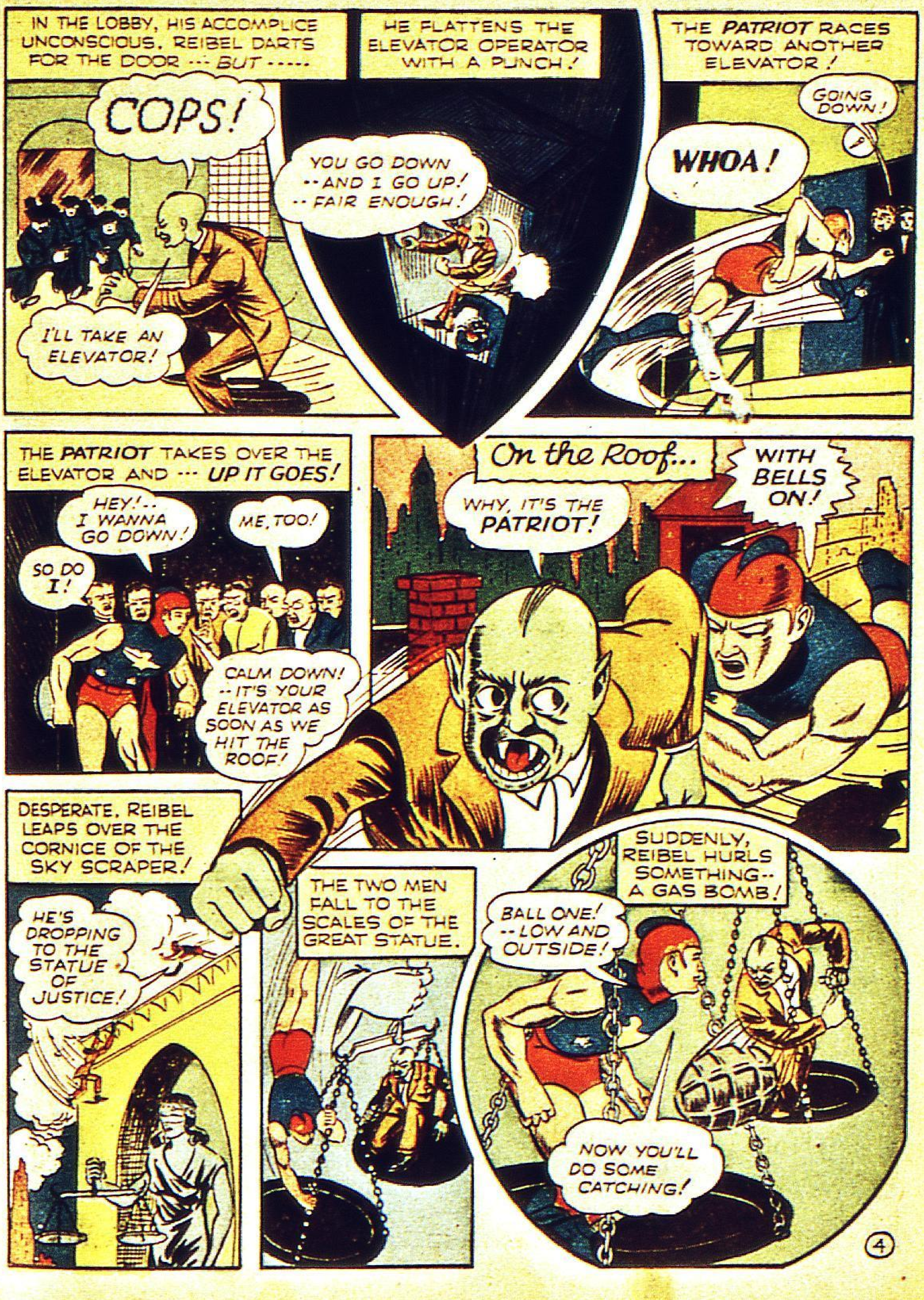
(Seal) BERNARD ARBITAL.

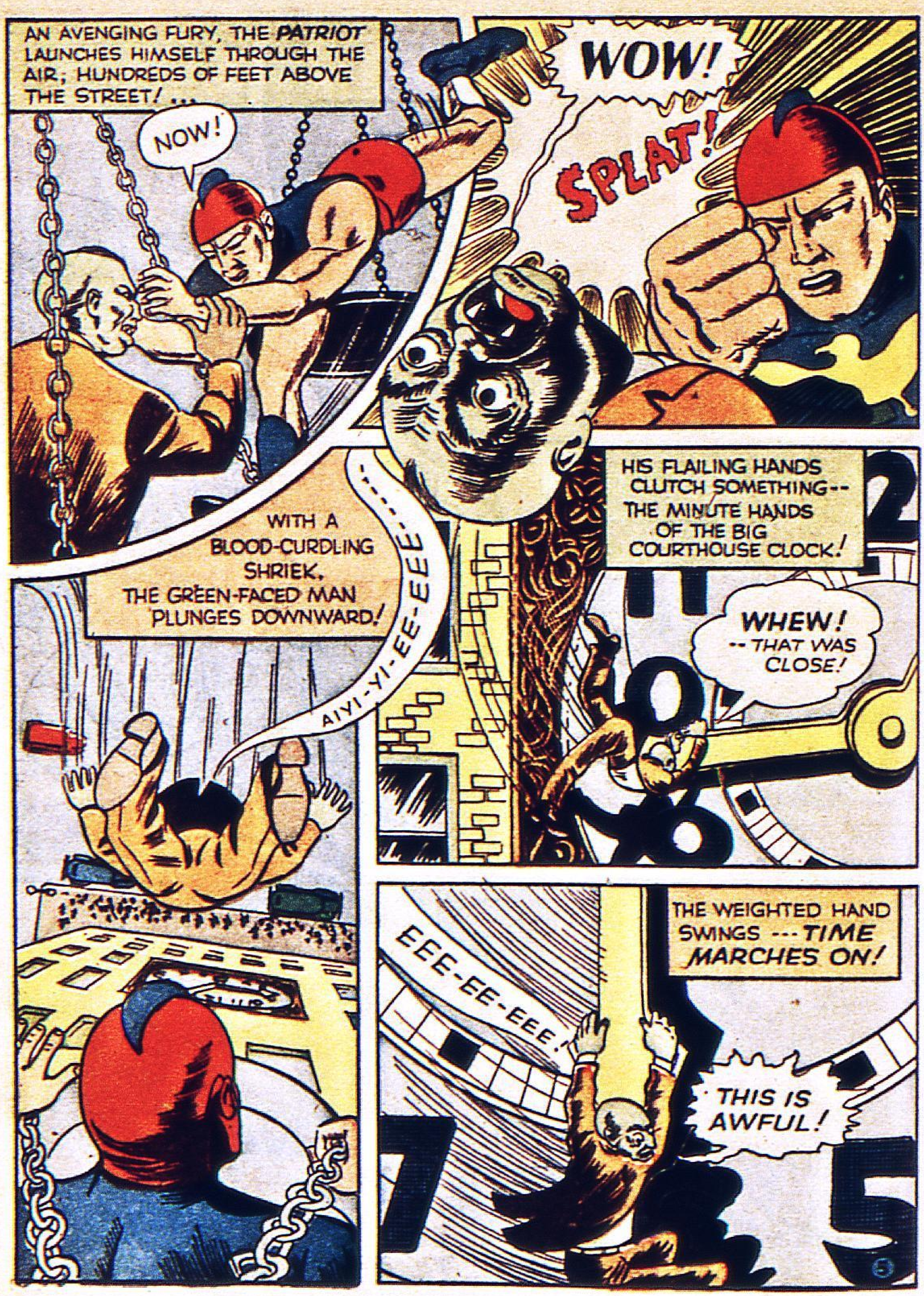
(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

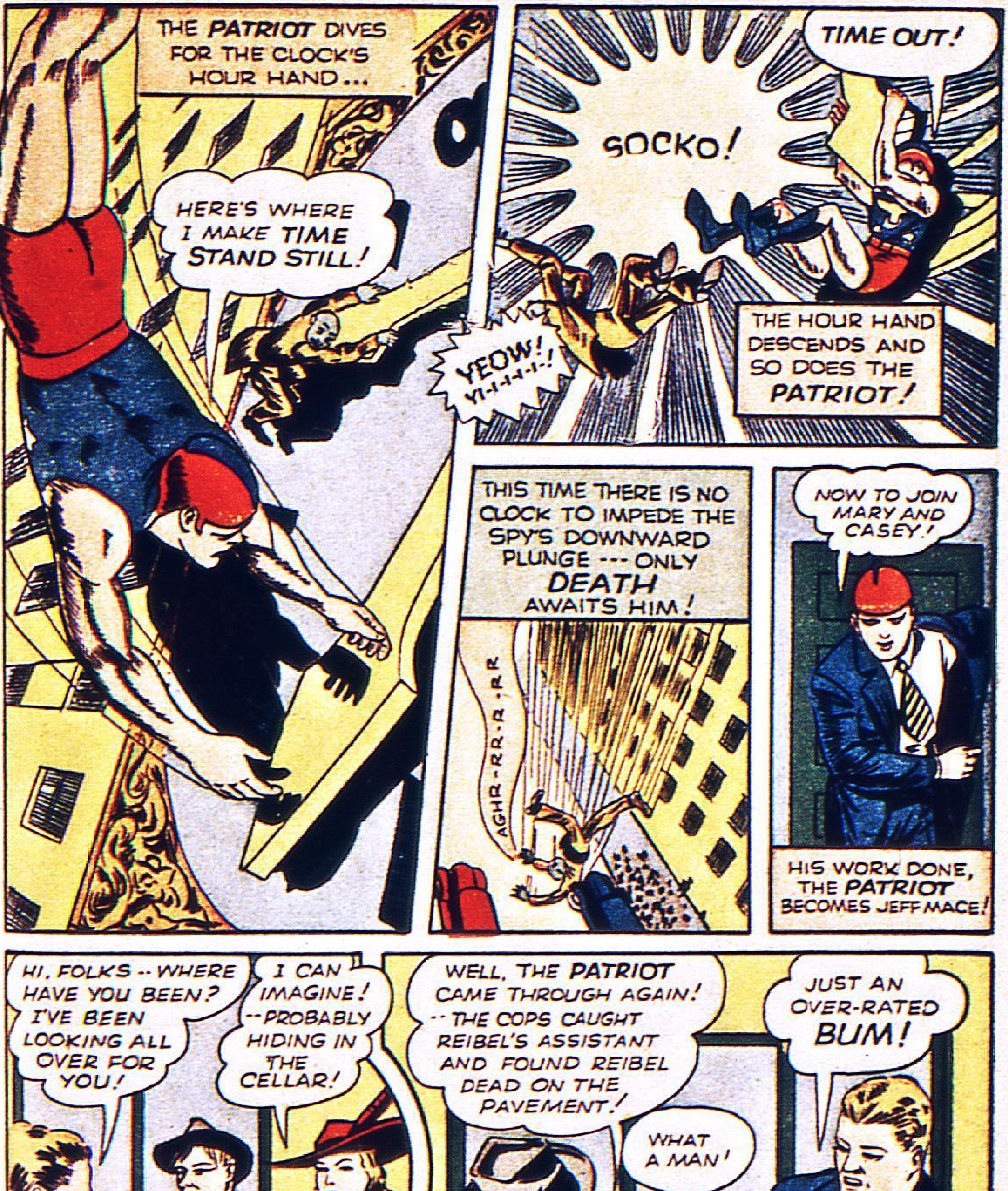

The PATRIOT
In
"THE GREEN-FACED MAN"
THEY SAY JUSTICE IS EVEN-HANDED, BUT THE PATRIOT PROVED IT WORKED BEST SWINGING WITH BOTH FISTS!
JUSTICE
10 11 12 1 2 3
9 8 7 6 5 4

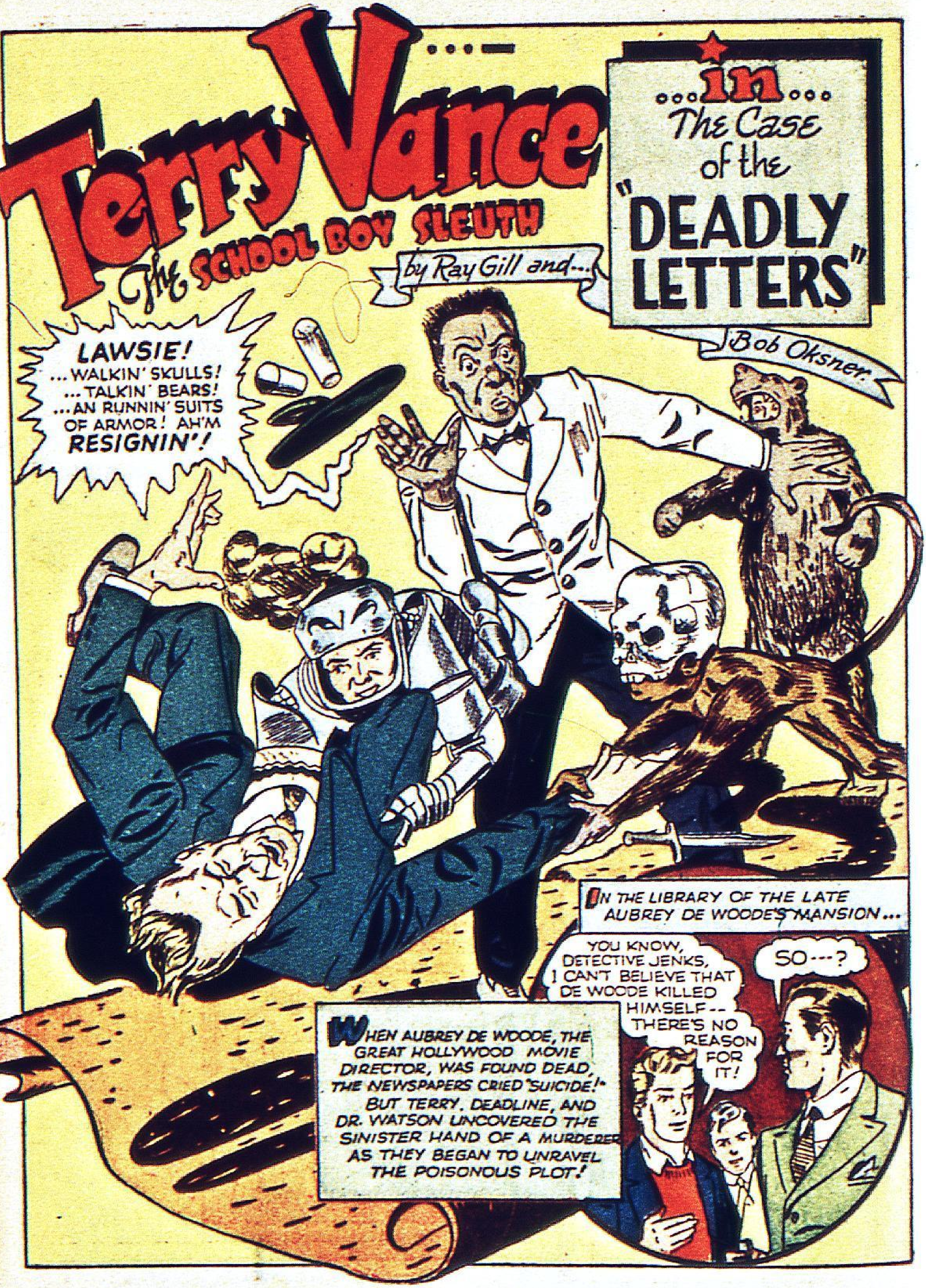

Daily Press
GREEN-FACED MAN TRIAL STARTS TODAY
THE EDITOR SENDS HIS REPORTERS TO COVER THE TRIAL OF GREEN FACE.
I'D HATE TO HAVE HIM SPY ON ME! BRR-RR-R!
PRETTY GUY, REIBEL!
PRIVATE
WHERE'D HE GET THE GREEN-FACE, CASEY?
THEY SAY HE'D BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH A POISON GAS -- GOT A WHIFF OF IT AND CHANGED HIS COLOR -- IT MADE HIM IMMUNE TO GAS, TOO! -- STRANGE!
OKAY!
BUT WE'RE WASTING TIME, KIDS! LET'S GET GOING! I'M SUPPOSED TO COVER THAT TRIAL, YOU KNOW!
Meanwhile.. THE TRIAL GETS UNDER WAY IN THE FEDERAL COURTHOUSE... THE U.S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY ADDRESSES THE JURY.
THE F.B.I. HAS TAKEN SOUND MOVIES OF REIBEL'S SPY ACTIVITIES. -- WE WILL NOW FLASH THEM ON THE SCREEN...
A SINISTER GRIN APPEARS ON THE DEFENDANT'S FACE AS THE ROOM DARKENS.
WHAT A SHOW THIS IS GOING TO BE!
GOOD WORK, FRITZ!
THE MOVIE OPERATOR SUDDENLY DONS A GAS MASK.... AND FROM THE PROJECTOR POURS AN OMINOUS GREEN CLOUD.
GAS! GAS!
HELP!
2

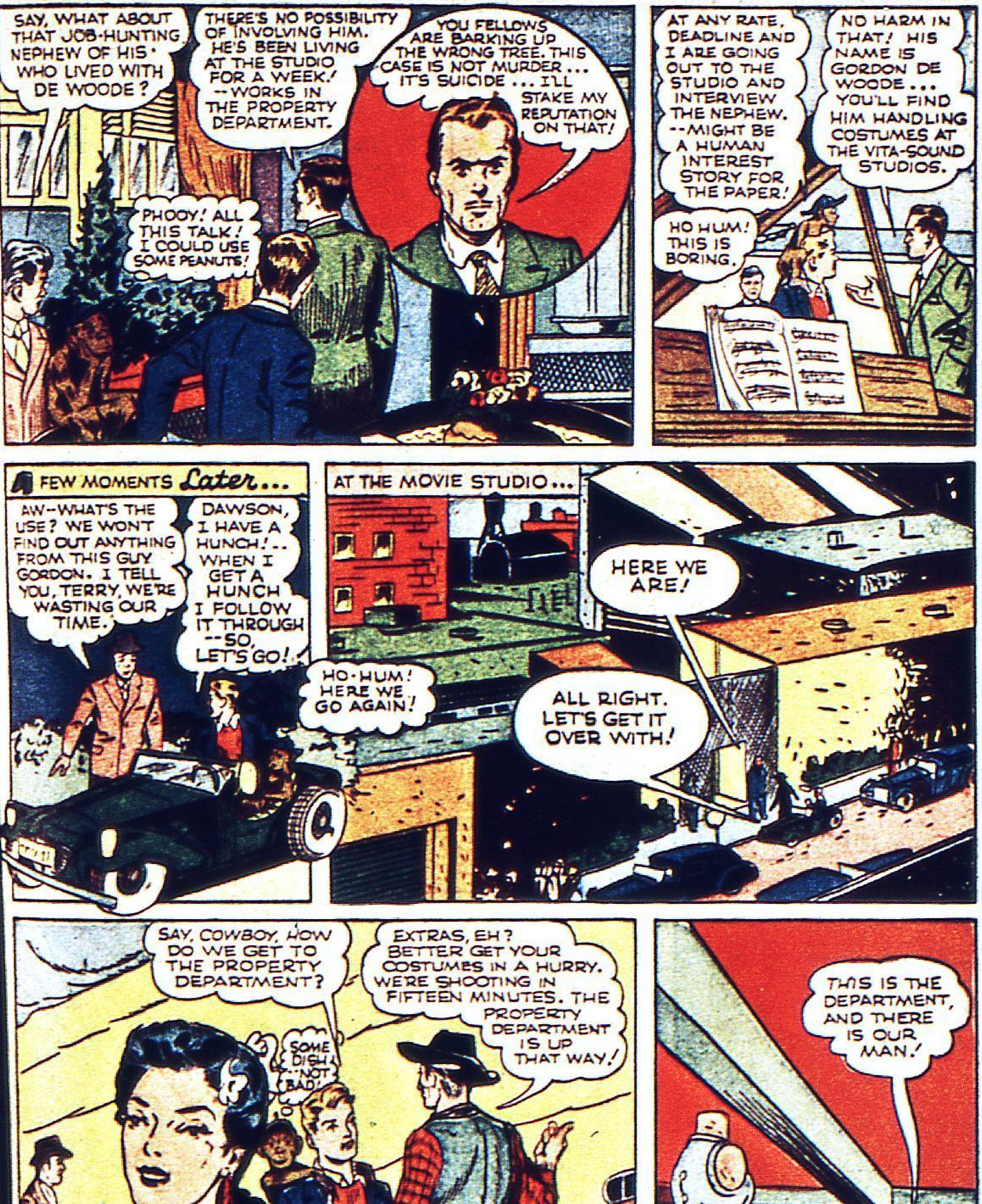

CHOKING AND GASPING, SPECTATORS, JUDGE AND JURY FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DEADLY MIST ---- SOME DIE!
NOW TO LOOSEN THE CUFFS!
LEAVING IN HIS WAKE A PILE OF DEAD AND DYING, REIBEL FLEES WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.....
GAS! HA! HA! I EAT IT UP!
REIBEL! WAIT!
GANGWAY!
WHAT TH ...! HE'S ESCAPING! --HERE'S WHERE I TURN INTO THE PATRIOT!
ELUDING CASEY AND MARY, JEFF DONS HIS FAMOUS COSTUME!
THEY'RE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS!
SO AM I!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
OOOOF!
RIGHT OVER THE PLATE!
YEOW--!
ONE OUT!
THERE GOES THE OLD PICKLE-PUSS!
WHAT A TUMBLE!
3

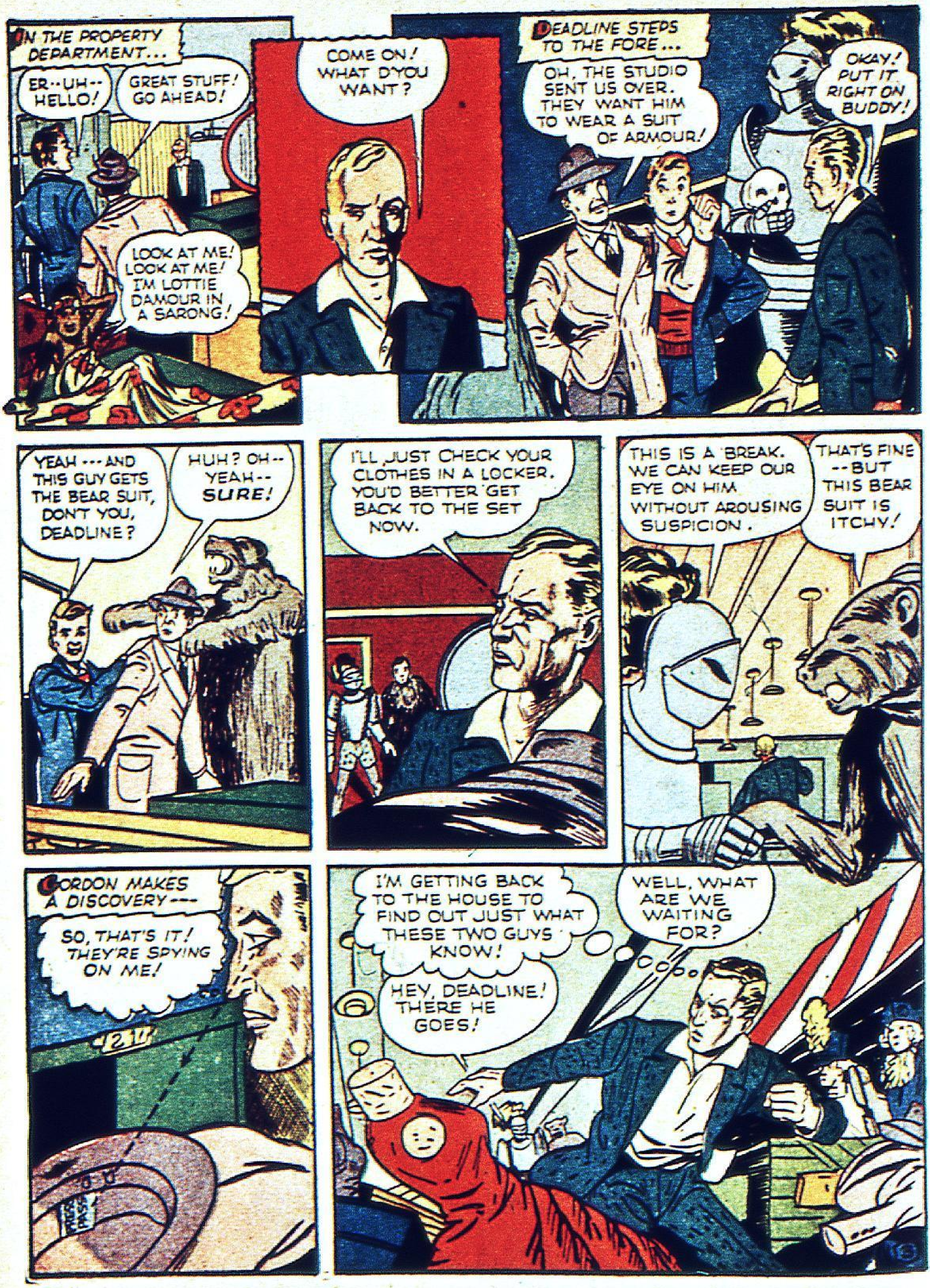

IN THE LOBBY, HIS ACCOMPLICE UNCONSCIOUS, REIBEL DARTS FOR THE DOOR --- BUT -----
COPS!
I'LL TAKE AN ELEVATOR!
HE FLATTENS THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR WITH A PUNCH!
YOU GO DOWN -- AND I GO UP! -- FAIR ENOUGH!
THE PATRIOT RACES TOWARD ANOTHER ELEVATOR!
GOING DOWN!
WHOA!
THE PATRIOT TAKES OVER THE ELEVATOR AND --- UP IT GOES!
HEY! -- I WANNA GO DOWN!
ME, TOO!
SO DO I!
CALM DOWN! -- IT'S YOUR ELEVATOR AS SOON AS WE HIT THE ROOF!
On the Roof...
WHY, IT'S THE PATRIOT!
WITH BELLS ON!
DESPERATE, REIBEL LEAPS OVER THE CORNICE OF THE SKY SCRAPER!
HE'S DROPPING TO THE STATUE OF JUSTICE!
THE TWO MEN FALL TO THE SCALES OF THE GREAT STATUE.
SUDDENLY, REIBEL HURLS SOMETHING -- A GAS BOMB!
BALL ONE! -- LOW AND OUTSIDE!
NOW YOU'LL DO SOME CATCHING!

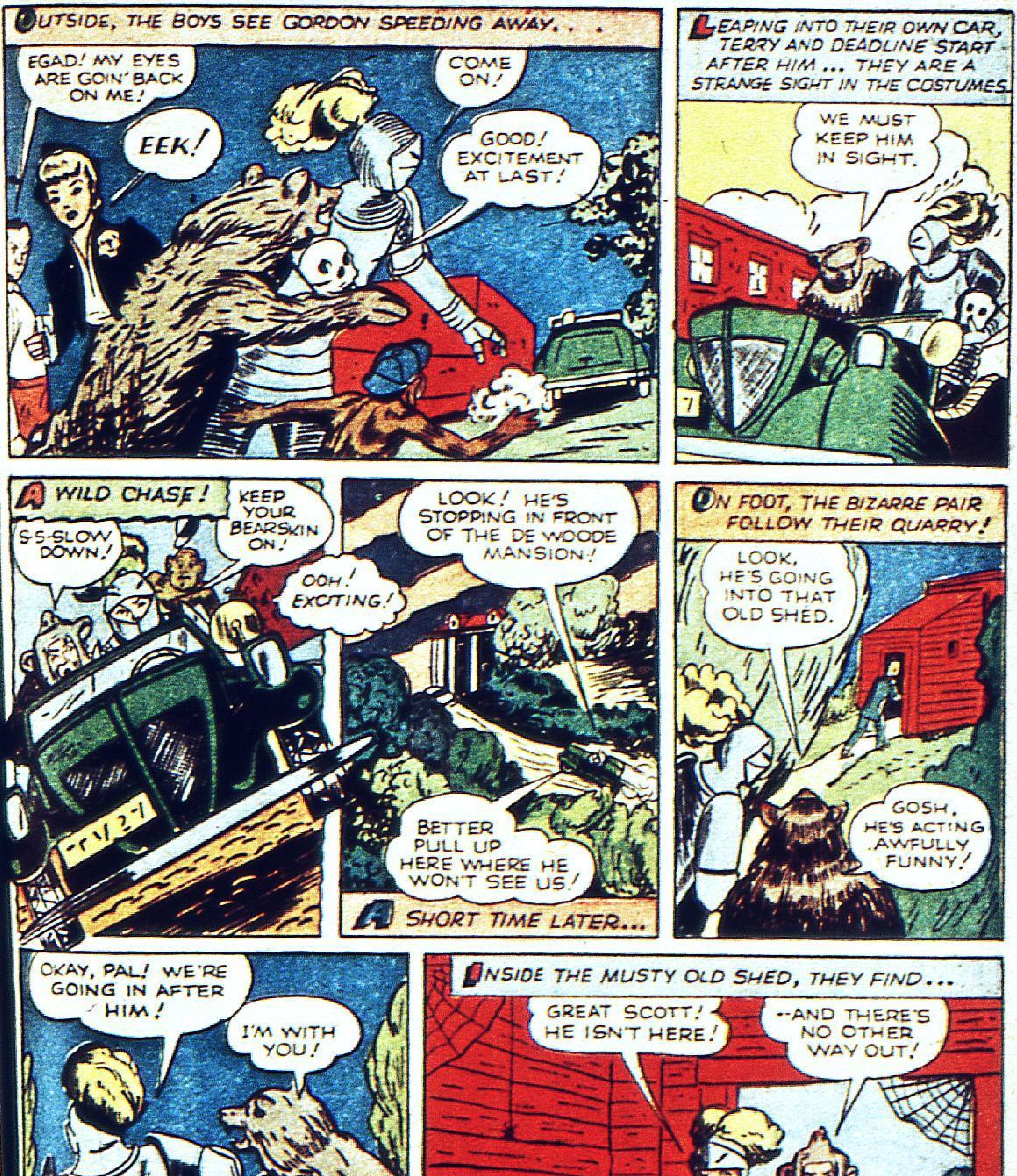

AN AVENGING FURY, THE PATRIOT LAUNCHES HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR; HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE STREET! ...
NOW!
WOW!
SPLAT!
WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK, THE GREEN-FACED MAN PLUNGES DOWNWARD!
AIYI-YI-EE-EEE
HIS FLAILING HANDS CLUTCH SOMETHING-- THE MINUTE HANDS OF THE BIG COURTHOUSE CLOCK!
WHEW! -- THAT WAS CLOSE!
THE WEIGHTED HAND SWINGS --- TIME MARCHES ON!
EEE-EE-EEE!
THIS IS AWFUL!

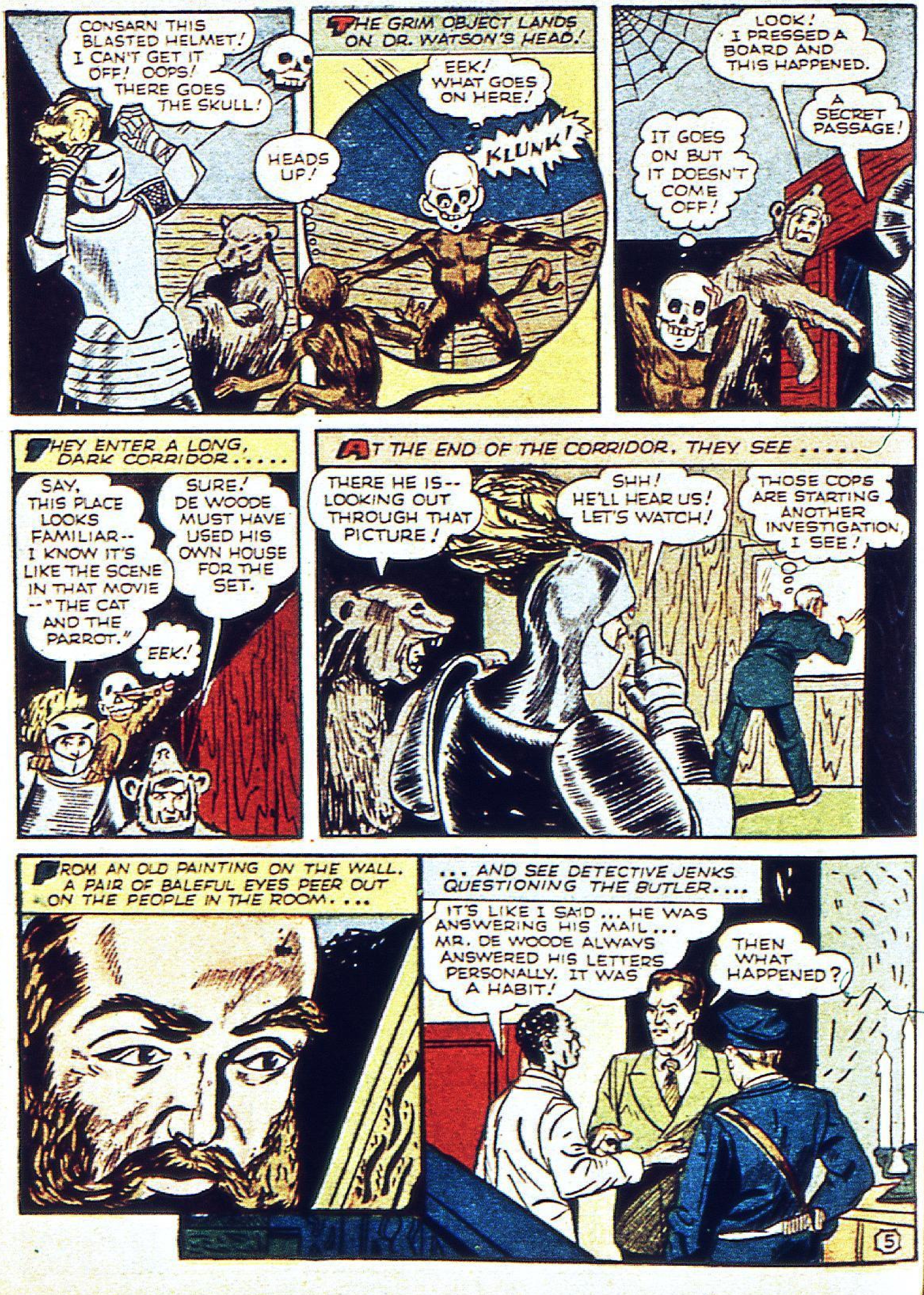

THE PATRIOT DIVES FOR THE CLOCK'S HOUR HAND...
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE TIME STAND STILL!
YEOW! YI-I-I-I-I-!
TIME OUT!
SOCKO!
THE HOUR HAND DESCENDS AND SO DOES THE PATRIOT!
THIS TIME THERE IS NO CLOCK TO IMPEDE THE SPY'S DOWNWARD PLUNGE --- ONLY DEATH AWAITS HIM!
AGHR-RR-R-RR
NOW TO JOIN MARY AND CASEY!
HIS WORK DONE, THE PATRIOT BECOMES JEFF MACE!
HI, FOLKS -- WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!
I CAN IMAGINE! --PROBABLY HIDING IN THE CELLAR!
WELL, THE PATRIOT CAME THROUGH AGAIN! -- THE COPS CAUGHT REIBEL'S ASSISTANT AND FOUND REIBEL DEAD ON THE PAVEMENT!
JUST AN OVER-RATED BUM!
WHAT A MAN!
THE PATRIOT APPEARS HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH.

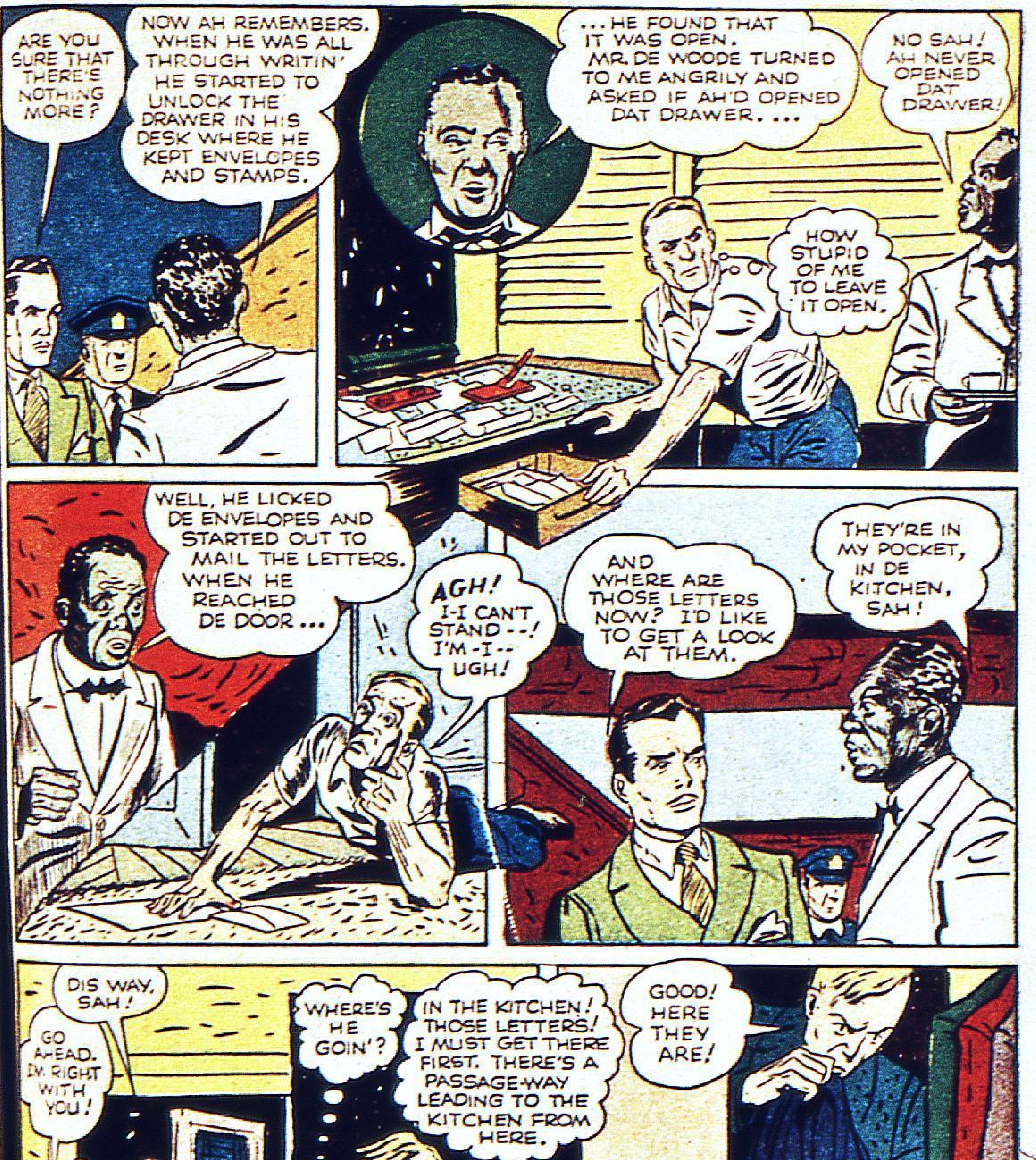

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
by Ray Gill and...
Bob Oksner.
...in... The Case of the "DEADLY LETTERS"
LAWSIE! ...WALKIN' SKULLS! ...TALKIN' BEARS! ...AN RUNNIN' SUITS OF ARMOR! AH'M RESIGNIN'!
IN THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE AUBREY DE WOODE'S MANSION...
YOU KNOW, DETECTIVE JENKS, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT DE WOODE KILLED HIMSELF-- THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT!
SO---?
WHEN AUBREY DE WOODE, THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DIRECTOR, WAS FOUND DEAD, THE NEWSPAPERS CRIED "SUICIDE!" BUT TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON UNCOVERED THE SINISTER HAND OF A MURDERER AS THEY BEGAN TO UNRAVEL THE POISONOUS PLOT!

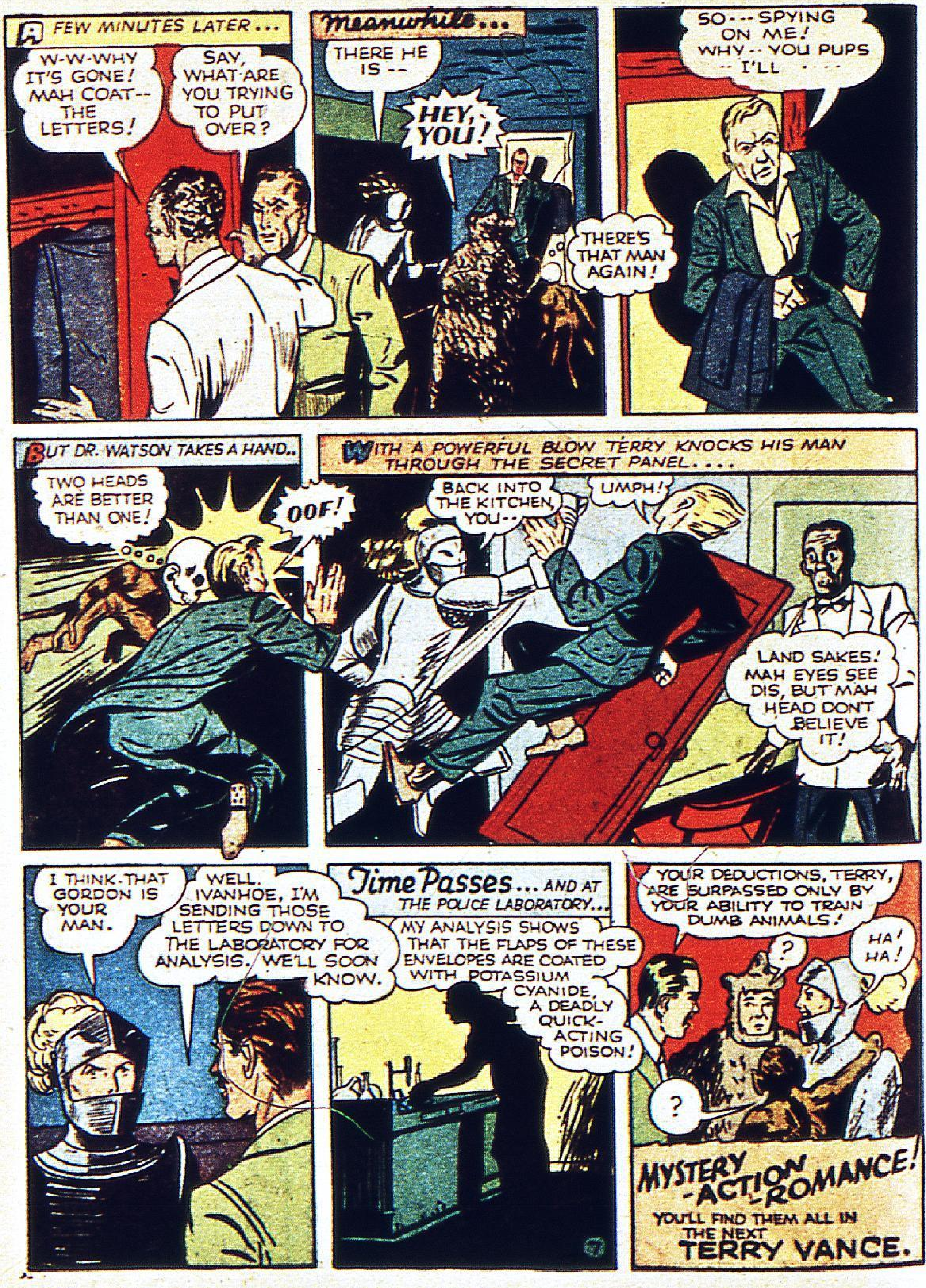

SAY, WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB-HUNTING NEPHEW OF HIS WHO LIVED WITH DE WOODE?
THERE'S NO POSSIBILITY OF INVOLVING HIM. HE'S BEEN LIVING AT THE STUDIO FOR A WEEK! --WORKS IN THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT.
YOU FELLOWS ARE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE. THIS CASE IS NOT MURDER... IT'S SUICIDE... I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION ON THAT!
PHOOY! ALL THIS TALK! I COULD USE SOME PEANUTS!
AT ANY RATE, DEADLINE AND I ARE GOING OUT TO THE STUDIO AND INTERVIEW THE NEPHEW. --MIGHT BE A HUMAN INTEREST STORY FOR THE PAPER!
NO HARM IN THAT! HIS NAME IS GORDON DE WOODE... YOU'LL FIND HIM HANDLING COSTUMES AT THE VITA-SOUND STUDIOS.
HO HUM! THIS IS BORING.
A FEW MOMENTS Later...
AW--WHAT'S THE USE? WE WONT FIND OUT ANYTHING FROM THIS GUY GORDON. I TELL YOU, TERRY, WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME.
DAWSON, I HAVE A HUNCH!.. WHEN I GET A HUNCH I FOLLOW IT THROUGH --SO, LET'S GO!
HO-HUM! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
AT THE MOVIE STUDIO...
HERE WE ARE!
ALL RIGHT. LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!
SAY, COWBOY, HOW DO WE GET TO THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT?
EXTRAS, EH? BETTER GET YOUR COSTUMES IN A HURRY. WERE SHOOTING IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT IS UP THAT WAY!
SOME DISH--NOT BAD!
THIS IS THE DEPARTMENT, AND THERE IS OUR MAN!
2


IN THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT...
ER--UH-- HELLO!
GREAT STUFF! GO AHEAD!
LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME! I'M LOTTIE DAMOUR IN A SARONG!
COME ON! WHAT D'YOU WANT?
DEADLINE STEPS TO THE FORE...
OH, THE STUDIO SENT US OVER. THEY WANT HIM TO WEAR A SUIT OF ARMOUR!
OKAY! PUT IT RIGHT ON BUDDY!
YEAH --- AND THIS GUY GETS THE BEAR SUIT, DON'T YOU, DEADLINE?
HUH? OH-- YEAH-- SURE!
I'LL JUST CHECK YOUR CLOTHES IN A LOCKER. YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE SET NOW.
THIS IS A BREAK. WE CAN KEEP OUR EYE ON HIM WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.
THAT'S FINE --BUT THIS BEAR SUIT IS ITCHY!
GORDON MAKES A DISCOVERY---
SO, THAT'S IT! THEY'RE SPYING ON ME!
21
I'M GETTING BACK TO THE HOUSE TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT THESE TWO GUYS KNOW!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
HEY, DEADLINE! THERE HE GOES!


OUTSIDE, THE BOYS SEE GORDON SPEEDING AWAY. . .
EGAD! MY EYES ARE GOIN' BACK ON ME!
EEK!
COME ON!
GOOD! EXCITEMENT AT LAST!
LEAPING INTO THEIR OWN CAR, TERRY AND DEADLINE START AFTER HIM ... THEY ARE A STRANGE SIGHT IN THE COSTUMES.
WE MUST KEEP HIM IN SIGHT.
A WILD CHASE!
KEEP YOUR BEARSKIN ON!
S-S-SLOW DOWN!
OOH! EXCITING!
LOOK! HE'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF THE DE WOODE MANSION!
BETTER PULL UP HERE WHERE HE WON'T SEE US!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
ON FOOT, THE BIZARRE PAIR FOLLOW THEIR QUARRY!
LOOK, HE'S GOING INTO THAT OLD SHED.
GOSH, HE'S ACTING AWFULLY FUNNY!
OKAY, PAL! WE'RE GOING IN AFTER HIM!
I'M WITH YOU!
INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD SHED, THEY FIND...
GREAT SCOTT! HE ISN'T HERE!
--AND THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT!
4

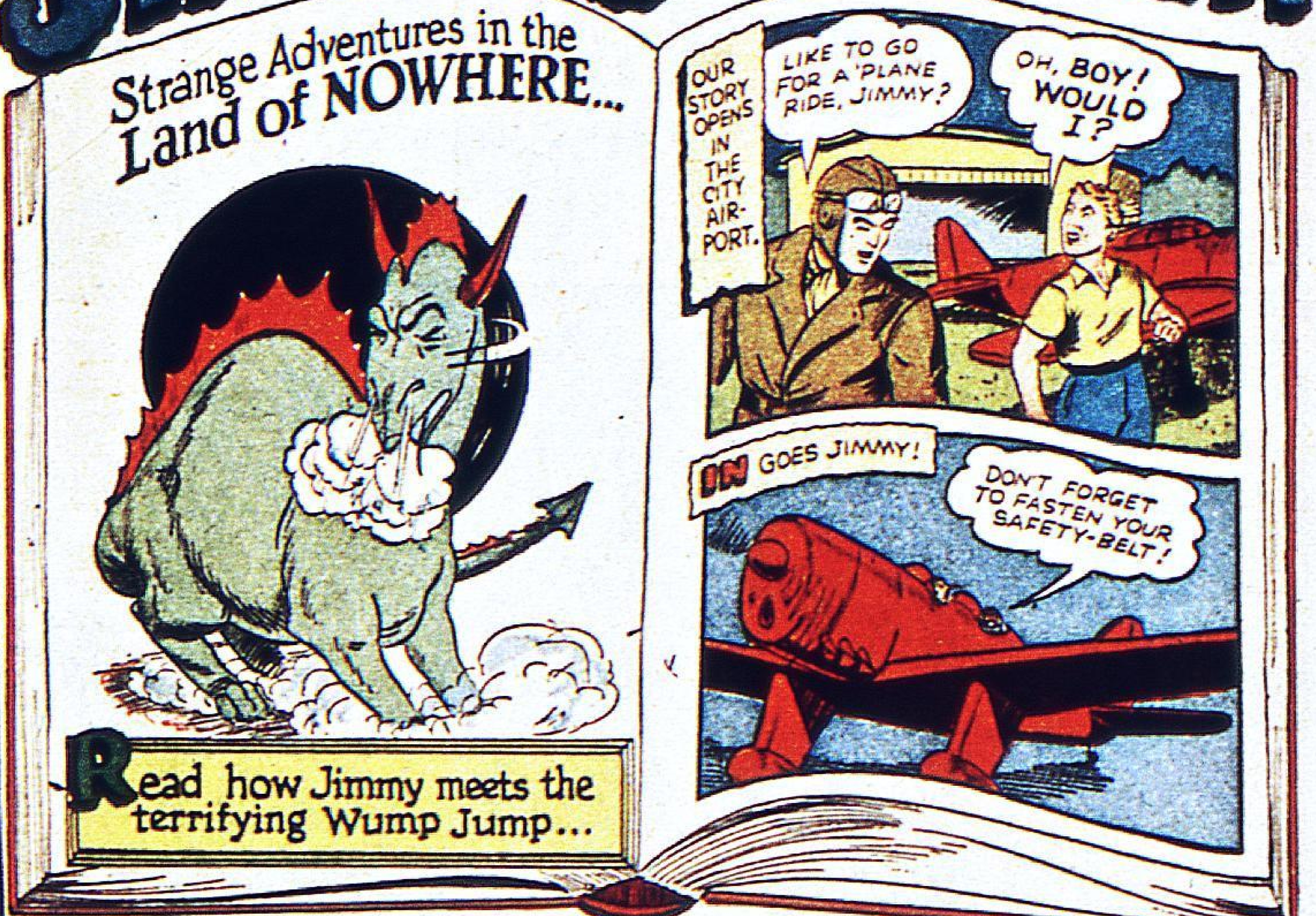

CONSARN THIS BLASTED HELMET! I CAN'T GET IT OFF! OOPS! THERE GOES THE SKULL!
THE GRIM OBJECT LANDS ON DR. WATSON'S HEAD!
EEK! WHAT GOES ON HERE!
HEADS UP!
KLUNK!
LOOK! I PRESSED A BOARD AND THIS HAPPENED.
A SECRET PASSAGE!
IT GOES ON BUT IT DOESN'T COME OFF!
THEY ENTER A LONG, DARK CORRIDOR....
SAY, THIS PLACE LOOKS FAMILIAR-- I KNOW IT'S LIKE THE SCENE IN THAT MOVIE --"THE CAT AND THE PARROT."
SURE! DE WOODE MUST HAVE USED HIS OWN HOUSE FOR THE SET.
EEK!
AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, THEY SEE ....
THERE HE IS-- LOOKING OUT THROUGH THAT PICTURE!
SHH! HE'LL HEAR US! LET'S WATCH!
THOSE COPS ARE STARTING ANOTHER INVESTIGATION, I SEE!
FROM AN OLD PAINTING ON THE WALL, A PAIR OF BALEFUL EYES PEER OUT ON THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM....
... AND SEE DETECTIVE JENKS QUESTIONING THE BUTLER...
IT'S LIKE I SAID ... HE WAS ANSWERING HIS MAIL ... MR. DE WOODE ALWAYS ANSWERED HIS LETTERS PERSONALLY. IT WAS A HABIT!
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?


ARE YOU SURE THAT THERE'S NOTHING MORE?
NOW AH REMEMBERS. WHEN HE WAS ALL THROUGH WRITIN' HE STARTED TO UNLOCK THE DRAWER IN HIS DESK WHERE HE KEPT ENVELOPES AND STAMPS.
...HE FOUND THAT IT WAS OPEN. MR. DE WOODE TURNED TO ME ANGRILY AND ASKED IF AH'D OPENED DAT DRAWER....
NO SAH! AH NEVER OPENED DAT DRAWER!
HOW STUPID OF ME TO LEAVE IT OPEN.
WELL, HE LICKED DE ENVELOPES AND STARTED OUT TO MAIL THE LETTERS. WHEN HE REACHED DE DOOR...
AGH! I-I CAN'T STAND--! I'M-I-- UGH!
AND WHERE ARE THOSE LETTERS NOW? I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT THEM.
THEY'RE IN MY POCKET, IN DE KITCHEN, SAH!
DIS WAY, SAH!
GO AHEAD. I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
WHERE'S HE GOIN'?
IN THE KITCHEN! THOSE LETTERS! I MUST GET THERE FIRST. THERE'S A PASSAGE-WAY LEADING TO THE KITCHEN FROM HERE.
DE WOLFE REACHES THE LETTERS BEFORE DETECTIVE JENKS!
GOOD! HERE THEY ARE!

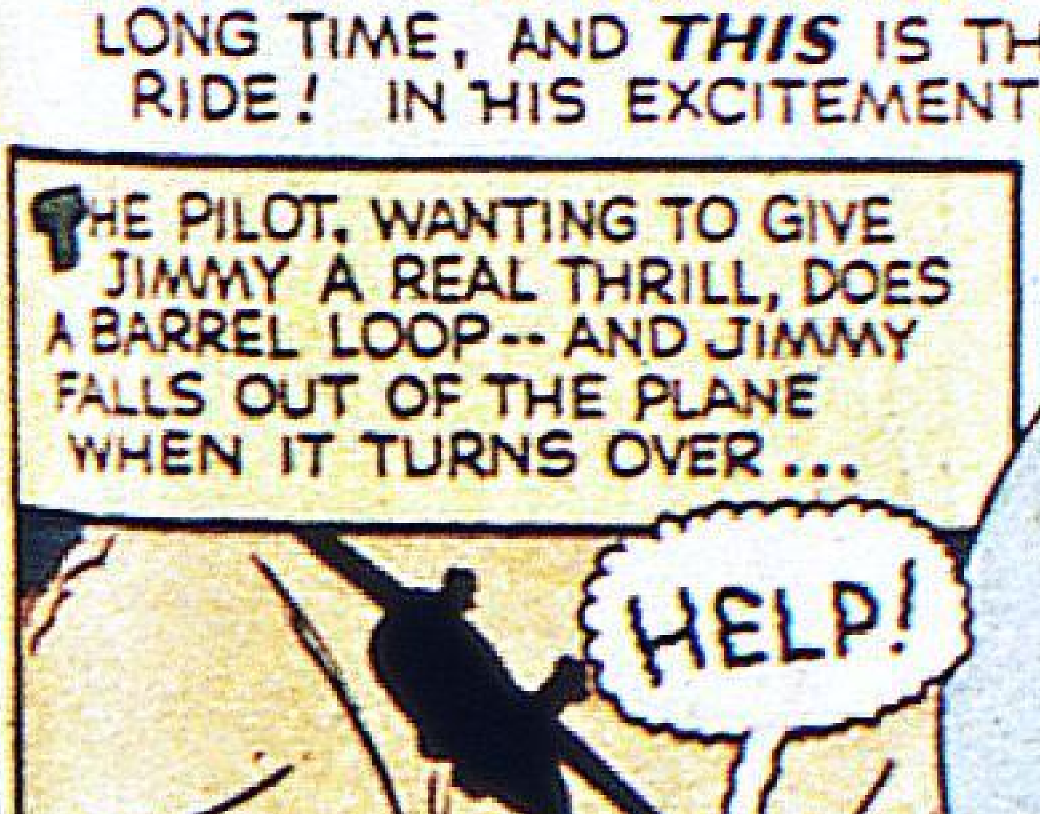

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
W-W-WHY IT'S GONE! MAH COAT-- THE LETTERS!
SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PUT OVER?
Meanwhile...
THERE HE IS --
HEY, YOU!
THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!
SO--- SPYING ON ME! WHY-- YOU PUPS -- I'LL ---
BUT DR. WATSON TAKES A HAND..
TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE!
OOF!
WITH A POWERFUL BLOW TERRY KNOCKS HIS MAN THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL....
BACK INTO THE KITCHEN, YOU--
UMPH!
LAND SAKES! MAH EYES SEE DIS, BUT MAH HEAD DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I THINK THAT GORDON IS YOUR MAN.
WELL, IVANHOE, I'M SENDING THOSE LETTERS DOWN TO THE LABORATORY FOR ANALYSIS. WE'LL SOON KNOW.
Time Passes... AND AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...
MY ANALYSIS SHOWS THAT THE FLAPS OF THESE ENVELOPES ARE COATED WITH POTASSIUM CYANIDE, A DEADLY QUICK-ACTING POISON!
YOUR DEDUCTIONS, TERRY, ARE SURPASSED ONLY BY YOUR ABILITY TO TRAIN DUMB ANIMALS!
?
HA! HA!
?
MYSTERY -ACTION -ROMANCE!
YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN THE NEXT TERRY VANCE.

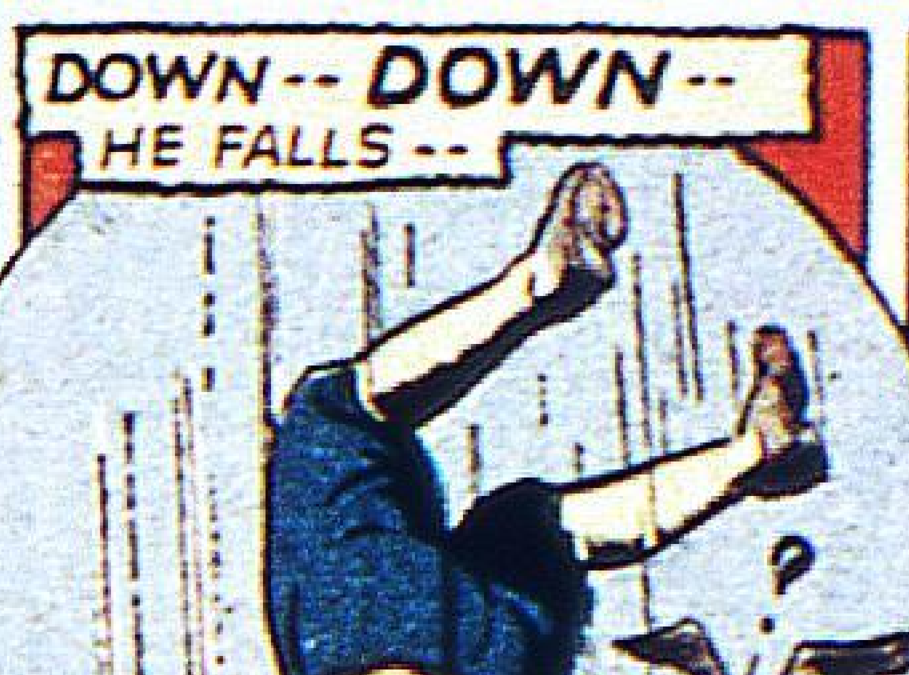
JIMMY JUPITER

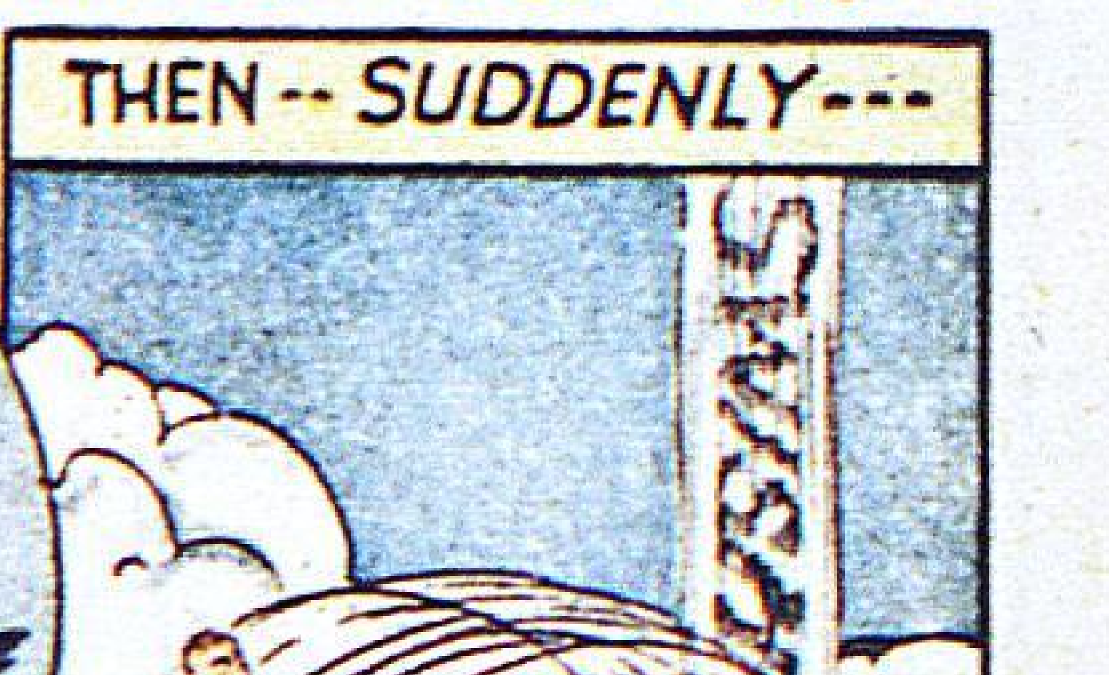
by C. Robbins

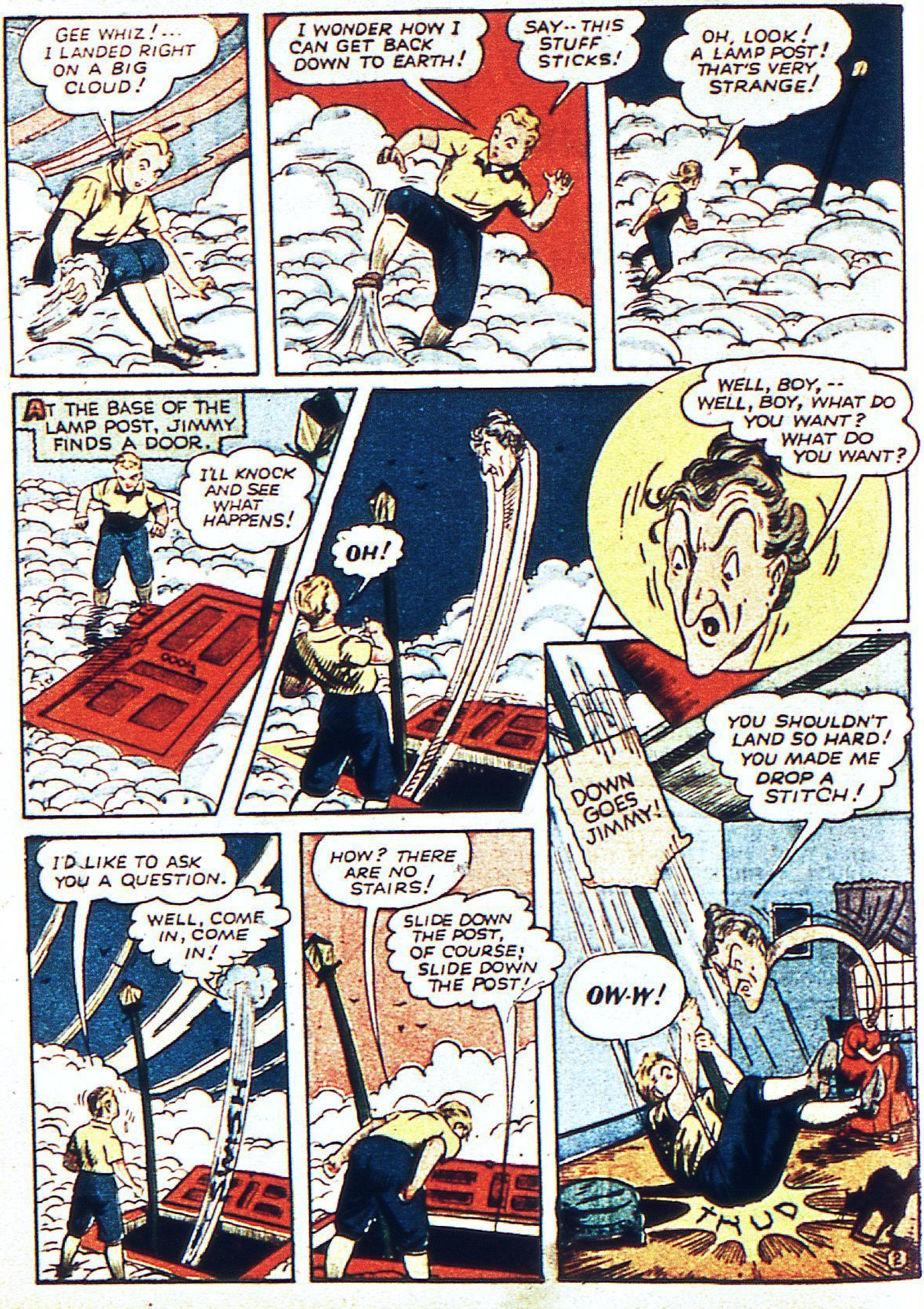

Strange Adventures in the Land of NOWHERE...
Read how Jimmy meets the terrifying Wump Jump...
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CITY AIRPORT.
LIKE TO GO FOR A 'PLANE RIDE, JIMMY?
OH, BOY! WOULD I?
IN GOES JIMMY!
DON'T FORGET TO FASTEN YOUR SAFETY-BELT!

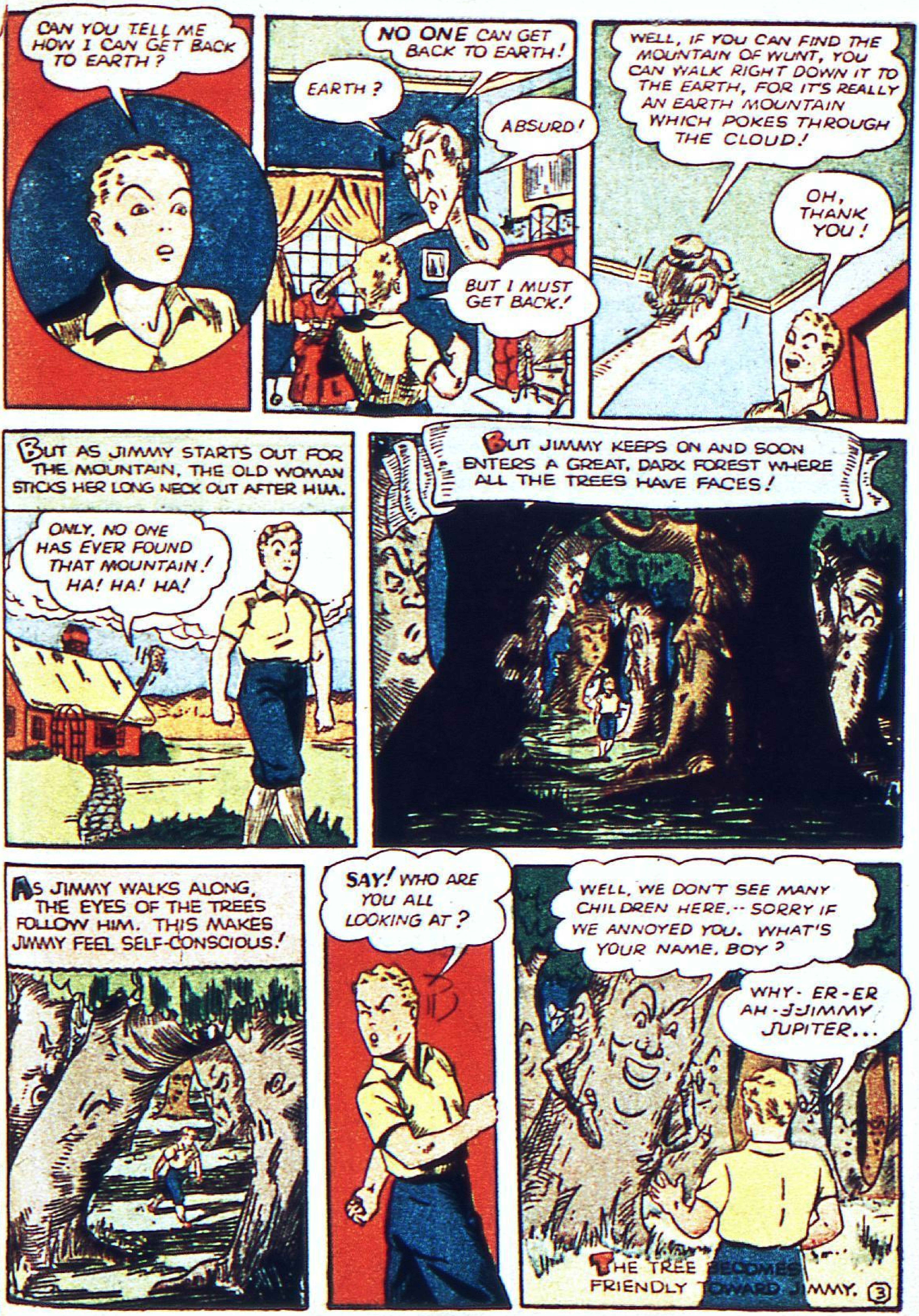
BUT JIMMY IS TOO EXCITED! HE HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE AIRPORT FOR A LONG TIME, AND ***THIS*** IS THE CHANCE HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR -- A REAL AIRPLANE RIDE! IN HIS EXCITEMENT, JIMMY FORGETS TO FASTEN HIS SAFETY-BELT ---AND---

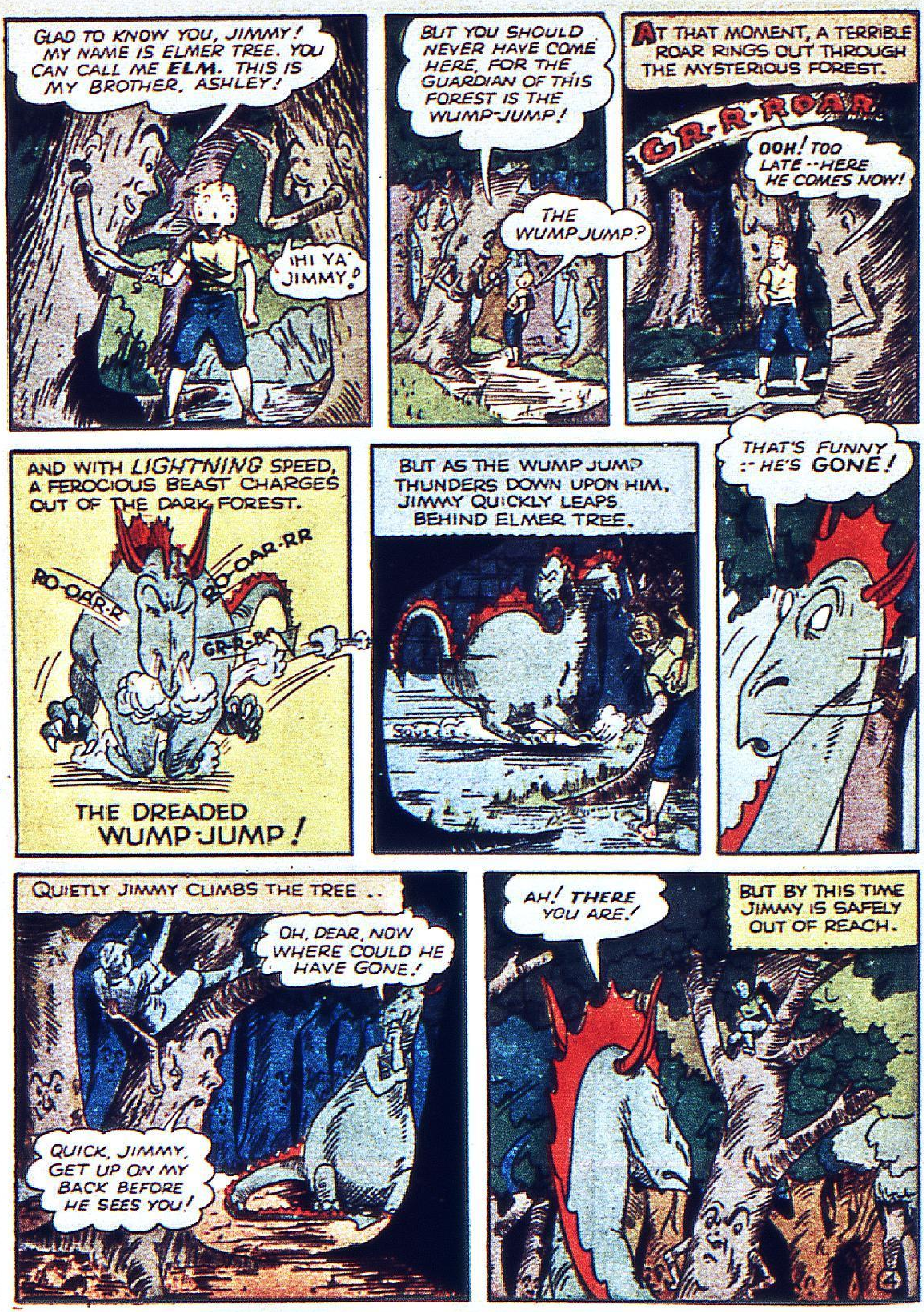

THE PILOT, WANTING TO GIVE JIMMY A REAL THRILL, DOES A BARREL LOOP -- AND JIMMY FALLS OUT OF THE PLANE WHEN IT TURNS OVER...
HELP!

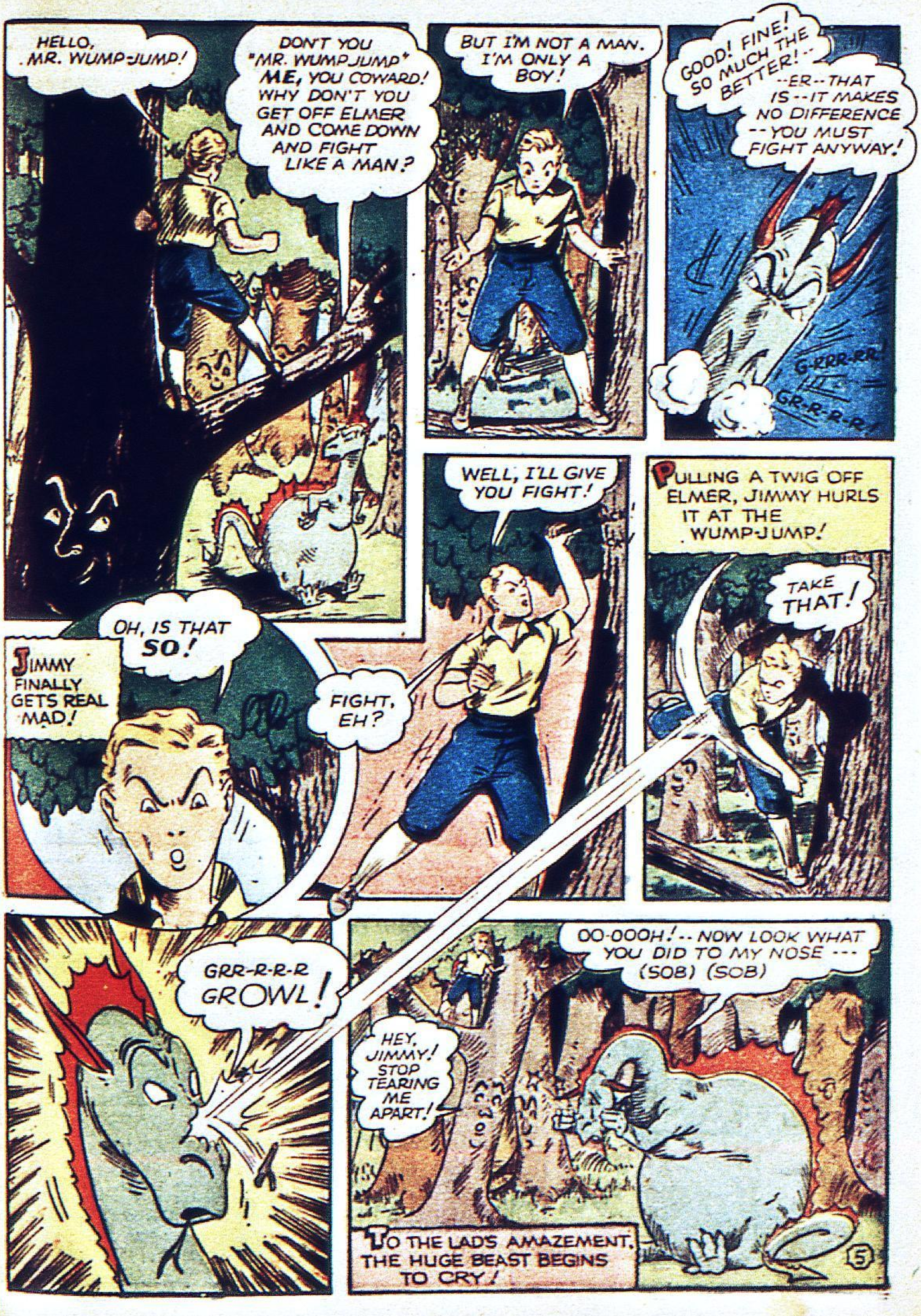

DOWN -- DOWN -- HE FALLS --

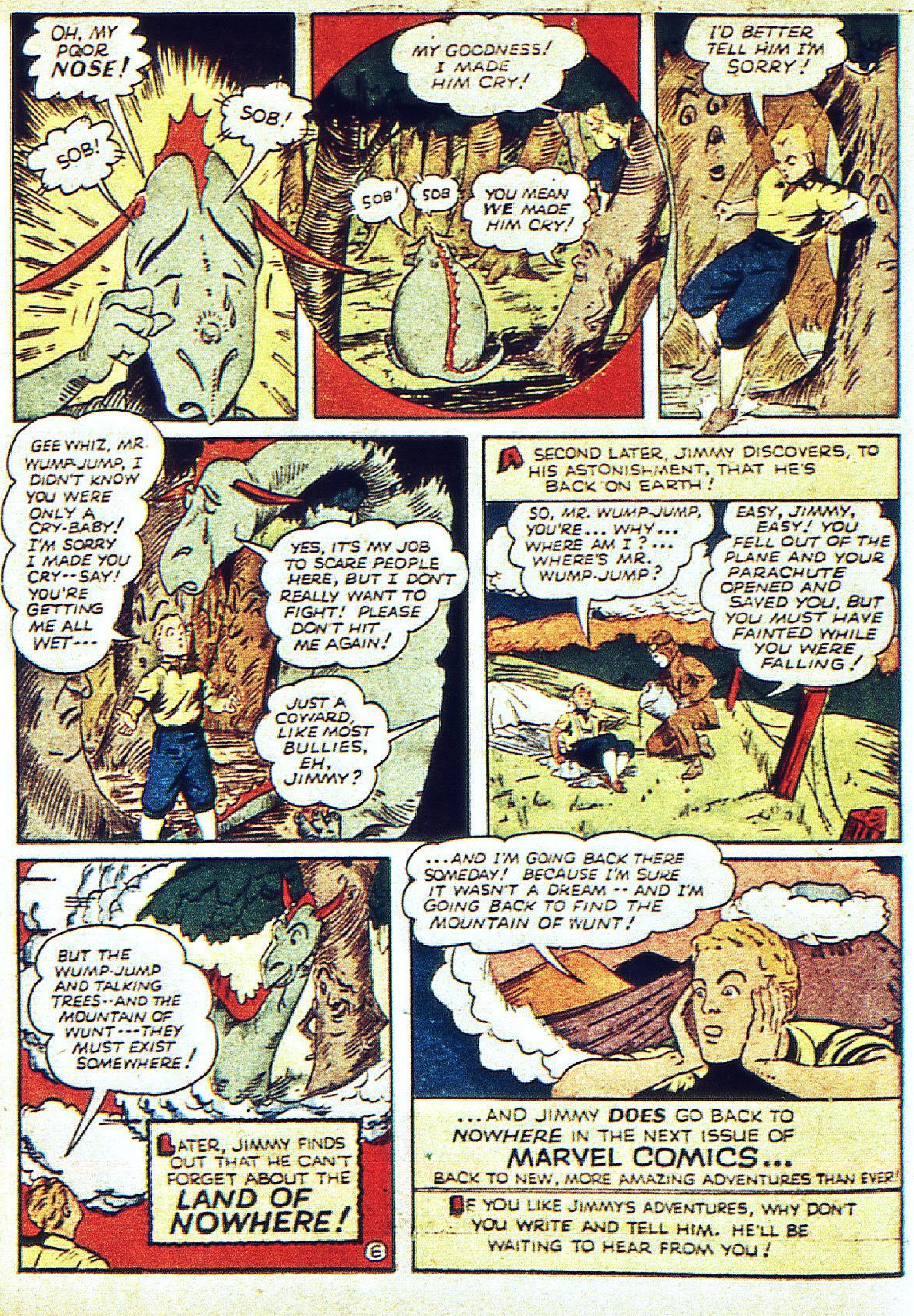

THEN -- SUDDENLY ---
BUMP
---HE LANDS ON A BIG, SOFT CLOUD!

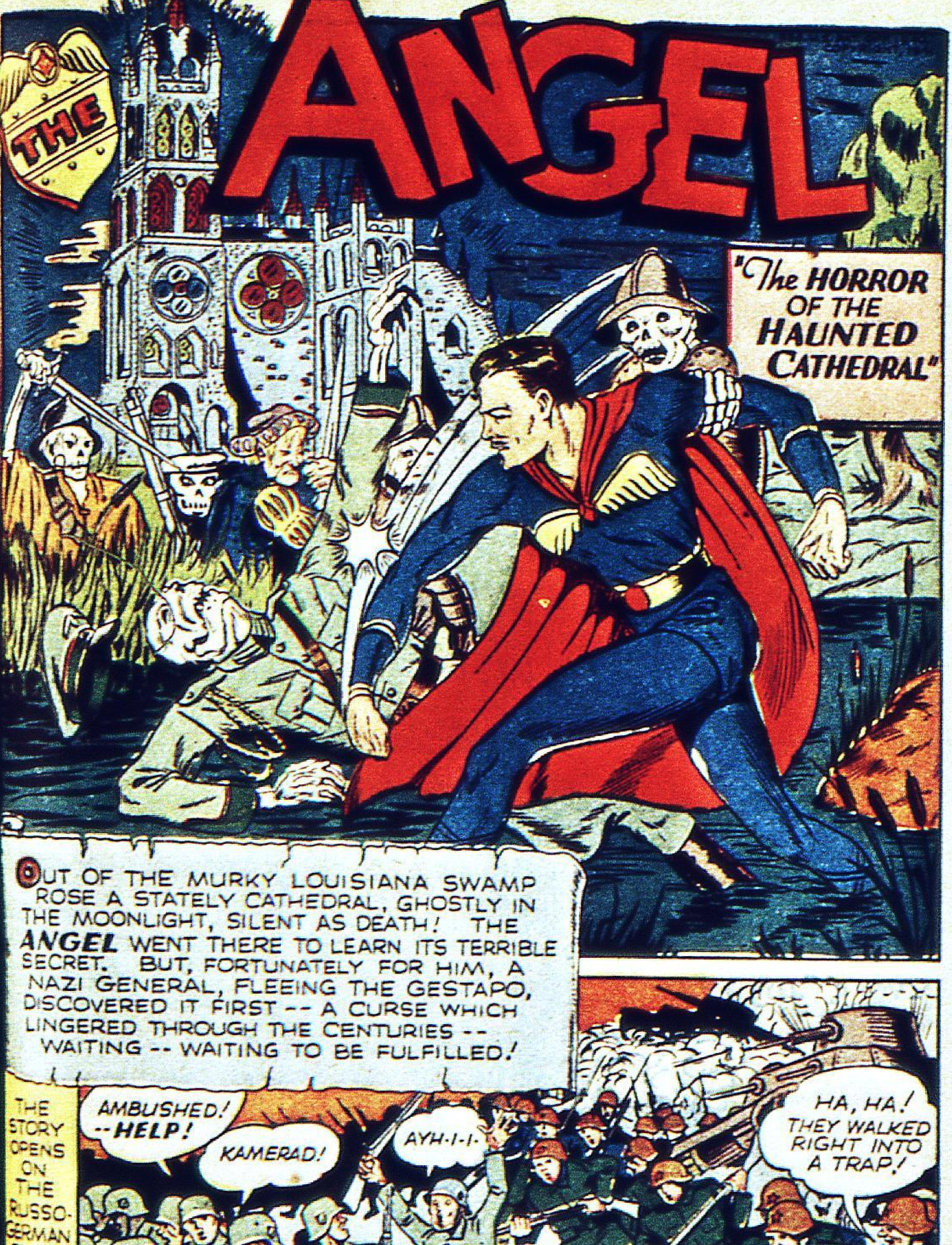

GEE WHIZ! ... I LANDED RIGHT ON A BIG CLOUD!
I WONDER HOW I CAN GET BACK DOWN TO EARTH!
SAY -- THIS STUFF STICKS!
OH, LOOK! A LAMP POST! THAT'S VERY STRANGE!
AT THE BASE OF THE LAMP POST, JIMMY FINDS A DOOR.
I'LL KNOCK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
DOOR
OH!
WELL, BOY, -- WELL, BOY, WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.
WELL, COME IN, COME IN!
HOW? THERE ARE NO STAIRS!
SLIDE DOWN THE POST, OF COURSE; SLIDE DOWN THE POST!
DOWN GOES JIMMY!
YOU SHOULDN'T LAND SO HARD! YOU MADE ME DROP A STITCH!
OW-W!
THUD

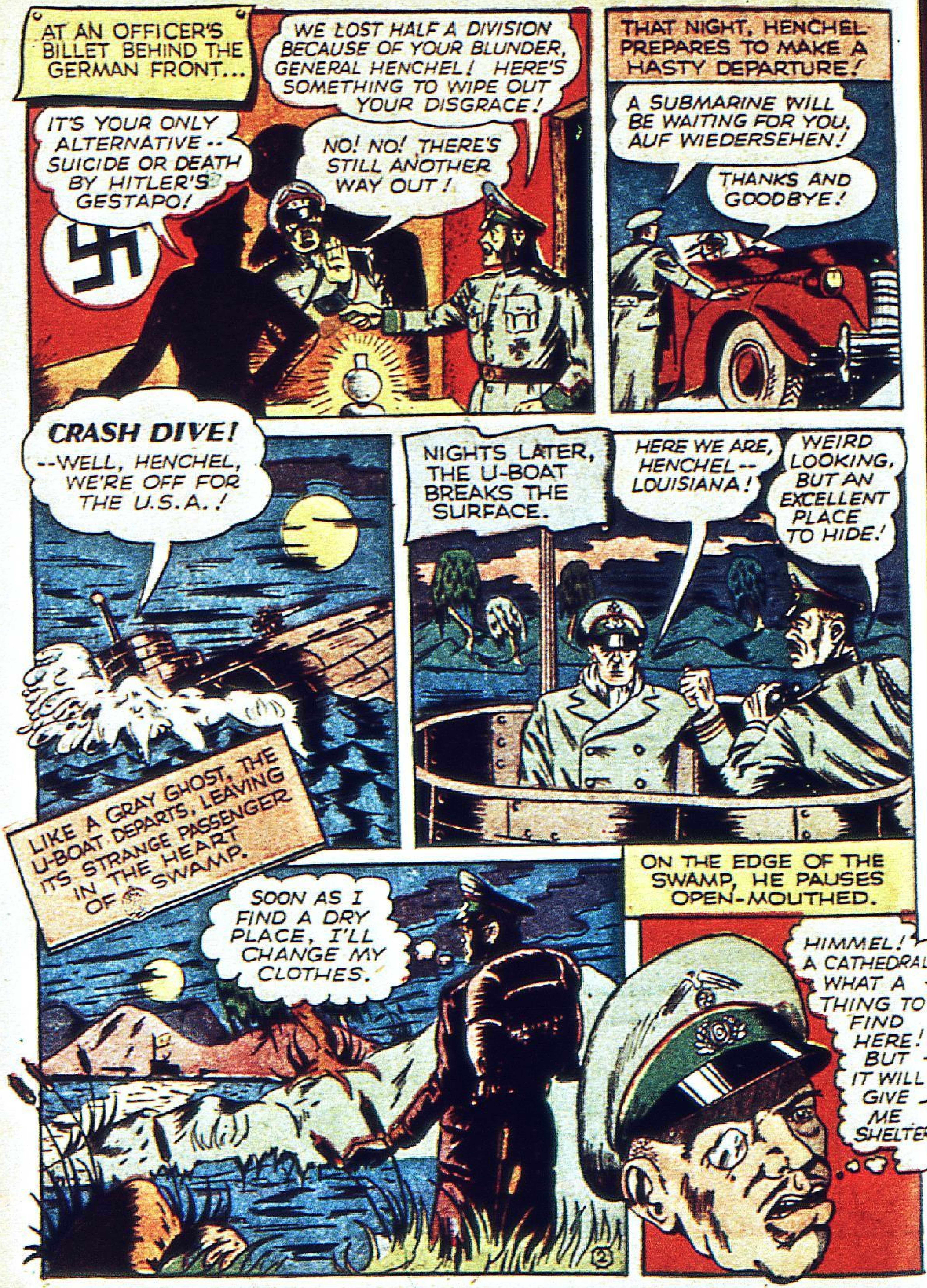

CAN YOU TELL ME HOW I CAN GET BACK TO EARTH?
NO ONE CAN GET BACK TO EARTH!
EARTH?
ABSURD!
BUT I MUST GET BACK!
WELL, IF YOU CAN FIND THE MOUNTAIN OF WUNT, YOU CAN WALK RIGHT DOWN IT TO THE EARTH, FOR IT'S REALLY AN EARTH MOUNTAIN WHICH POKES THROUGH THE CLOUD!
OH, THANK YOU!
BUT AS JIMMY STARTS OUT FOR THE MOUNTAIN, THE OLD WOMAN STICKS HER LONG NECK OUT AFTER HIM.
ONLY, NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND THAT MOUNTAIN! HA! HA! HA!
BUT JIMMY KEEPS ON AND SOON ENTERS A GREAT, DARK FOREST WHERE ALL THE TREES HAVE FACES!
AS JIMMY WALKS ALONG, THE EYES OF THE TREES FOLLOW HIM. THIS MAKES JIMMY FEEL SELF-CONSCIOUS!
SAY! WHO ARE YOU ALL LOOKING AT?
WELL, WE DON'T SEE MANY CHILDREN HERE.-- SORRY IF WE ANNOYED YOU. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BOY?
WHY- ER-ER AH-J-JIMMY JUPITER...
THE TREE BECOMES FRIENDLY TOWARD JIMMY.

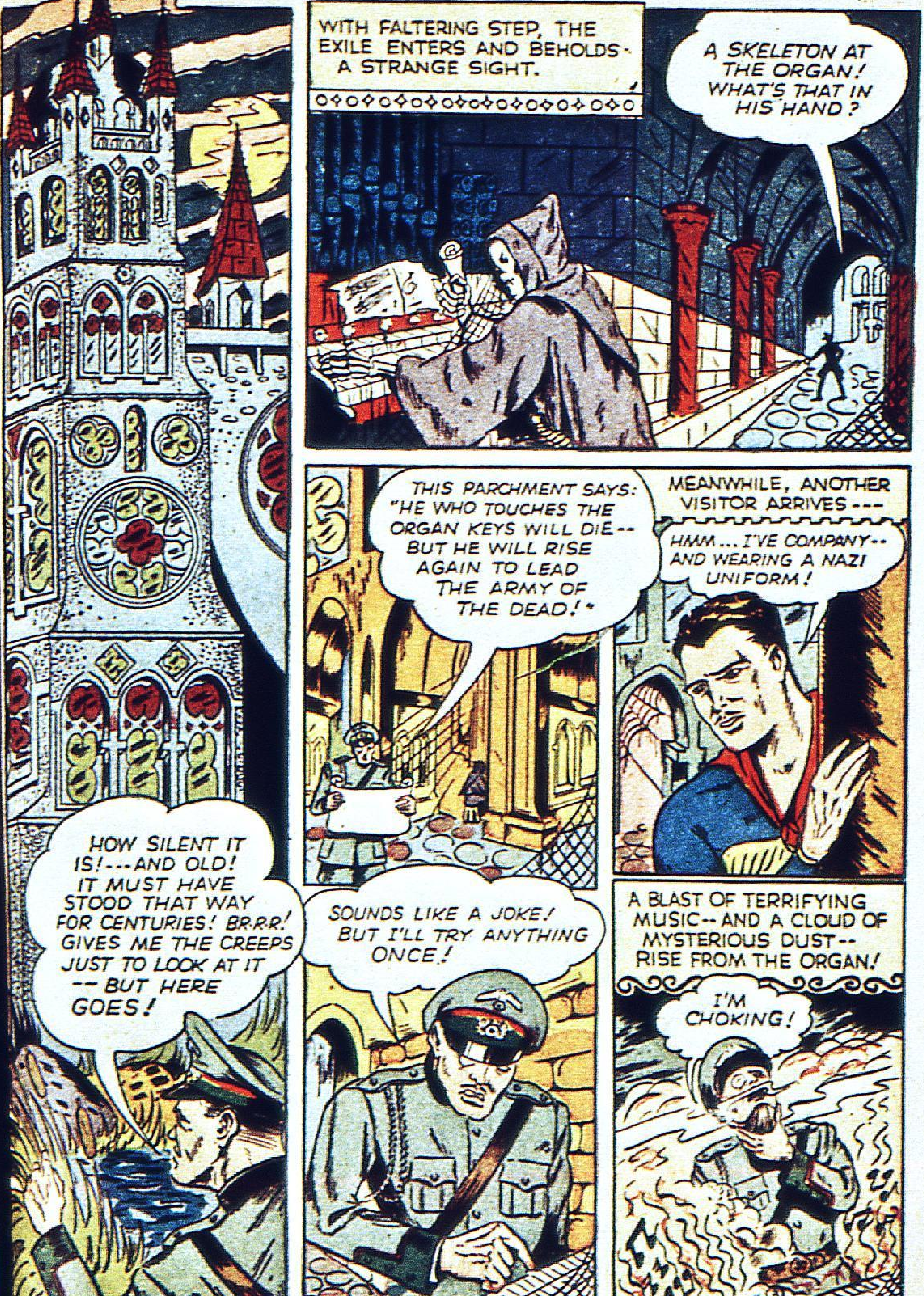

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, JIMMY! MY NAME IS ELMER TREE. YOU CAN CALL ME **ELM**. THIS IS MY BROTHER, ASHLEY!
HI YA' JIMMY!
BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME HERE, FOR THE GUARDIAN OF THIS FOREST IS THE WUMP-JUMP!
THE WUMP JUMP?
AT THAT MOMENT, A TERRIBLE ROAR RINGS OUT THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST.
GR-R-ROAR
OOH! TOO LATE--HERE HE COMES NOW!
AND WITH *LIGHTNING* SPEED, A FEROCIOUS BEAST CHARGES OUT OF THE DARK FOREST.
RO-OAR-R
RO-OAR-RR
GR-R-R
THE DREADED WUMP-JUMP!
BUT AS THE WUMP JUMP THUNDERS DOWN UPON HIM, JIMMY QUICKLY LEAPS BEHIND ELMER TREE.
THAT'S FUNNY :- HE'S **GONE**!
QUIETLY JIMMY CLIMBS THE TREE ..
OH, DEAR, NOW WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE!
QUICK, JIMMY, GET UP ON MY BACK BEFORE HE SEES YOU!
AH! **THERE** YOU ARE!
BUT BY THIS TIME JIMMY IS SAFELY OUT OF REACH.

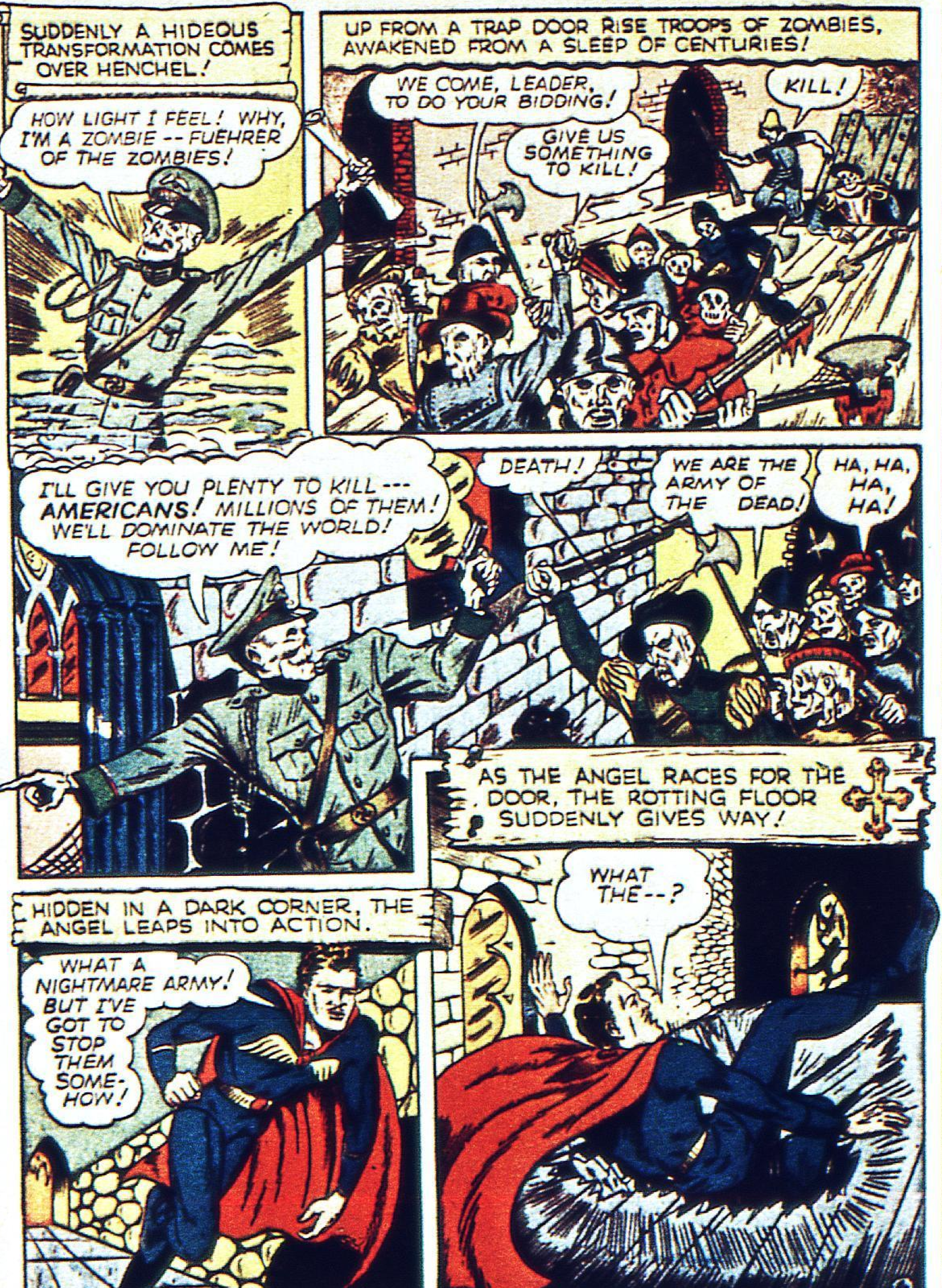

HELLO, MR. WUMP-JUMP!
DON'T YOU "MR. WUMPJUMP" ME, YOU COWARD! WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF ELMER AND COME DOWN AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN?
BUT I'M NOT A MAN. I'M ONLY A BOY!
GOOD! FINE! SO MUCH THE BETTER!-- --ER--THAT IS--IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE --YOU MUST FIGHT ANYWAY!
G-RRR-RR.
GR-R-R-R-R!
WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU FIGHT!
PULLING A TWIG OFF ELMER, JIMMY HURLS IT AT THE WUMP-JUMP!
TAKE THAT!
JIMMY FINALLY GETS REAL MAD!
OH, IS THAT SO!
FIGHT, EH?
GRR-R-R-R GROWL!
OO-OOOH!--NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY NOSE --- (SOB) (SOB)
HEY, JIMMY! STOP TEARING ME APART!
TO THE LAD'S AMAZEMENT, THE HUGE BEAST BEGINS TO CRY!
5

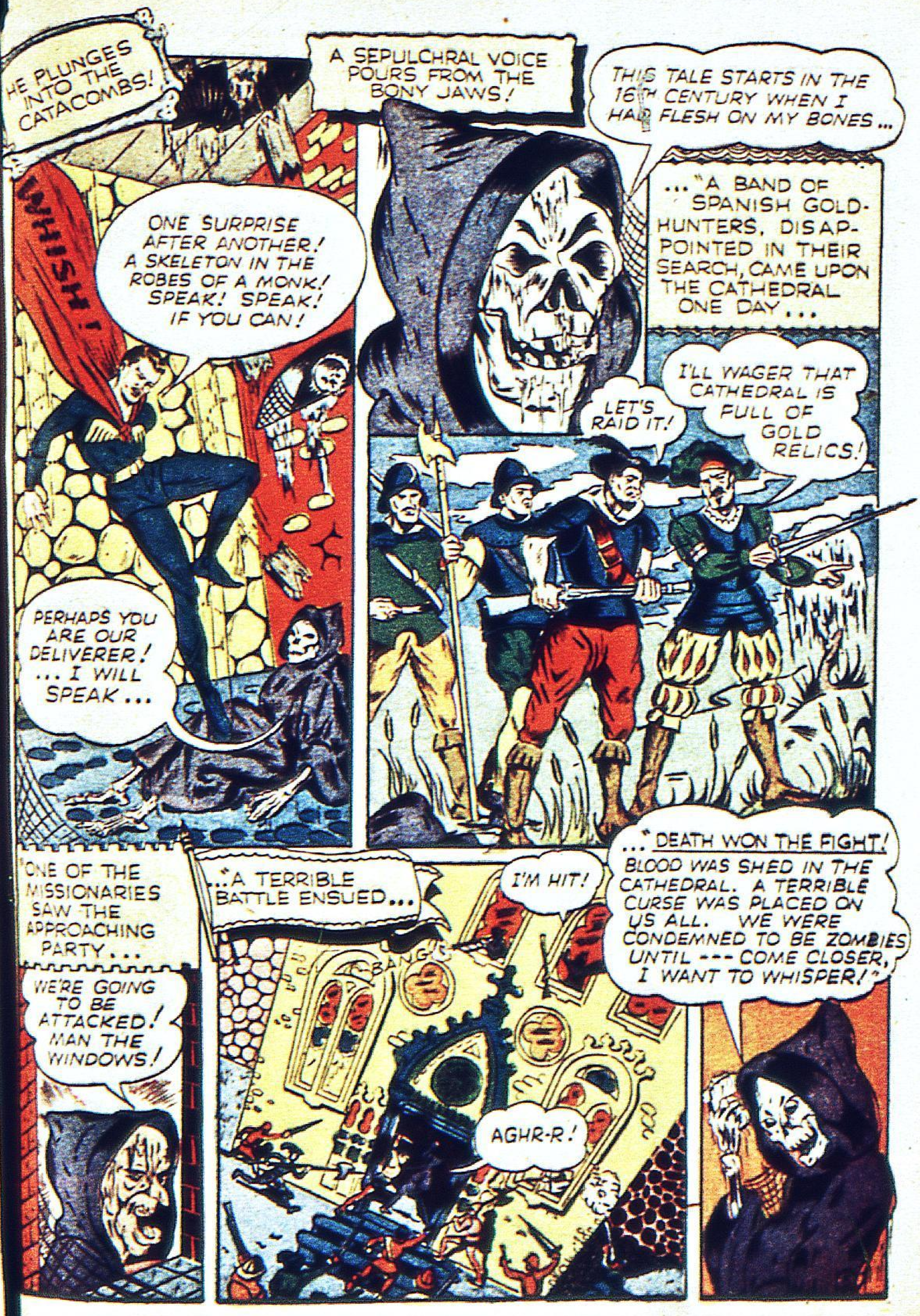

OH, MY POOR NOSE!
SOB!
SOB!
MY GOODNESS! I MADE HIM CRY!
SOB!
SOB
YOU MEAN WE MADE HIM CRY!
I'D BETTER TELL HIM I'M SORRY!
GEE WHIZ, MR. WUMP-JUMP, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ONLY A CRY-BABY! I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY--SAY! YOU'RE GETTING ME ALL WET---
YES, IT'S MY JOB TO SCARE PEOPLE HERE, BUT I DON'T REALLY WANT TO FIGHT! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
JUST A COWARD, LIKE MOST BULLIES, EH, JIMMY?
A SECOND LATER, JIMMY DISCOVERS, TO HIS ASTONISHMENT, THAT HE'S BACK ON EARTH!
SO, MR. WUMP-JUMP, YOU'RE... WHY... WHERE AM I?... WHERE'S MR. WUMP-JUMP?
EASY, JIMMY, EASY! YOU FELL OUT OF THE PLANE AND YOUR PARACHUTE OPENED AND SAVED YOU, BUT YOU MUST HAVE FAINTED WHILE YOU WERE FALLING!
BUT THE WUMP-JUMP AND TALKING TREES--AND THE MOUNTAIN OF WUNT---THEY MUST EXIST SOMEWHERE!
LATER, JIMMY FINDS OUT THAT HE CAN'T FORGET ABOUT THE LAND OF NOWHERE!
6
...AND I'M GOING BACK THERE SOMEDAY! BECAUSE I'M SURE IT WASN'T A DREAM -- AND I'M GOING BACK TO FIND THE MOUNTAIN OF WUNT!
...AND JIMMY DOES GO BACK TO NOWHERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS... BACK TO NEW, MORE AMAZING ADVENTURES THAN EVER!
IF YOU LIKE JIMMY'S ADVENTURES, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE AND TELL HIM. HE'LL BE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!

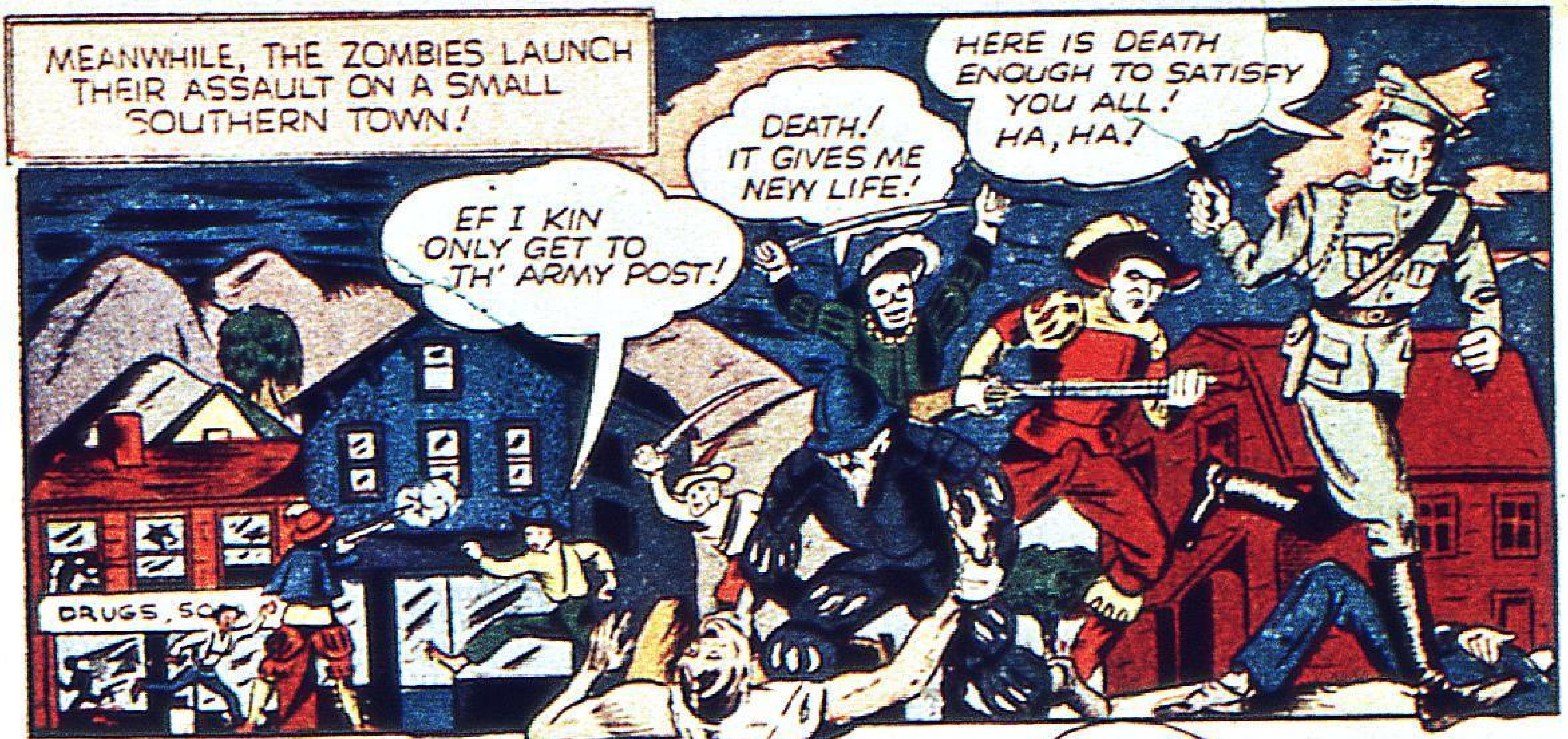

THE
ANGEL
"The HORROR OF THE HAUNTED CATHEDRAL"
OUT OF THE MURKY LOUISIANA SWAMP ROSE A STATELY CATHEDRAL, GHOSTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT, SILENT AS DEATH! THE ANGEL WENT THERE TO LEARN ITS TERRIBLE SECRET. BUT, FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, A NAZI GENERAL, FLEEING THE GESTAPO, DISCOVERED IT FIRST -- A CURSE WHICH LINGERED THROUGH THE CENTURIES -- WAITING -- WAITING TO BE FULFILLED!
THE STORY OPENS ON THE RUSSO-GERMAN FRONT.
AMBUSHED! --HELP!
KAMERAD!
AYH-I-I-
HA, HA! THEY WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP!

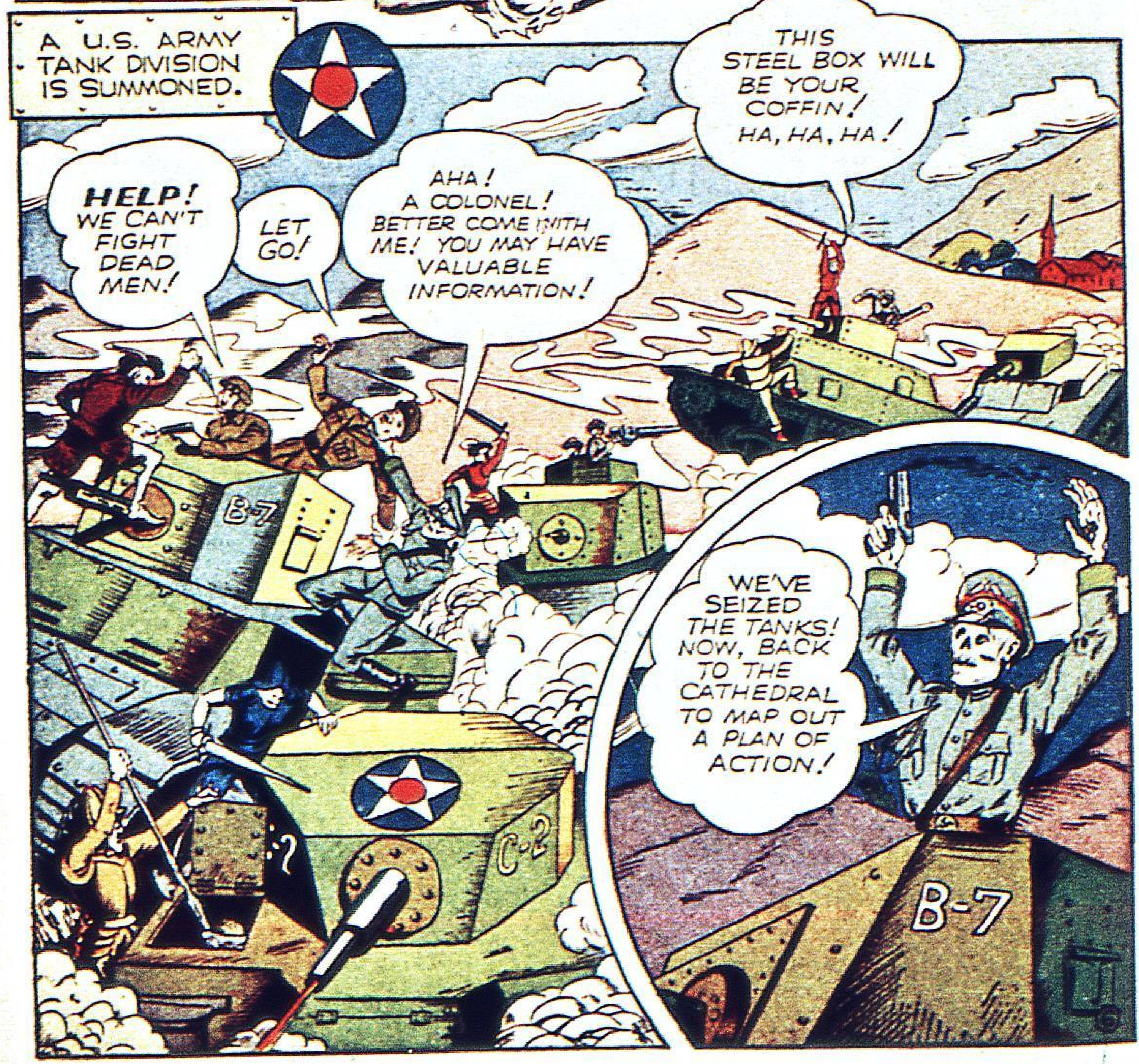

AT AN OFFICER'S BILLET BEHIND THE GERMAN FRONT...
WE LOST HALF A DIVISION BECAUSE OF YOUR BLUNDER, GENERAL HENCHEL! HERE'S SOMETHING TO WIPE OUT YOUR DISGRACE!
IT'S YOUR ONLY ALTERNATIVE -- SUICIDE OR DEATH BY HITLER'S GESTAPO!
NO! NO! THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY OUT!
THAT NIGHT, HENCHEL PREPARES TO MAKE A HASTY DEPARTURE!
A SUBMARINE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU. AUF WIEDERSEHEN!
THANKS AND GOODBYE!
CRASH DIVE! --WELL, HENCHEL, WE'RE OFF FOR THE U.S.A.!
LIKE A GRAY GHOST, THE U-BOAT DEPARTS, LEAVING ITS STRANGE PASSENGER IN THE HEART OF SWAMP.
NIGHTS LATER, THE U-BOAT BREAKS THE SURFACE.
HERE WE ARE, HENCHEL-- LOUISIANA!
WEIRD LOOKING, BUT AN EXCELLENT PLACE TO HIDE!
SOON AS I FIND A DRY PLACE, I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES.
2
ON THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP, HE PAUSES OPEN-MOUTHED.
HIMMEL! A CATHEDRAL. WHAT A THING TO FIND HERE! BUT IT WILL GIVE ME SHELTER.

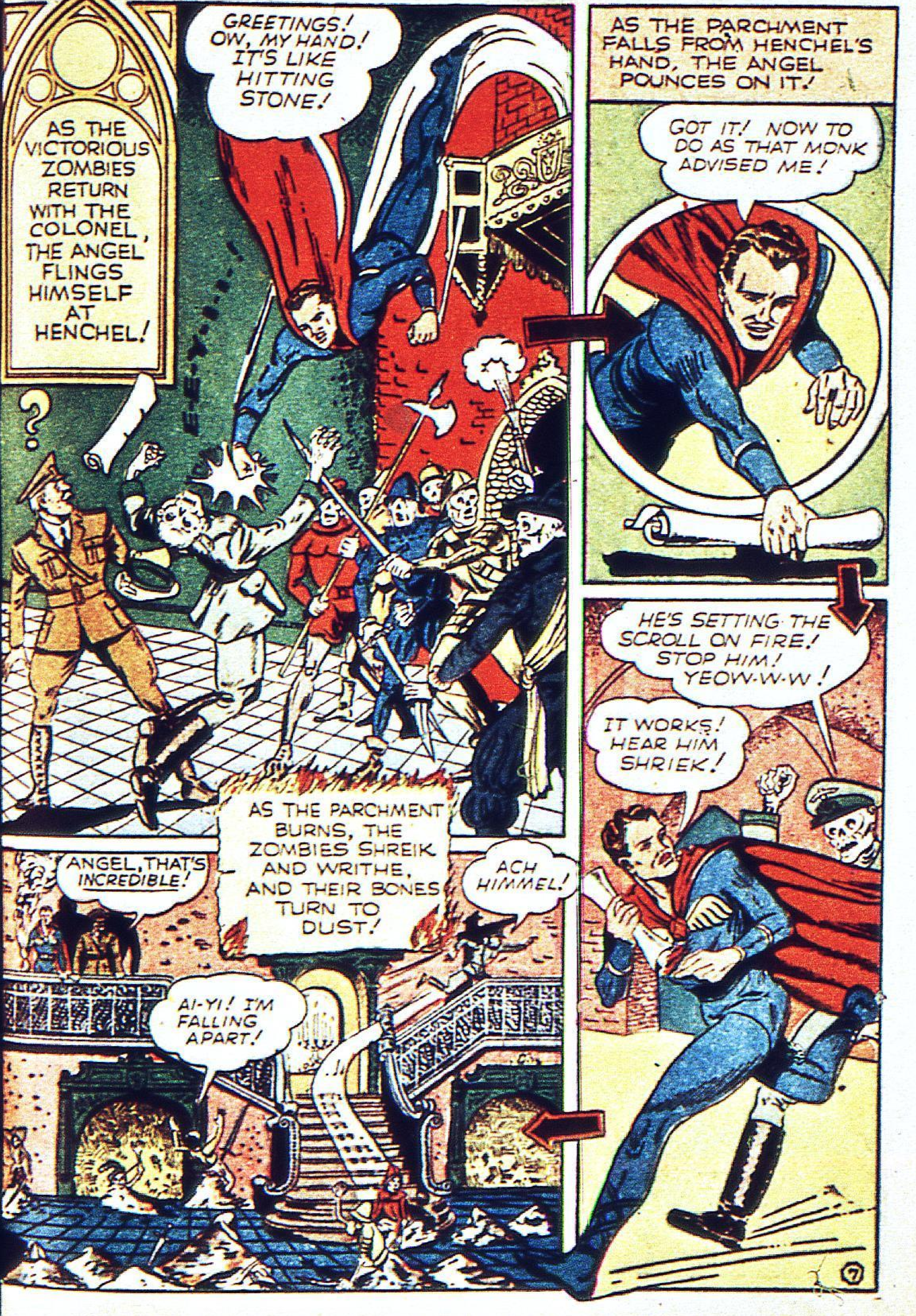

HOW SILENT IT IS!---AND OLD! IT MUST HAVE STOOD THAT WAY FOR CENTURIES! BR-R-R! GIVES ME THE CREEPS JUST TO LOOK AT IT -- BUT HERE GOES!
WITH FALTERING STEP, THE EXILE ENTERS AND BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT.
A SKELETON AT THE ORGAN! WHAT'S THAT IN HIS HAND?
THIS PARCHMENT SAYS: "HE WHO TOUCHES THE ORGAN KEYS WILL DIE -- BUT HE WILL RISE AGAIN TO LEAD THE ARMY OF THE DEAD!"
MEANWHILE, ANOTHER VISITOR ARRIVES ---
HMM... I'VE COMPANY -- AND WEARING A NAZI UNIFORM!
SOUNDS LIKE A JOKE! BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!
A BLAST OF TERRIFYING MUSIC -- AND A CLOUD OF MYSTERIOUS DUST -- RISE FROM THE ORGAN!
I'M CHOKING!

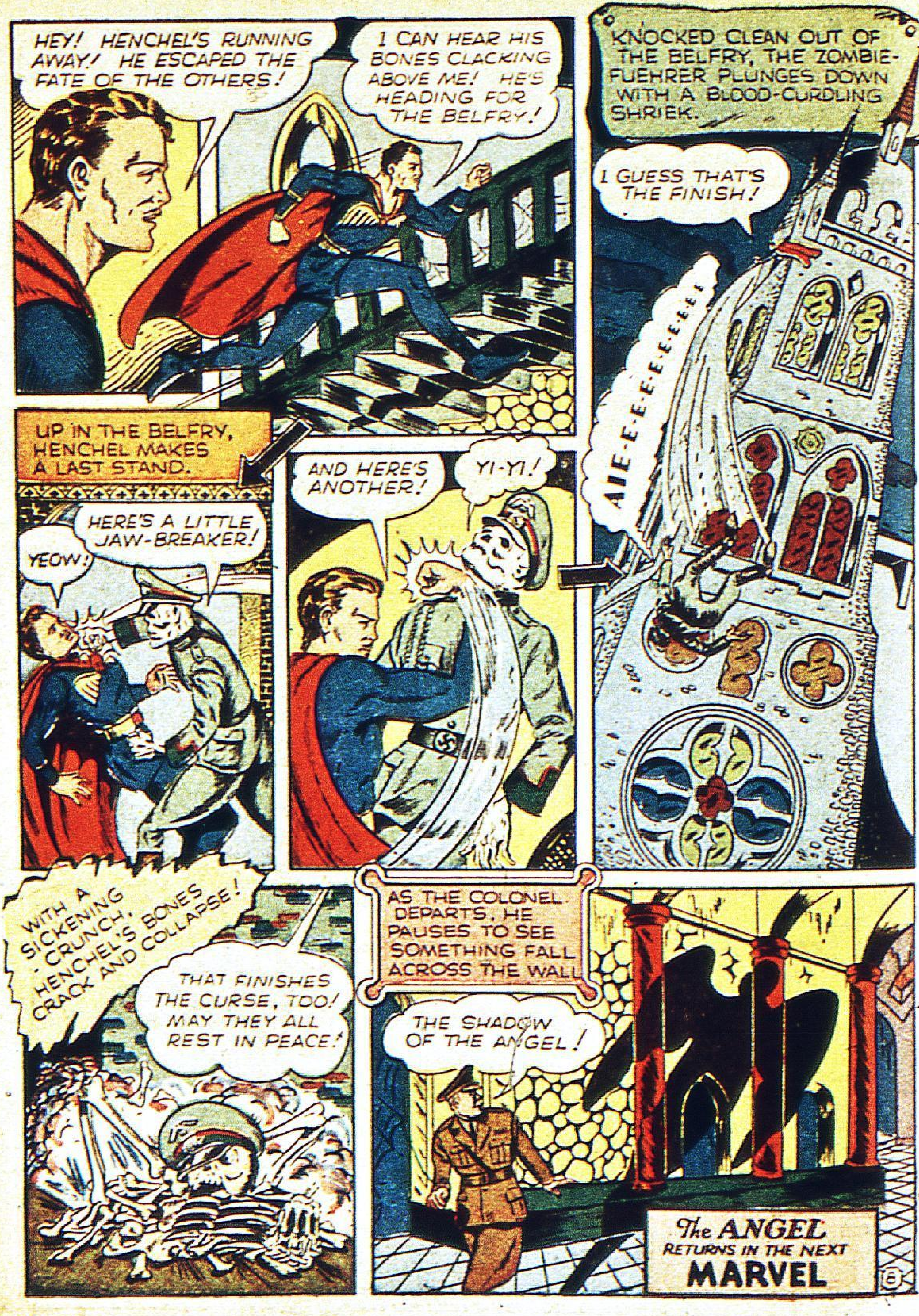

SUDDENLY A HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION COMES OVER HENCHEL!
HOW LIGHT I FEEL! WHY, I'M A ZOMBIE -- FUEHRER OF THE ZOMBIES!
UP FROM A TRAP DOOR RISE TROOPS OF ZOMBIES, AWAKENED FROM A SLEEP OF CENTURIES!
WE COME, LEADER, TO DO YOUR BIDDING!
GIVE US SOMETHING TO KILL!
KILL!
I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY TO KILL--- AMERICANS! MILLIONS OF THEM! WE'LL DOMINATE THE WORLD! FOLLOW ME!
DEATH!
WE ARE THE ARMY OF THE DEAD!
HA, HA, HA, HA!
HIDDEN IN A DARK CORNER, THE ANGEL LEAPS INTO ACTION.
WHAT A NIGHTMARE ARMY! BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW!
AS THE ANGEL RACES FOR THE DOOR, THE ROTTING FLOOR SUDDENLY GIVES WAY!
WHAT THE--?


HE PLUNGES INTO THE CATACOMBS!
WHISH!
ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER! A SKELETON IN THE ROBES OF A MONK! SPEAK! SPEAK! IF YOU CAN!
PERHAPS YOU ARE OUR DELIVERER! ... I WILL SPEAK ...
A SEPULCHRAL VOICE POURS FROM THE BONY JAWS!
THIS TALE STARTS IN THE 16TH CENTURY WHEN I HAD FLESH ON MY BONES ...
... "A BAND OF SPANISH GOLD-HUNTERS, DISAPPOINTED IN THEIR SEARCH, CAME UPON THE CATHEDRAL ONE DAY ...
LET'S RAID IT!
I'LL WAGER THAT CATHEDRAL IS FULL OF GOLD RELICS!
"ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES SAW THE APPROACHING PARTY ...
WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED! MAN THE WINDOWS!
..."A TERRIBLE BATTLE ENSUED ...
I'M HIT!
BANG!
AGHR-R!
..." DEATH WON THE FIGHT! BLOOD WAS SHED IN THE CATHEDRAL. A TERRIBLE CURSE WAS PLACED ON US ALL. WE WERE CONDEMNED TO BE ZOMBIES UNTIL --- COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER!"


MEANWHILE, THE ZOMBIES LAUNCH THEIR ASSAULT ON A SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN!
EF I KIN ONLY GET TO TH' ARMY POST!
DEATH! IT GIVES ME NEW LIFE!
HERE IS DEATH ENOUGH TO SATISFY YOU ALL! HA, HA!
DRUGS, SO


A U.S. ARMY TANK DIVISION IS SUMMONED.
THIS STEEL BOX WILL BE YOUR COFFIN! HA, HA, HA!
HELP! WE CAN'T FIGHT DEAD MEN!
LET GO!
AHA! A COLONEL! BETTER COME WITH ME! YOU MAY HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION!
B-7
C-2
WE'VE SEIZED THE TANKS! NOW, BACK TO THE CATHEDRAL TO MAP OUT A PLAN OF ACTION!
B-7


AS THE VICTORIOUS ZOMBIES RETURN WITH THE COLONEL, THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF AT HENCHEL!
GREETINGS! OW, MY HAND! IT'S LIKE HITTING STONE!
?
AS THE PARCHMENT FALLS FROM HENCHEL'S HAND, THE ANGEL POUNCES ON IT!
GOT IT! NOW TO DO AS THAT MONK ADVISED ME!
HE'S SETTING THE SCROLL ON FIRE! STOP HIM! YEOW-W-W!
IT WORKS! HEAR HIM SHRIEK!
AS THE PARCHMENT BURNS, THE ZOMBIES SHREIK AND WRITHE, AND THEIR BONES TURN TO DUST!
ANGEL, THAT'S *INCREDIBLE*!
ACH HIMMEL!
AI-YI! I'M FALLING APART!


HEY! HENCHEL'S RUNNING AWAY! HE ESCAPED THE FATE OF THE OTHERS!
I CAN HEAR HIS BONES CLACKING ABOVE ME! HE'S HEADING FOR THE BELFRY!
KNOCKED CLEAN OUT OF THE BELFRY, THE ZOMBIE-FUEHRER PLUNGES DOWN WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK.
I GUESS THAT'S THE FINISH!
AIE-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E
UP IN THE BELFRY, HENCHEL MAKES A LAST STAND.
HERE'S A LITTLE JAW-BREAKER!
YEOW!
AND HERE'S ANOTHER!
YI-YI!
WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, HENCHEL'S BONES CRACK AND COLLAPSE!
THAT FINISHES THE CURSE, TOO! MAY THEY ALL REST IN PEACE!
AS THE COLONEL DEPARTS, HE PAUSES TO SEE SOMETHING FALL ACROSS THE WALL
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
The ANGEL RETURNS IN THE NEXT MARVEL

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. DO IT TODAY!

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00 WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

SEND COUPON NOW!

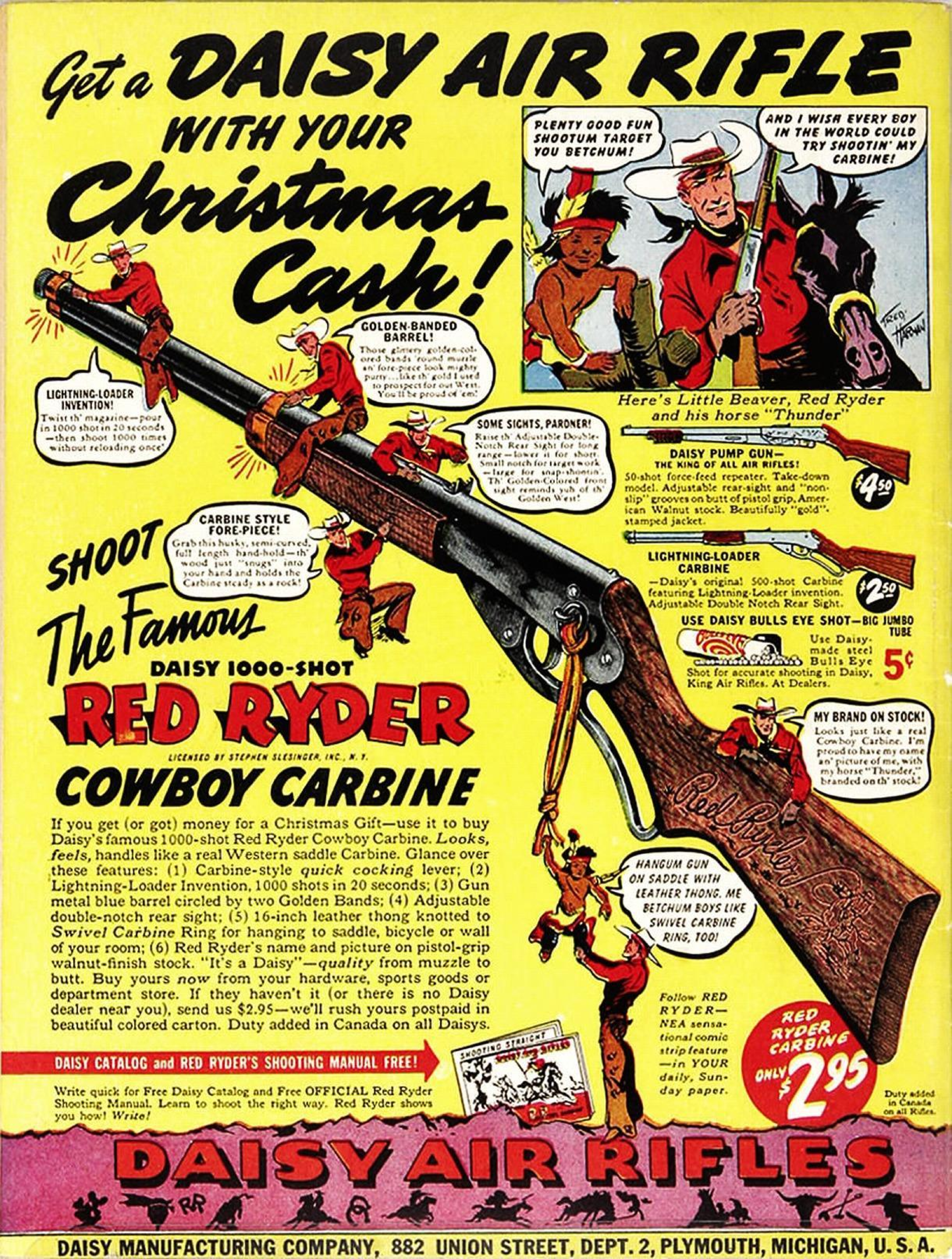
Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name..

Address..

City..............................State..............


PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!
AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!
FRED HARMAN
LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION! Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds —then shoot 1000 times without reloading once'
GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL! Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty...like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!
SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Small notch for target work—large for snap-shootin'. Th' Golden-Colored front sight reminds yuh of th' Golden West!
CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE! Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!
MY BRAND ON STOCK! Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. I'm proud to have my name an' picture of me, with my horse "Thunder," branded on th' stock!
HANGUM GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!
Red Ryder
SHOOTING STRAIGHT
RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY $2.95
$4.50
$2.50
5¢

Get a DAISY AIR RIFLE WITH YOUR *Christmas Cash!*

Here's Little Beaver, Red Ryder and his horse "Thunder"

DAISY PUMP GUN— THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!
50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip. American Walnut stock. Beautifully "gold"-stamped jacket. $4.50

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE
—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight. $2.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BIG JUMBO TUBE
Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers. 5¢

SHOOT *The Famous* DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

If you get (or got) money for a Christmas Gift—use it to buy Daisy's famous 1000-shot Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine. *Looks, feels,* handles like a real Western saddle Carbine. Glance over these features: (1) Carbine-style *quick cocking* lever; (2) Lightning-Loader Invention, 1000 shots in 20 seconds; (3) Gun metal blue barrel circled by two Golden Bands; (4) Adjustable double-notch rear sight; (5) 16-inch leather thong knotted to *Swivel Carbine* Ring for hanging to saddle, bicycle or wall of your room; (6) Red Ryder's name and picture on pistol-grip walnut-finish stock. "It's a Daisy"—*quality* from muzzle to butt. Buy yours *now* from your hardware, sports goods or department store. If they haven't it (or there is no Daisy dealer near you), send us $2.95—we'll rush yours postpaid in beautiful colored carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

Follow RED RYDER—NEA sensational comic strip feature—in YOUR daily, Sunday paper.

DAISY CATALOG and RED RYDER'S SHOOTING MANUAL FREE!

Write quick for Free Daisy Catalog and Free OFFICIAL Red Ryder Shooting Manual. Learn to shoot the right way. Red Ryder shows you how! *Write!*

Duty added in Canada on all Rifles.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 882 UNION STREET, DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.